

THE
MEMOIRS

OF
CHARLES-LEWIS
Baron de POLLNITZ.

BEING
The **OBSERVATIONS** He made
in his late **TRAVELS** from *Prussia* thro'

<i>POLAND,</i>		<i>SPAIN,</i>
<i>GERMANY,</i>		<i>FLANDERS,</i>
<i>ITALY,</i>		<i>HOLLAND,</i>
<i>FRANCE,</i>		<i>ENGLAND, &c.</i>

In **LETTERS** to his **FRIEND.**

Discovering not only the **PRESENT STATE**
of the **Chief CITIES** and **TOWNS**;

BUT

The **CHARACTERS** of the **PRINCIPAL PERSONS**;
at the **Several COURTS.**

V O L. II.

D U B L I N:

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MDCCXXXVIII.

THE

MEMORIALS

OF THE
GENERAL ASSEMBLY

OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK

IN SENATE

THE OBSERVATION

AND THE STATE OF THE

UNION

AND THE

WELFARE

OF THE PEOPLE

OF THE STATE

AND THE

WELFARE

OF THE PEOPLE

OF THE STATE

AND THE

WELFARE

OF THE PEOPLE

OF THE STATE

AND THE

WELFARE

OF THE PEOPLE

OF THE STATE



MEMOIRS

OF THE

Baron de POLLNITZ.

In SEVERAL LETTERS to
Mr. L. C. D. S.

LETTER XVIII.

S I R,

Strasburg, Feb. 28, 1730.

IT took me up no more than four Hours to go from *Carlsrouhe* to RASTADT. As soon as I alighted there I notified my Arrival to the Grand Marshal, with a Request that he wou'd procure me the Honour of paying my Compliments to their Highnesses of *Baden-Baden*. I had for answer, that the Margave was out a hunting, and that therefore I cou'd not have an Audience before next day. I had patience to stay; and having by Good-luck some Books at hand, I spent all that day in Reading, and the next day too, but

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did

did not hear a Word from the Grand Marshal. Mean time as I did not come to *Rastadt* purely to read, and as 'tis a Town does not afford much Amusement, since a quarter of an hour is enough to know all the Streets. I was very chagrin. I sent a second Message to the Grand Marshal, but had the same Answer as before. I thought it improper to insist any farther, and gave over all hopes of seeing the Court of *Rastadt*. However I went to see the Margrave's Palace, which his Father the late Prince *Lewis* of *Baden* built from the Ground. It is very much like to the Palace of *St. Cloud* near *Paris*, and seems to be a Building conducted with more Regularity than I observ'd in several new Houses in *Germany* left solely to the Direction of ignorant Masons, who without a Taste for Building have the Assurance to call themselves Architects.

The principal Stair-Case is large and lightsome. The Apartments have all the Conveniencies they can admit of. Those which are contiguous to the grand Stair-Case are distributed into several Partitions, for Shew and for Conveniency. They are painted, gilt, and gaily furnish'd. The Margravine Dowager to Prince *Lewis* put them in this Condition against the Marriage of her Daughter to the Duke of *Orleans*; and the Furniture is indeed rich and well fancy'd. The Keeper shewed me the Closet in which Prince *Eugene* of *Savoy* and Marshal *Villars* sign'd the Peace in 1714. 'Tis pity that this truly magnificent Palace has no Gardens to it. There's Ground mark'd out for that purpose, and if Prince *Lewis* had liv'd they would have been finish'd.

After having seen the Apartments and the Chapel, which is small, but exceedingly adorn'd, not knowing what do with myself I went to a Billiard-Table fronting the Palace, where I found
some

some Gentlemen of the Court as idle as myself. They treated me as a Foreigner, and were complaisant to me. A young Fellow of a good Appearance, and who seem'd to have an Air of Politeness, having refus'd as well as my self to play, enter'd into a Conversation with me : And by degrees that Sympathy of our Tempers, which was a Stranger to the Laws of Reason, made us talk to one another with as much Freedom as if we had been old Acquaintance. I complain'd to him that tho' I had been three days at *Rastadt* I cou'd not get an Opportunity of paying my Duty to their Highnesses of *Baden*. He told me that I need not be surpriz'd at it ; that since the Death of the late Prince *Lewis*, the Margravine his Dowager, who was hereditary Princess of *Saxe-Lawenbourg*, had introduc'd into her Court the Ceremonial of the Eastern Princes ; that she never appear'd but in a full Divan, and that she did not permit any one whatsover to come near to her Son except the *Bashaws* and *Dervizes* who were of the Council. The young Gentleman's manner of accounting for this matter made me smile, and put me upon asking him several Questions. ' How ! said I, according to the Character I have had of the Margravine, she is very much of a Christian, and of that virtuous Heroine which the wise Man, if he had been still living, wou'd have propos'd to us for a Model. Indeed, said the Gentleman, the Character you have had of her is right enough : The Margravine has Piety and Virtues that render her valuable ; but she has a Haughtiness, and a certain Particularity in her Temper, which is hardly to be parallell'd. For instance, if she had receiv'd you it wou'd have been standing under a Canopy by an Arm-Chair, with as much State as the Empress. She wou'd have ask'd you two or three Questions, after

' which she wou'd have assur'd you of her Pro-
 ' tection, and then have dismiss'd you without
 ' detaining you to dine with her, as is the
 ' manner of all the Princes of the Empire; but 'tis
 ' not the fashion here, *continued the Gentleman*. The
 ' Margravine commonly dines in private, and we
 ' who are of her Court don't see her but at Mass.
 ' The young Margrave our Master wou'd like well
 ' enough to see Company, but his Mother giving
 ' him to understand that she does not care for it,
 ' he conforms to her pleasure. The young Mar-
 ' gravine, who is the Daughter of the Prince *de*
 ' *Schwartzenbourg*, has no Authority, because
 ' tho' naturally obliging and civil she durst not put
 ' her good qualities in practice, because the Mar-
 ' gravine Dowager reproaches her that she does not
 ' know how to carry it like a Sovereign; by
 ' which means this poor Princess is oblig'd to be
 ' proud against her Inclination. If you were to
 ' see her you wou'd be charm'd with her; for she
 ' is tall and handsome, of a lively fair Complexion,
 ' but not languid, and has a very noble Air. When
 ' the Margrave marry'd her she was an only
 ' Daughter, and the Princess of *Schwartzenbourg*
 ' her Mother who had not lived with her Husband
 ' for near fifteen Years, was not like to have any
 ' more Children. But the Event has proved con-
 ' trary; for the Prince and Princess of *Schwartzen-*
 ' *bourg* are reconcil'd, and the Princess has had a
 ' Son, who has frustrated the Hopes of our young
 ' Margravine of being some day or other one of
 ' the richest Heiresses in the Empire. This has not
 ' advanc'd her in the Favour of her Mother-in-
 ' law, who often snaps at her; but there being no
 ' Remedy, the young Princess bears her Ill-hu-
 ' mours with Patience. As she is just brought to
 ' bed too of a Son, we hope she will have more
 ' Interest; at least, 'tis what we all wish, because
 ' " she

' she is a very good Princess. 'Tis not a Year *con-*
 ' *tinued the Gentleman*, that our young Margrave
 ' has been of Age, nevertheless his Majority is so
 ' controll'd by the Ascendency which the Dowager
 ' keeps over her Son, that it may be said 'tis she
 ' who governs still. This Prince accustom'd to
 ' obey knows not what is the Pleasure of com-
 ' manding. There's the same likelihood of his
 ' being a Dependant as long as his Mother lives ;
 ' and indeed he ought to humour that Princess, as
 ' well because she was always a good Mother to
 ' him, as for the Advantages she is capable of do-
 ' ing him ; for she is very rich, and has a noble
 ' Estate in *Bohemia*, which she wou'd perhaps give
 ' to her youngest Son, who is Canon of *Cologne* and
 ' *Augsbourg*, if the Margrave disoblighd her ; tho'
 ' I believe it must be a great offence indeed that
 ' wou'd provoke her to disinherit him, because he
 ' was always her Darling, and perhaps too the most
 ' dutiful of all her Children. Such is her Tender-
 ' ness for this Son that when there was a Talk of
 ' his going abroad she wou'd needs go with him ;
 ' and she actually accompany'd him all over *Italy*.
 ' Some People were indeed so ill-natur'd as to say
 ' that 'twas not out of Love to the Prince, but be-
 ' cause she was afraid he would wean himself from
 ' her Company, and break quite away from her.
 ' 'Tis said however that she is going to quit the
 ' Court, and to retire to *Etlingen*, which is the
 ' Place assign'd for her Jointure. We all wish it,
 ' not that we have any reason to complain of this
 ' Princess, but because we hope then to have a gayer
 ' Court. For the rest, to do the Margravine Dow-
 ' ger Justice, she has manag'd her Son's Finances
 ' with a great deal of Oeconomy. When the late
 ' Prince *Lewis* dy'd he left a heavy Debt upon the
 ' Country, which was also ruin'd by the late War.
 ' But the Margravine Regent has paid off all, and

‘ so happily retriev’d the Government and the
 ‘ Finances that when her son came of Age she
 ‘ gave him considerable Sums, and the Country
 ‘ was in a better Condition than ever.’

There the Gentleman concluded. After putting several Questions to him I learnt that the Dutcheſs of *Orleans* had been promis’d in Marriage to Prince *Alexander* of *Tour* and *Taxis* *, that the Presents were made for the Wedding, and that the ſame was very ſoon to be celebrated: But when the Duke of *Orleans* actually ſent M. *d’ Argenſon* his Chancellor to *Raſtadt* to demand the Prince in Marriage, the Margravine her Mother thinking this a better Match beyond Compariſon, call’d back the Promise ſhe had made to the Prince *de la Tour*, and concluded the Treaty with the Duke of *Orleans*. The young Margrave marry’d his Siſter by Proxy, in preſence of M. *d’ Argenſon*, and the Princeſs was conducted to *Strasbourg*, where finding a Set of Domeſticks ſent from *Paris* to receive her, ſhe turn’d off all her German Servants and proceeded on her Journey to *Chalons*, whither the Duke of *Orleans* went to meet her.

The ſame Gentleman from whom I learnt all theſe Particulars told me likewise that the young Margrave, before he marry’d the Princeſs of *Schwartzembourg*, was to have had the Daughter of King *Stanislaus*, but that the Margravine broke off the Marriage-Treaty which was very far advanc’d, becauſe the King was not able to pay down a hundred thouſand Crowns ready money for his Daughter’s Dowry. It was undoubtedly owing to that Princeſs’s happy Star that the King could not raiſe the Sum, for in ſuch caſe his Daughter would not now have worn one of the firſt Crowns in the

* He has ſince marry’d a Princeſs of *Brandenbourg-Bareith*, who has embrac’d the Catholick Religion.

World. The Gentleman told me moreover that the Margravine was mortify'd to the last degree when she heard that the Princess whom she had refus'd for her Daughter-in-law was become the Queen of *France*. She was apprehensive too that this Princess or the King her Father would take revenge for the Slight she had put upon their Alliance, and she wrote a Letter to King *Stanislaus* to congratulate him on an Event so glorious to him, and to recommend to him the Dutcheſs of *Orleans* her Daughter. *I intreat you, Sir, ſaid ſhe, to prevail with the Queen your Daughter to honour my Daughter and all my Family with her Favour. I will preſume to ſay that both I and Mine deſerve it at your Hands for the Reſpect we have always had for you.* This Letter which was as ſubmiſſive as the Margravine's Conduct had been haughty, was receiv'd with very great Civility by King *Stanislaus*, who, after having read it to the Queen his Wife, could not help ſaying, *I am much oblig'd to the Margravine for this Letter, and he return'd her a very engaging Answer.* 'Tis my Opinion that at that Time, inſtead of bearing the Princess any Ill-will he took it very kindly of her that she had refus'd his Daughter for a Daughter-in-law. The officious Gentleman would perhaps have inform'd me of other Particulars concerning the Court of *Raſtadt*, if the Margrave's Return from Hunting had not oblig'd him to go to the Caſtle. I thank'd him for the Trouble he had given himſelf, and went and ſhut my ſelf up at my Quarters.

I ſet out next day for *Strasbourg*, and in leſs than five Hours arriv'd at *KEHL*. 'Tis all an even Country, and admirable Roads. We travel thro' the Dominions of *Spire*, the Biſhoprick of *Strasbourg*, and the County of *Hanau*. At *Kehl* I paid a Viſit to the General Baron *de Roth* the Governor of the Place who entertain'd me at Dinner,

and made me exceeding welcome, but so ply'd me with Liquor that I thought my self at *Flude* or *Wurtzburg*. After Dinner M. *de Roth* shewed me the Fortifications which I found in a very bad State. The Commandant told me that he had taken a world of Pains to represent it to the Dyet of the Empire at *Ratisbonne*, but that he might as well have talk'd to so many deaf Men. 'Tis certain that if Care be not taken, the *Rhine* will wash away the Fort one day or other, and carry it to *Holland*. The Marshal *de Bourg* said to me a while ago when we were talking of *Kehl*, that M. *de Roth* would do well to fasten his Fort with Chains to the Citadel of *Strasbourg*.

There's only a Bridge over the *Rhine* to pass from *Kehl* to STRASBOURG the Capital of *Alsace*, and formerly an Imperial City. The *French* made themselves Masters of it in September 1681, when they came to the very Gates of the Place before the Town had Notice of their March, and when it was in no Condition to make resistance; for whether they thought they had no need of being upon their Guard, or whether the Chief Burgomasters had been corrupted, the Town wanted but every Thing. The Capitulation was signed on one side by the Marquis *de Louvois*, and the Baron *de Monclar* Commandant in *Alsace*; and on the other, by eight Deputies of the City, which was secured in all its Privileges, Prerogatives and Customs, both ecclesiastical and civil. The Bishop was nevertheless restored to his See, and the Canons to the Cathedral, which had belonged for 152 Years to the *Lutherans*. Lewis XIV. made his entry into *Strasbourg* the 23d of *October* following, and immediately order'd a Citadel and other Works to be erected, which have since been so augmented that *Strasbourg* may now be rank'd among the most important Places of *Europe*. The Marshal Count
de

de Bourg commands in it, and one of the King's Lieutenants under him, who is always a general Officer. *M. Dangervilliers* * formerly Intendant of *Dauphiny*, is Intendant of the Province of *Alsace* and the City of *Strasbourg*. These Gentlemen, whom I have been to see, receiv'd me with prodigious Civility, and very punctually return'd my Visit.

The Marshal Count *de Bourg* preserves a stately Mien in an advanced Age, and one may easily perceive he has been a very fine Man in his Time. He was Page to *Philip* of *France* Duke of *Orleans*, Brother to *Lewis* the Great, and to that Duke's Favour his Advancement to Military Employments is very much owing, tho' 'tis true that he has distinguished himself in the Service. On the 26th of *August* 1709, he defeated near *Rumersheim* the Count *de Mercy*, who commanded a flying Camp of 9000 Men detach'd from the Army of the Empire, then under Command of the Elector of *Hanover*, afterwards *George* I. King of *Great Britain*. This Victory gain'd *M. de Bourg* the blue Ribbon. King *Lewis* XV. gave him the Staff of a Marshal of *France*, and confirmed him in the Government of *Strasbourg*. The *French* Officers accuse this Marshal of Pride, but for my Part, I have all the Reason that can be to love him for his Civility.

M. Dangervilliers is really more engaging than the Marshal, and is therefore more beloved by the Officers. He is affable and civil, complaisant to Foreigners, and lives with a vast deal of Splendor. The Princes of the Empire that border upon

* He was advanc'd to the Office of Secretary at War in the room of *M. le Blanc*, and was succeeded as Intendant of *Alsace* by *M. de Harlay*, formerly Intendant of *Metz*; and when the latter was made Intendant of *Paris* he was succeeded by *M. de Brou*.

Alsace like ~~me~~ very well, and think he is more candid, and less haughty than his Predecessors.

There's not many of the Nobility settled in this City, and of these few that are wealthy; and therefore they live very much retired. The canons of the Great Chapter who ought all to be Princes or Counts, are not of very great Service, because most of 'em holding other Benefices, only come to *Strasbourg* to pass away three Months there of their Residence, and by consequence they are here as Strangers. The best Houses therefore are the Intendant's and the King's Lieutenant's. There are always a great many Officers here who are indeed amiable Fellows, and know how to serve, and to be good Company too upon occasion. The Commandants of the Corps are in Years, and Officers of Experience, and the rest are clever smart Youths who long sadly to be fighting, and would fain make you believe the four Corners of the World will quickly be on fire. I have not seen finer infantry than the *French* Infantry at this present time. There are very fine Gentlemen too in the Cavalry, but then they are not near so well mounted as ours. You know the Cry with us is that the *French* are ruin'd, and not able to do any thing more. How the Case stands with them, I really know not, but if one may judge of it by Appearances, it cannot be so. No Troops were ever better cloathed, better paid, more spruce, nor finer. The Officers are splendid; they game, divert themselves, and eat and drink well, which does not seem to me to be the Life of People in Want. Upon these Terms, I would be content to be in such Want all my Life long.

The Garrison maintains a Company of Comedians who are paid by the Captains, and commanding officers, for the Subalterns are admitted gratis.

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tis. The Theatre, which is one of the prettiest in the Country, is maintain'd by the City.

A man that has a Taste for a plain home-bred Girl may here find Amusement and good Blood. 'Tis observed that the *Lutheran* Women are the most beautiful, and the Sex at this Place is said to be very indulgent, and very tractable; so that I should be apt to think, a Man need not be very open-hearted to them.

Tho' *Strasbourg* may be reckon'd among the finest Towns in *France*, one can't say there's a single House in it that is magnificent, or makes a grand Appearance. The Cathedral is a very stately Building of *Gothic* Architecture; its famous Spire is one of the most lofty, and of the neatest Workmanship of any in *Europe*. *Misson*, who 'tis like always carried his Plummet and Foot-Rule in his Pocket, because he never fails to give the Length and Breadth and Height of a Thing, says that 'tis 574 Foot in height; and I believe he is not mistaken. *Erkwin de Stembach* who was the Architect, finish'd it in the Year 1449. 'Tis said that *Lewis XIV.* had a mind to have a Spire erected upon the second Tower which seems to have been built with that View. He order'd *M. de Vauban* to draw a Model of it, and to compute the Cost, which he found would amount to several Millions of Livres. The King thinking that he could employ that Sum to a better purpose, contented himself with making a Present to the Cathedral of the Ornaments, and all the Priests Vestments for celebrating Mass upon the several annual Festivals; the whole of which is extraordinary sumptuous, and becoming the Magnificence of one of the greatest Kings in the World. 'Twas in the Cathedral of *Strasbourg* that the Duke of *Orleans* the first Prince of the Blood of *France* marry'd as Proxy to *Lewis XV. Mary Lesinski*, the Daughter of King *Stanislaus*

Stanislaus. The Ceremony, at which I was present, was more magnificent than what was observ'd at *Fontainbleau* at the Queen's arrival; and the Concourse of *German* Noblemen and Princes hither upon the Occasion was prodigious. The Cardinal *de Rohan*, as Bishop of *Strasbourg*, gave the Nuptial Benediction. Nothing can be finer than the Speeches which his Eminency made upon that Solemnity: As they fell into my hands, I think I ought to communicate them to you. You will find them *verbatim* at the End of this Letter. *Poland* in this Instance, made a worthy Restitution to *France*, which many Years ago gave the *Poles* a King who was afterwards the unfortunate *Henry III*; and they have now in their turn given a Queen to *France*. But *Germany* may boast that the Queen derives from the Empire that Fund of Virtue which is the Source of her Happiness, and makes her admir'd by the Universe. *France* had for a long time left off sending to our Climates for her Queens. *Mary-Anne Victoria* of *Bavaria* was in a fair way to be one, but she dy'd a Dauphiness. * *Lorrain*, *Scotland*, *Italy* and *Spain*, had as it were engross'd the Crown of *France* for their Princesses. But I hope the Virtues of the present Queen and the other *German* † Princesses who are now at the Court of *France* will oblige the *French* to confess, that if our Princesses have not Crowns for their Dowries like the Infanta's of *Spain*, they have an Estate of more Value than all the Wealth in the World, *viz.* Piety, Charity, and Love for the People.

A great many young *German* Gentlemen come hither for the sake of learning *French*, and their Ex-

* The Wife of *Lewis* the Dauphin who was *Lewis XIVth's* only Son.

† The Dutches of *Orleans* who is of the *Baden* Family, and the Dutches of *Bourbon*.

ercises, but I don't think they are a jot the better for it, because the Masters of their Exercises are not better Scholars here than they are in many Towns of *Germany*; and as to the *French*, they speak it very ill in this City; for the Inhabitants talk *High Dutch*, and our young Sparks are so pleas'd to hear their own Language spoke that they neglect to learn any other. Besides they always herd together, and too easily catch one another's Vices as well as Virtues. As they have not many Parts to shew, they spend their Time at the Billiard-Table, the Coffee-House, and often at other Places not so honest, of which there are but too many here, this being a City as noted for Libertines as any in *Europe*.

I am, &c.

*The Speech of Cardinal de Rohan to the QUEEN,
before the Celebration of the Marriage.*

MADAME,

‘ WHILE I see you in this sacred Temple
‘ approaching to our Altars to contract
‘ that illustrious Alliance which is to unite you to
‘ the greatest of Kings and the most amiable of
‘ Princes, I adore what God designs you for, and
‘ admire with Transport the Course that Providence is steering to conduct you to the Throne
‘ which you are going to ascend. You are descended, MADAME, from a Family illustrious
‘ for its Antiquity, for its Alliances, and for the eminent Employments which the great
‘ Men it has given to *Poland* have fill'd
‘ successively with so much Glory. You are the
‘ Daughter of a Father, who, thro' the various Events of a busy Life, chequer'd by good and bad
‘ Fortune, has always shewn himself the Gentleman, the Hero, and the Christian. You have
‘ for

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‘ for your Mother, and your Grand-mother, Prin-
 ‘ cesses, who like to *Judith*, and to that virtuous
 ‘ Woman whose Character is drawn in the Scrip-
 ‘ tures, have attracted the Veneration and Respect
 ‘ of the whole World, by the Fidelity with which
 ‘ they always walk’d in the Fear of the Lord. In
 ‘ your Person, MADAME, are center’d all the Ac-
 ‘ complishments that can be form’d by a happy
 ‘ Birth, and an admirable Education, supported
 ‘ by Examples equally strong and affecting. In
 ‘ you, that Goodness, that Mildness, and those
 ‘ Charms are predominant, which gain Love at
 ‘ the same time as they inforce Respect; that In-
 ‘ tegrity of Heart which nothing can resist; that
 ‘ Superiority of Understanding and Knowledge
 ‘ which are conspicuous, as it were in spite of you,
 ‘ and in spite of that Modesty and noble Simpli-
 ‘ city which are natural to you; and finally that
 ‘ which is the Crown of so much Merit, that
 ‘ Taste for Piety, and that Attachment to the
 ‘ true Principles of Religion, which animate your
 ‘ Actions, and regulate your Conduct. Adorn’d
 ‘ with all these Virtues, what Crown is there to
 ‘ which you might not reasonably aspire, exclusive
 ‘ of the Custom which in some measure obliges
 ‘ Kings to look no farther than round the Throne
 ‘ for Princesses that they have a mind should reign
 ‘ with them? He who disposes of Empires puts
 ‘ the Sceptre of *Poland* into the Hands of a Prince
 ‘ to whom you owe your Being, and by giving
 ‘ the Father that Splendor conducts the Daughter
 ‘ insensibly to the sublime Station he is pre-
 ‘ paring for her. But, O God, how impe-
 ‘ netrable are thy designs, and how far above hu-
 ‘ man Prudence are the Means thou makest use
 ‘ of to bring about thy wise Purposes! This Prince
 ‘ was scarce seated on the Throne in which the
 ‘ Choice of the Grandees, and the Affection of
 ‘ the

the People had plac'd him, but he was oblig'd to
 quit it: He is abandoned, betray'd, persecuted;
 one fatal Shot bereaves him of the Hero his
 Friend, and the chief Stay of his Hopes: He
 submits to the Necessity of the Times without a-
 bating in his Courage: He seeks Refuge in a
 Country which is the common Shelter of unfor-
 tunate King's: He comes to *France*, and thither,
 MADAME, you are following him. All that see
 you there, touch'd with your Misfortunes, ad-
 mire your Virtue, the Odour of which spreads to
 the Throne of a young Monarch, who, such is
 the Lustre of his Crown, the Extent of his
 Power, and above all, the Charms of his Person,
 might have made his choice out of all the Prin-
 cesses of the World: But being guided by wise
 Counsels, he fixes it upon You; and here the
 Finger of God is plainly visible in improving that
 very Misfortune which separates the King
 your Father from his Subjects, and takes you out
 of *Poland* to give Us in your Person, a Queen
 who shall be the Glory of a Father and of a
 Mother, of whom she is now the Comfort and
 Delight; a Queen, who shall render that Na-
 tion happy which most richly deserves it, at least
 for its respect and its Fidelity to its Sovereigns;
 a Queen, who being inviolably attach'd to her
 Duty, full of Tenderness and Respect for her
 Husband, and her King, and wisely employ'd
 in what is capable of procuring her solid Hap-
 piness, will revive to us the Reign of the Em-
 press *Flaccilla*, of whom History says, that hav-
 ing always kept the Precepts of the Divine
 Law in her View, she conferr'd thereupon daily
 with the great *Theodosius*, and that her Words
 like a fruitful Rain, water'd with Success those
 Seeds of Virtue which God had sown in the Heart
 of her Husband. Come then, MADAME, Come
 to

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‘ to the Altar. May the Engagements you are going to enter into, sacred of themselves, (since according to the Apostle, they are the Symbol of the Union of Jesus Christ with his Church) may they be also sanctify’d by your own Disposition. May you be so sensible of what you are going to be, that you may acknowledge that in crowning your Merits, he crowns his Gifts: And may you Christians that hear me, when you see the shining Rewards that are bestowed in this World upon true Virtue, learn to respect and love it.’

The Cardinal's Speech after the Celebration of the Marriage.

M A D A M E,

‘ N O W that august Ceremony is ended which crowns our Hopes and our Wishes; give me leave to desire your Majesty’s Royal Protection for the Church of *Strasbourg*. This Church has not forgot and never will forget the signal Favours it has received from our former Kings. How great are its Obligations to our last Monarch! Being delivered up by the Misfortunes of the Times to the Furies of Schism and Heresy, it would perhaps have perish’d as many others did, if that great Prince, by resuming the Rights of his Ancestors, had not undertaken its Defence, and supported it with all his Power. To him it is oblig’d for the Advantage of being restored to the Possession of this sacred Temple from which it had been banished. There’s nothing here but what puts us in mind of his Pious and Royal Magnificence. Temples adorn’d, Pastors liberally maintain’d, Missions founded, new Converts protected and supported, are so many Monuments of the Zeal and Piety of a King whose Memory will never die. He had

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' had not the Comfort to finish the Work which
 ' he had undertaken ; that is to say, the reuniting
 ' of all the Sheep of this illustrious Flock in one
 ' and the same Fold : This was reserv'd to the
 ' worthy Heir of his Zeal and Crown. It will
 ' be your part, MADAME, to represent to your
 ' August Spouse how much the Remembrance of
 ' his Great Grand-father, his own Glory, and our
 ' Necessities, which are even those of Religion, re-
 ' quire of him. You will not desire that Recourse
 ' should be had to those Methods which exasperate
 ' without persuading ; such would not be to your
 ' Majesty's liking, and God forbid that we should
 ' suggest them to you. Those Children who disown
 ' us are your Subjects, MADAME, and the Church
 ' of *Strasbourg* confiding intirely in God's Mercy,
 ' still looks on it self as their Mother. We there-
 ' fore conjure you by the Bowels of Jesus Christ,
 ' to employ, for the sake of uniting them, every
 ' Thing with which an active but sympathising
 ' Charity may inspire you. God will bless your
 ' Majesty's Endeavours, and our Desires, and will
 ' employ the Instances of your Piety and your
 ' Faith to the total Confusion of Error, and the
 ' Triumph of the Truth. May your Reign be
 ' long over us, MADAME, for the Happines of
 ' the King, and the Welfare of this great King-
 ' dom. May God hear the Prayers which the
 ' Church has now offer'd up for your Majesty,
 ' and may you be so good as to place us in the
 ' Rank of your most zealous and most faithful
 ' Subjects.'

LET

LETTER XIX.

S I R,

Heidelberg, March 12, 1730.

BEING in the Neighbourhood of SAVERNE where the Cardinal *de Rohan* lives, I had a mind to go thither. I have had the Honour to be known to that Prelate a long time, and was overjoy'd at the Opportunity of paying my respects to him.

Armand Gaston Cardinal de Rohan was elected Bishop of *Strasbourg* the 10th of *April*, 1704, * and received the Cardinal's Cap from the Hands of *Lewis XIV.* the 18th of *May*, 1712. The Year following he succeeded the Cardinal *de Fanson* as Great Almoner. The Emperor granted him the Temporal Investiture of the See of *Strasbourg* † on the 10th of *June* 1723, and in 1724, he obtain'd a Seat in the College of Princes at the Assembly of *Ratisbon*. This Prelate who is considerable for his Birth and Dignities, is much more so for his great Soul, his polite and obliging Behaviour, and for an Air of Grandeur which accompanies all his Actions. He is a comely Person, as are indeed all of

* The famous Cardinal *William Egon de Fursemberg* Bishop of *Strasbourg* dy'd the 10th of *April* 1704, and was immediately succeeded by the Abbot *de Rohan*, who was chose Coadjutor *Jan.* 31, 1701.

† *Strasbourg* was an Episcopal See before the Year 376, for one *Arnaud* Bishop of *Strasbourg* was then present at the Council of *Cologne*. The Chapter is compos'd of 24 Members, viz. 12 Capitulars, and 12 Domicilairs, who must be all Princes or Counts. From 1592 the Canons were *Lutherans*, and Catholics till 1681, when *Lewis XIV.* having taken *Strasbourg* establish'd a Bishop there whose See was at *Molsheim*, and caus'd the Cathedral to be reformed to the Catholic Canons; and notwithstanding the contrary Dispositions of the Treaty of *Westphalia*, in 1687, he turn'd the *Lutheran* Canons out of *Brudersdorff*, and the Prebends which they retain'd in the Chapter: Nevertheless the *Lutheran* Religion is tolerat'd in this City.

his

is Family. Being noble and magnificent in every thing that he does, he lives wherever he is like a great Nobleman, but particularly at *Saverne*. I found at his Palace the Duke and Dutches of *Talard*, the Dutches *de la Meilleraie*, Mademoiselle *de Melun*, the Prince and Princess of *Birkensfeld*, *M. Dangervilliers*, the Intendant of *Strasbourg*, the Count and Princess of *Hanau*, and in short a great many Officers of Distinction. They had all convenient Lodgings and Accommodation in the Castle; and Gaming, taking the Air, Hunting, Music, and Good-Cheer were their constant Diversions.

The Bishops of *Strasbourg* have resided for a long time at the Palace of *Saverne*, which was always a convenient House; but the Cardinal *de Rohan* has made it very considerable. The outside of this Palace is not so magnificent as the inside. The Entry which leads to the chief Stair-Case is lighted to great Advantage, and has several Outlets that have a convenient Communication with the lower Apartments, which are high, and very finely embellish'd. The principal Stair-Case is very grand, and leads to a stately Salon with most curious Decorations. It has a double Apartment which is render'd as commodious as possible; and the Furniture consists of Embroidery of Gold and Silver, which may be thought perhaps too rich. The Queen, who lodg'd at the Cardinal's House when she came to *Saverne*, was charm'd with the Splendor of it, and the extraordinary Respect with which she was attended here.

The Cardinal *de Rohan* designs that this rich Furniture shall remain annex'd to the See; for which his Successor will certainly have very great Obligations to him: But his Eminence was not so much oblig'd to his Predecessors; for when he was chose Bishop he found a House very much out of order,

order, and scarce a Chair in it, whereas 'tis now fit for a King. His Eminency is about making very large fine Gardens, which are in very great Forwardness, and perfectly answerable to the Grandeur and Beauty of the Palace; and at the end of them there is a stately Canal which cost infinite Labour and Expence. The whole of it is the more magnificent because *Saverne* stands at the foot of very high Mountains; and in digging the Canal the Workmen often met with Rocks which they were forc'd to blow up.

At the Cardinal's Table there's both Abundance and Elegance; and his Eminency entertains in such a manner as really charms his Guests. All his Domestics follow his Example; and 'tis certain that they are all very diligent, and that there is not a House in *France*, or in *Europe*, where there's better Attendance. His Eminency's Household, and all his Temporal Affairs in general, are directed by the Abbot *de Ravanne*, Counsellor in the Parliament of *Paris*.

The Cardinal is one of the richest Noblemen in *France*, and without dispute the most expensive. He has built a Hotel at *Paris*, and furnish'd it sumptuously. He has made considerable Works at *Saverne*, and laid out a great deal of Money in Plate, Furniture, Pictures, antique Vessels, and Busts, Medals, and Books. Some time ago he purchas'd of the President *Menard* the famous Library of the illustrious Messieurs *de Thou*, formerly one of the most celebrated in *France*; and he daily enriches it with all the most curious and uncommon Books and Manuscripts.

Besides all these Expences, the Cardinal intends also to build a new episcopal Palace at *Strasbourg* * where he is indeed but indifferently lodg'd at pre-

* 'Tis already far advanc'd.

sent. The Marquis *de N...* talking of the Cardinal *de Rohan's* Expence, said, *That, to be sure, his Eminency had found out the Philosopher's Stone.* I think so too, and that he has done it by procuring himself five or six hundred thousand Livres a-year in good Benefices.

From *Saverne* I went to HAGUENAU, and to WEISSENBURG, formerly Imperial Cities, and now subject to *France*, but Places of little Consequence. King *Stanislaus* after the Death of *Charles XII.* King of *Sweden*, being forced to quit *Deux-Ponts* to which he had retired with his Family, came and resided at *Weissenbourg*; and here it was that he receiv'd the first Proposals that were made to him for the Marriage of his Daughter with King *Lewis XV.* I came and took up my Quarters at LANDAU, one of the most scoundrel Places in the World, but the best fortify'd; and famous for having stood out several Sieges. The Emperor *Joseph* took it when he was King of the *Romans.* The *French* retook it a little before the signing of the Peace at *Rastadt*, by which Treaty it was left in their Hands. They maintain a good Garrison in it, and have added several Works to it.

From *Landau* I pass'd to BRHOUSEL, with an Intention to pay my respects to the Cardinal *de Schonborn* Bishop of *Spire* who resides there, but I did not succeed better there than at *Rastadt*; for his Eminency excus'd himself from seeing me because he was going a Hunting, and put me off till next day; but I did not think it worth while to wait, what had happen'd to me at the Court of *Baden* being too fresh in my Memory. I was afraid of the same Fate at *Brhousel*, where I lay at such sorry Quarters that I cou'd not avoid catching Cold, my Lodging-Room being without Glass, and be famish'd into the bargain, there being

being nothing to eat: Besides, my Landlord told me that the Cardinal made even those People who came to him upon Business dance Attendance for three or four days. I said to myself therefore that he had much more reason to make me wait, who came to his Court out of meer Curiosity. I resolv'd therefore, as any Gentleman ought to have done in the like case, and took the opportunity of the Cardinal's Absence to go and view the outside of his Palace. 'Tis a great Structure not yet entirely finish'd, which the Cardinal has hitherto carry'd on from the very Foundation; but if I must be sincere with you, all these Works considerable as they are, have been form'd upon pitiful Plans. It has cost a very large Sum of Money; and I fancy that in the time of the ancient *Teutronics* it wou'd have been reckon'd a very fine Structure. The chief Beauty of it lies in its Situation; for a great Variety of agreeable Objects are discover'd from the Apartments. The Gardens are also so new that one can scarce know the Plan of 'em; it seems to me that they are not of an extraordinary Taste, and that they wou'd be much more suitable for a private Man than for a Sovereign.

The Cardinal *de Schonborn* is a keen Sportsman. He has Game enough in his own Bishoprick, for the Country so abounds with all sorts that the Fields are ruin'd by the Deer. The Peasants are so hard put to it to preserve their Corn that they are oblig'd to watch it day and night. The Cardinal often makes Hunting-Matches for the Stag and wild Boar, in which they kill hundreds; at such times the Peasants are oblig'd to take a certain quantity of Meat, for which they pay so much a Pound, according to a Price that is regulated. The Bishoprick of *Spire* is one of the fruitfullest Provinces in *Germany*, but the Inhabitants are extremely

remely poor; for their Provisions lie on their hands, and they have scarce wherewithal to pay the great Taillies due to their Sovereigns.

The Dignity of the Bishop of *Spire* is elective, as are all the Bishopricks of *Germany* which are not in the hereditary Dominions of the House of *Austria*. The Bishop is Sovereign of the Country, but the City of *Spire* has particular Privileges, as have all the Imperial Cities. You know it was at *Spire* that the Emperor *Charles V.* establish'd the Imperial Chamber, which is as it were the Parliament of the Empire. The *French* having destroy'd *Spire* when they ravag'd the *Palatinate*, the Chamber or supreme Tribunal was transferred to *Wetzlar* in *Wetteravia*, where indeed it seem'd to be more in the Center of *Germany*, and secur'd from all manner of Insult.

Damien-Hugo Count *de Schonborn* Cardinal, is at this present Bishop of *Spire*, and Coadjutor of *Constance*. He is also grand Commander of the Teutonic-Order. He was heretofore a Member of the Emperor's Privy-Council, and his Plenipotentiary to the Circle of Lower *Saxony*. *Clement XI.* of the *Albani* Family honoured him with the Purple. He is descended of a Family in which Merit has happen'd to be back'd by Fortune. The Cardinal's Father was the first Count of it. He was also one of the Emperor's Privy-Council, and Brother to *Lotharius-Francis* Elector of *Mentz* and Bishop of *Bamberg*. The Cardinal has actually a Brother who is Elector of *Triers*, another who is Bishop of *Wurtzburg* and *Bamberg*, whom I have mention'd to you upon other occasions; and lastly, a third who is a Counsellor of State * to the Emperor, and is now the Head

* He was admitted Kt, of the Golden-Fleece at the last Promotion,

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of the Family. Messieurs *de Schonborn* had formerly an Elector of *Mentz* in their Family, who was at the same time Bishop of *Wurtzburg*, but that Prince left them no great Estate; so that they were not very rich when *Lotharius Francis*, Uncle to them all, was chose Elector of *Mentz*. But this Prince procur'd them both Wealth and Honours, and render'd the Count *de Schonborn*, who is Counsellor of State to the Emperor, one of the richest Noblemen in *Germany*.

From *Brhauzel* to *Heidelberg* there's one of the finest Countries in the World, planted with Fruit, and especially Walnut-Trees, which bring in a great Revenue.

The City of *HEIDELBERG*, upon the *Necker*, is very much pent up by that River, and a Chain of Hills, so that 'tis not near so broad as 'tis long. This City is the Capital of the Lower *Palatinate*, and was formerly the Residence of the Electors. Here is a University which was founded in 1346, by *Robert Prince Palatine*, who was chose King of the *Romans*. No Town has smarted more by the Scourge of War. Since the Disgrace of *Frederic* Elector *Palatine*, whom the *Bohemians* chose for their King, it has been taken, plunder'd, or burnt four times. In 1622, the Emperor's General *Tilly* put 500 *Palatines* in it to the Sword, and at the same time the Emperor carry'd off the famous Library, which he gave in part to *Urban VIII.* who caused it to be placed in the *Vatican*, where 'tis still to be seen. In 1634, *Heidelberg* was besieg'd twice. *John de Werth* took it for *Lewis XIV.* but not being able to carry the Castle he retir'd. Not many days after, the Marshals *de Force* and *Brezé* forc'd the Quarters of the *Germans*, and took both the Town and Castle. The *French* took this City a third time in 1688, and again in 1693, which was the last time, Sword in hand; at what time they

they committed Cruelties shocking to remem-
ber, and of which there are woful Marks still
left in *Heidelberg*, and all the Towns in the *Palatinate*. This City was beginning to recover itself
by the Elector's residing there, when it brought
a more heavy Disgrace upon itself than all the
Misfortunes it had suffer'd by the War. The
Case was thus:

The great Church of *Heidelberg* since the Peace
of *Westphalia* belongs half to *Roman Catholics*,
and half to the *Calvinists*, of whom the former
have the Choir, and the others the Body, and
nothing but a thin Partition separates the two
Communities. The Choir not being big enough
to contain the Catholics when the Court resided
at *Heidelberg*, the Elector propos'd to the *Calvi-*
nists to yield him the Body of the Church, al-
leging that not only the Choir was too scanty,
but that he shou'd be very glad that the Church
in which the *Palatine* Princes lie interr'd were
altogether Catholic. He promis'd at the same
time that another Church should be built for
them larger and finer than what they were to
yield to him. The *Calvinists* said that the great
Church had been granted to them by the Trea-
ty of *Munster*; that all the Princes who were
Guarantees of the Peace of *Westphalia* were en-
gag'd to preserve them in the Enjoyment of it;
that therefore they could not give it up without
violating that Treaty, which was their Security,
and without rendring themselves unworthy of the
Protection of the Protestant Powers. The Elec-
tor in order to remove those Obstacles, consented
that the Powers who were Guarantees of the
Westphalian Treaty of Peace, in which the Church
he desir'd was expressly mentioned, should be
Guarantees of the Church which he promis'd
should be built for them: But all these Offers

how reasonable soever were not accepted by the *Calvinists*. The Elector being thereby incens'd made use of his Sovereign Authority, and took by force what they were not willing to yield to him; whereupon the *Calvinists* had recourse to the Protestant Princes of the Empire, the *Lutherans* as well as the *Calvinists*, who constituting but one Body and one Communion when the Catholics are to be oppos'd, united together, and engaged in their Quarrel the Kings of *Great-Britain*, *Denmark*, *Sweden*, and *Prussia*, and the *States-General*. These Powers caused the Catholic Churches in their Dominions to be shut up, sequester'd the Estates of the Convents, and made such Clamours and Menaces that the Elector was oblig'd to reinstate the *Calvinists* in the Nave of the Church; but he was so angry with the Inhabitants of *Heidelberg* for their Disrespect to him that he remov'd his Residence to *Manheim*. The Burghers were not very sorry at first for the Departure of the Court, for being accusom'd to its Absence, they flatter'd themselves that the Tribunals of the Regency, which, since the Accession of the *Newbourg* Family to the Electorate, had constantly been kept at *Heidelberg*, would remain there still. But they were soon thrown into the utmost Consternation when they saw those Tribunals follow the Elector. They went and cast themselves at the Feet of their angry Sovereign, and asking his Pardon for having affronted him, they offer'd him the Church which was the cause of his Displeasure, and conjur'd him to return to their City. But all their Supplications were fruitless; the Elector was stedfast in his Resolution to punish *Heidelberg*, and abandon'd it for ever. *Heidelberg* having no Trade, and subsisting only by the Court, or by the Tribunals of the Regency, of which it was totally

totally depriv'd, falls now into decay, and will, no doubt, e're 'tis long dwindle to little or nothing.

The Elector's Palace is higher than the City, and situate in such a manner that there's a Prospect from the great Apartments quite through the Opening between the Mountains, by which the *Necker* runs into the Plain. The Palace is built of Free-Stone, and is a magnificent Structure. The greatest part of it was burnt by the *French* when they destroy'd the *Palatinate*: The Lodging-Rooms that are subsisting are very substantial, tho' not built in the modern Taste. The Apartments are large, but want Ornament, especially since they have been stript of their Furniture. The Gardens were formerly reckon'd the finest in *Germany*; but there's scarce any thing left of them except the Place where they flourished. If one may judge of what they were by their Situation, they must have been very pleasant, by reason of the extensive Prospect they afforded into the Country.

I do not intend to detain you with an Account of the famous Tun, *Misson* having given a more exact Description of that than of many Towns which he treats of. You will in his *Travels* find a Cut of this Vessel, which will give you a more perfect Idea of it than any Narrative whatsoever. The Elector *John-William*, the Predecessor of the present Elector, gave a Companion to this Tun, which is not altogether so large, but much more adorn'd. They are both full of Wine. I remember that in 1719, when I was at the *Palatine* Court, the Elector ask'd me at Table whether I had seen the Great Tun; and upon my saying that I had not, that Prince, than whom there was not a more gracious Sovereign in the whole World, told me he would carry me to it. He made a Proposal to the Princess his Daughter,

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who was marry'd to the hereditary Prince of *Sultzbach*, to go thither after Dinner was over; which she accepted. The Trumpets led the way, and the Court followed in great Ceremony. When we had mounted the Platform which is over the Tun, the Elector did me the honour to drink to me out of the *Wilkom*, which was a Silver gilt Cup, of a large dimension. He took it off clean at one Draught, and having caused it to be replenished, sent it to me by a Page. Good Manners, and the Respect I ow'd to the Elector's Commands, not permitting me to refuse the Chalice, I begg'd heartily that he would suffer me to drink it off at several Draughts; which was indulg'd me; and the Elector talking in the mean time with the Ladies, I took the Opportunity of his Absence, and made no scruple to deceive him, for I return'd great part of the Wine to the bottom of the Tun, threw a part of it on the Ground, and the rest, which was the least part of it, I drank. I thought myself well off that he did not perceive in what manner I bubbled him; for I saw he was very well pleas'd with me. Then several other great Glasses went round, and the very Ladies wet their Lips, which was the thing that effectually contributed to demolish us. I was one of the first that was overpower'd. I perceived those convulsive Motions that threaten'd me if I drank any more, therefore I sneak'd off and made the best of my way down from the Platform. I was endeavouring to get out of the Vault, but was stopp'd at the Door by two Life-Guard Men, who with their Carabines crossing each other, cry'd, *Stand, there's no coming this Way*. I conjur'd them to let me pass, and told them that I had very important Reasons for my Departure; but I might as well have talk'd to the Wind.

found

found myself in a terrible Quandary: To get up again to the Head of the Tun was Death: What would become of me I could not tell. In short I crept under the Tun, and there hoped to hide myself; but it was a fruitless Precaution: There's no avoiding a Man's Destiny. It was my Fate to be carry'd out of the Vault, and to know nothing of the Matter. For the Elector perceiv'd I was a Deserter, and I heard him say, *Where is he? What's become of him? Let him be look'd after, and brought up to me dead or alive.* The Guards at the Door being examin'd said that I came that way in order to get out, but that they sent me back again. All these Inquiries, which I heard from my Hole, made me burrow myself the more. I crept under the Covert of a couple of Boards I met with by chance, where nothing but a Cat, Devil, or Page could possibly find me out. But a little Page, who was indeed both Devil and Page too, ferreted me, and baul'd out like one that was mad, *Here he is! Here he is!* and then I was taken out of my Covert. You may imagine what a silly Figure I made. I was carry'd before my Judge, who was the Elector himself. But I took the Liberty to challenge both him and all the Gentlemen in his Retinue, as being Parties in the Cause. *Alas! my little Gentleman*, said the Prince to me, *You refuse us for your Judges; I will appoint you others then, and we shall see whether you will come off any better.* He nominated the Princess his Daughter, and her Ladies to try me, and the Elector was my Accuser. After pleading my own Cause they put it to the Vote, and I was condemn'd unanimously to drink as long as I could swallow. The Elector said, that as he was the Sovereign he would mitigate my Sentence; that I should that Day drink four Pint Glasses of Wine, and

that for a Fortnight running I should tip off the like Glas to his Health immediately after Dinner. Every body admir'd the Elector's Clemency, and whether I did or not, I was fain to do as they did, and to return him Thanks.. Then I underwent the heaviest part of my Sentence; I did not lose my Life indeed, but for some Hours I lost both my Speech and my Reason. I was carry'd to a Bed, where when I came to myself I was told that my Accusers were in the same Pickle as I was; and that none of them went out of the Vault in the same manner as they enter'd it. Next Day the Elector was so good as to mitigate the remaining part of my Sentence, and excus'd me from the Penance to which I was condemn'd, upon my promising him that I wou'd make one at his Table for a Month to come.

I am, &c.



LETTER XX.

SIR,

Manheim, March 17. 1730.

IN going from *Heidelberg* to *MANHEIM* we leave the *Necker* on the right Hand, but keep almost all the way by the side of that River. 'Tis three Leagues from one City to the other, over a fruitful Plain. *Manheim* lies between the *Rhine* and the *Necker*, in a marshy Country, which has always been reckon'd very unwholesome. About fourscore Years ago this City was but a Village. *Frederic* Elector *Palatine*, who was chose King of *Bohemia*, caus'd it

to

to be fortify'd, and built a Castle or Citadel there, which he call'd *Fredericsbourg*. At the same time a Town was built, of which all the Streets run parallel, the chief that passes thro' the middle of the Town was planted with Trees after the manner of *Holland*. But the *French* having taken *Manheim* in 1693, raz'd it to the Ground, and by the Treaty of *Nimeguen* it was stipulated that *Manheim* should be demolished; which was done accordingly. *John-William* of *Newbourg*, the last Elector, began again to fortify *Manheim*, according to the Plans laid down by the famous *Coborn*; but those Works were suspended, so that no more than two Bastions and a Courtain were finish'd. When the present Elector *Charles-Philip* came to live at *Manheim* he caus'd those Works to be resumed which his Brother had discontinued, and to be carry'd on with such Diligence that in a few Years he put the Place in a state of Defence*. The Fortifications are all build'd with Brick; and *Manheim* is now one of the best Places in all *Germany*.

This City has three fine Gates, of which that of the *Necker* is the most magnificent, and the best adorned; in which one sees beautiful Basso-relievos, after a Plan very happily executed. This Gate opens towards a long and spacious Street, at the end of which stands the Elector's Palace, one of the largest and most substantial Buildings in *Europe*. It were to be wish'd indeed that the Architecture had been more regular: Never had any Architect more Advantage, for he built it new from the Foundation, was not stinted for want of room, and as he set no Limits to his Expence, I should have thought

* This Fortrefs is now finish'd, and the Elector, who continues to keep his Court here, has a strong Garrison in it.

that a masterly hand might have produc'd something curious. Nevertheless there are Faults in the Building which are shocking to such as have the least Skill in Architecture; insomuch that they who have a Taste for that Science are sorry that a Building which has been so expensive has been no better conducted. The Situation of this Palace is indeed very fine, at the end of the City, and of a very noble large Street, which like all the rest runs in a strait Line. The Palace, which has a great Square before it, consists of a large number of Lodging-Rooms, with a great high Pavilion in the middle, and two advanc'd Wings, with ample Pavilions at the ends; where two other very extensive Wings rise on both sides that are likewise terminated by Pavilions, behind which there are other Lodging-Rooms. The inside of the Palace is form'd by two great Courts, which are to be separated by an open Gallery or Terrass, the Model of which is very much adorn'd with Architecture; but I can't think it will look well when 'tis done. The Apartments are adorn'd with fine noble Floors and Cielings, and have the finest Prospect in the World to *Spire, Franckendahl, Worms*, and all the Country in general, as far as the Mountains of *Alsace*, which consists wholly of Towns and Villages. All this fine fruitful Country is water'd by the *Rhine*, which passes behind the Palace of *Manheim*, and washes its Fortifications. Upon this beautiful Canal there are to be the Gardens of the Palace, for which there are intended two Courtains and a Bastion.

'Tis almost inconceivable how the Elector was able to get all the Works about *Manheim* finished in so few Years; for in short I remember to have seen Partridges where there are now Houses and Palaces. The whole Town is laid out in a most regular

regular and charming manner; and 'tis without dispute one of the prettiest Towns in *Europe*. 'Tis pity the Houses are not higher: The reason they alledge for it is, that *Manheim* is a fortified Town, and that by consequence the Houses ought to be low. I know not what Authority there is for this, since *Strasbourg*, *Metz*, *Luxembourg*, and *Lisle*, are Places of much more Importance than *Manheim*, and yet the Houses are as high there as they are in other Towns.

The Palace is commodious, and yet, for what reason I know not, the Elector does not live in it*. Some say that he has been told of so many Faults in it as have quite put him out of conceit with it, and others that 'tis because a certain Astrologer prophesy'd he would die there; but I am apt to believe that the latter reason is no more than a Joke, and I dare to say that the Elector is too wise a Man to credit it. Mean time this Prince dwells in a House belonging to a Jew, to which several other private Houses are join'd; but for all that the Lodgings are very bad.

There can't be a better-natur'd Man than *Charles-Philip* of *Newbourg*, Elector *Palatine*. He is the best of Masters, and the most affable of Princes. He is reckoned extremely handsome, and one of the chief Dancers in his Time; and he has a noble Aspect. His Behaviour and Conversation engage one to love him, and to pay one's Court to him out of pure Inclination. He formerly was fond of Pomp and Pleasure, but since the Loss of his only Daughter and his Son-in-law, who died within a few Years one of another, he seems to be no longer taken with what was heretofore his Amusement.

* He actually lodges there now.

The Elector has been twice marry'd, viz. first to *Louisa-Charlotte* Princess of *Radzewille*, and secondly to *Theresa-Lubomirski*, both *Polish* Ladies. The former left him a Daughter that was marry'd to *Joseph-Charles* Prince *Palatine* of *Sultzbach*, but died in 1728; as did her Husband the year following. This Princess had such Beauty and Merit, that she was the Comfort of her Father and the Admiration of her Acquaintance. She left three young Princesses, whom the Elector causes to be educated at his Court, where they are now all that he has to delight him; but then they incessantly renew to him the sorrowful Remembrance of a Daughter who was extremely dear to him.

The Death of that Princess has been a very great Affliction to the Elector, and chang'd the Face of the *Palatine* Court. Indeed as to Affability, and to the Goodness of his Temper, he is still the same Elector, but he has no longer that Gaity of Humour which his Daughter's Company rais'd in him; for she had a thousand different Amusements for him, and Pleasures and Merriment every where accompany'd her. The Elector eats always in private, except on Holidays, and when there's any foreign Prince at his Court. After he has been in public at Mass, he commonly stops in one of his Apartments to chat with the Courtiers, or to play at Billiards till Dinner-time. After Dinner he goes to Bed, and lies there two Hours; then he rises, and after having caus'd himself to be dress'd he gives Audience to his Ministers, and to such private Persons as want to talk with him. He is very attentive to those who speak to him, and answers them with Good-nature and Kindness. He seldom refuses what is in his Power to grant; and when Reasons force him to a Denial, 'tis visible that he is uneasy, and he refuses in so civil a manner, that People go away at least comforted if not contented.

contented. At six o'clock in the Evening the whole Court meets in his Electoral Highness's Apartment, where there is Play till nine o'clock, and then the Elector retires, makes a very slight Supper, and goes to Bed in good time.

Tho' the Elector dines in private there's always a Table sumptuously serv'd for the hereditary Prince of *Sultzbach*, Brother to him who was the Elector's Son-in-law. This passies for the Elector's Table, is spread for eighteen Guests, and is serv'd by Pages.

The Prince *de Sultzbach* is look'd upon as the Elector's Heir, because 'tis not supposed that the Elector's Brother, the Elector of *Mentz*, would be willing to quit the first Electorate of the Empire, and the great Benefices which he possesses, to become Elector *Palatine*, if he should happen to survive his Brother*. The Bishop of *Augsbourg*, the Elector's second Brother, being a Priest, cannot succeed. The Prince *de Sultzbach*'s Father is still living; but being as old as the Elector, he is not like to survive him very long †. The Prince *John Christian* of *Sultzbach* was born in 1700. He is the Widower of the Princess *de la Tour* of *Auvergne*, who brought him for her Portion the Sovereignty of *Bergopzoom*; and left him a Son, who is educated at *Brussels* with his Great-Grandmother the Dutchess Dowager of *Artemberg*. The Prince *John-Christian* is tall and extremely corpulent, insomuch that 'tis well if he has not the Dropsy. He spent the first Days of his Youth at the Court of *Lorrain*, in *France*, and in the *Netherlands*, by which Travels he acquired a great deal of Politeness. He was lately betrothed to *Eleonora-Philippina* of *Hesse-Rhinfields*, Sister to the

* This Prince died at *Breslau* in *April* 1732.

† His Name was *Theodore*. He was born in 1659, and died in 1732.

Princess of *Piedmont* ||, and to the Dutchess of *Bourbon*. This Princess is every day expected from *Turin*, to which Place she accompanied her Sister. Their Highnesses will then go and keep their Court at *Heidelberg* **.

The Principal Noblemen of the *Palatine* Court are the following:

Francis-George Count of *Manderscheldt-Blankenheim**, the Steward of the Household, Prime Minister, and Knight of the Order of St. *Hubert*. He is of illustrious Extraction; is a Man of Integrity and very great Probity, incapable of doing an ill thing, but not at all engaging in his Department; for he is reserved, with an Air of Haughtiness, which is a Defect that he was born with, and endeavours to conquer but cannot. When one knows him intimately he proves a good Friend, and capable of doing one Service. He has very great Pensions from the Elector, and is the oldest of his Family, which being pretty numerous, he does not live in a very grand manner.

The Baron *de Sickingen* is Great Chamberlain, Minister of State, and Knight of the Order of St. *Hubert*. He is a Gentleman of a fine Presence,

|| The late Queen of *Sardinia*.

** The Prince *John-Christian* became Prince Regent of *Sulzbach* after his Father's Death, but did not long survive him, for he died suddenly *July 26. 1733*; so that Prince *Charles* his Son, born *December 10 1724*, is now Prince *Palatine* of *Sulzbach*, Marquis of *Bergopzom*, and presumptive Heir to the Elector. He is a very forward hopeful Youth. The Elector has sent for him from *Brussels* to *Manheim*, notwithstanding the Intreaty of the Dutchess *d'Aremerberg* his Great-Grandmother by the Mother's side, (who had the care of his Education.) that he might be permitted to stay with her. This young Prince's Grandmother is the Princess Dowager *d'Auvergne*, Sister to the Duke *d'Aremerberg*, one of the tasteful Beauties of her Time. She retir'd to a Nunnery, is a Lady of good Learning, and now one of the Heads of the *Jansenist* Party of *Holland*.

* He died soon after this was written, and his Place is not yet fill'd up.

of an easy and engaging Access, with profound Learning, and Sentiments suitable to his Birth. He was Governor of the late Prince *de Sultzbach*, son-in-law to the Elector; and he imprinted such Ideas of Men and Things in the Mind of that young Prince, as gave great Hopes that his Government would be happy if ever he attain'd to it. M. *de Sickingen* was afterward the Elector's Envoy Extraordinary to the Imperial Court; and I knew him at *Vienna* where he was exceedingly beloved. At his return he succeeded his Brother in the Office of Great Chamberlain, which he exercises with the Approbation of the whole Court.

John-Frederic Count de Globe, is Grand Marshal Minister of State, and Knight of the Order of St. *Hubert*. He is very rich, and has a fine Estate in *Bohemia*. He was once the Elector's Page, who finding him at the bottom a Man of Integrity and Honour, took care of his Fortune, gave him the best Employments at his Court, and raised him to the Dignity of Count. M. *de Globe* has been seldom at *Manheim* for some Years past; which is a Loss both to Court and City, because he lived very nobly, and more than all, was very civil to Foreigners*.

The Baron *de Wohlin* is Master of the Horse†. He is one of those Men in whom we meet with that Candor and Probity so much boasted by our Fathers.

The Count *de la Tour* and *Taxis* is Captain of the Life-Guards, Lieutenant-General, and Knight

* I suppose M. *de Globe* is dead; at least he is no longer Grand Marshal, that Post being occupied by the Baron *de Beveren*, a Privy-Counsellor and President of the Ecclesiastic Administration at *Heidelberg*. This Minister does an Honour to the Elector's Choice of his Person.

† The Office of Master of the Horse is vacant; but the Count *de Nesselrod* does the Duties of it, in quality of Vice-Master of the Horse.

of the Order of St. *Hubert*. His Carriage seems blunt and proud, yet he is familiar with those that are in his Confidence. He has considerable Credit at Court, owing to his Sister's being so long in Favour with the Elector.

Julius Augustus Count *de la Marck*, Lieutenant-General, Captain of the hundred *Swissers*, and Knight of St. *Hubert*, is descended of an illustrious Family in the Empire. He spent part of his Youth in the Service of *France*, where his eldest Brother is now actually a Lieutenant-General, Colonel of a foreign Regiment, and a Commander of the Order of the *Holy Ghost*. He has learnt all the *French* Politeness; his Behaviour resembles the Man of Quality; his Temper is gay, and he loves good Cheer, Joy, and Pleasures.

The Count *Egmont de Hatzfeldt* Lieutenant-General, Minister of State, and Secretary at War, comes from one of the best Families in the Empire. This Nobleman is extraordinary civil; his House is open to all Persons of Distinction; he lives very nobly, and both his Lady and himself are very fond of entertaining Foreigners. They were both intrusted to conduct to *Piedmont* the Princess of *Saltzbach* first Wife to *Charles* Prince of *Piedmont**, and discharged their Employments in such a manner that they had the general Approbation of the *Sardinian* Court.

The Barons of *Hildesheim* and *Beveren* are both Ministers of State. The former acquired a very great Reputation in the Negotiations that were carry'd on at *Heidelberg* in 1719, for the Church of the *Calvinists* which the Elector had a mind should be Catholick. The second has been Envoy to the King of *Great-Britain*. They are both to

* The present King of *Sardinia*.

be valued for their Merit, live very honourably, and make Foreigners welcome.

I could tell you of many other Persons of Birth and Merit employ'd at this Court, but really my Letter would be too tedious. Nevertheless I cannot omit the mention of the Baron *d'Osthen* whom you saw at *Breslau*, after he had quitted the Service of the *Czar*. He is settled here, but has no Character. He and all his Family are become of our Communion. He has a considerable Pension from the Elector, and is generally very well esteem'd. His Son who is a Captain, is a young Gentleman of Merit, and his Daughters are young Ladies highly to be esteem'd for their good Behaviour and Politeness.

The Count *de Nassau-Weilbourg* lives here also. His Birth would engage me to give you an Account of him tho' I were not induc'd to it by the Consideration of his Merit. This Nobleman has an infinite share of it; he is generous, magnificent, gentle, and civil, knowing what Family he is descended from; but knowing it for no other reason than to discharge all the Obligations of it. He is the Ornament of this Court, tho' he is not in the Service of the Elector. His Father was Velt-Marshal, and Commander in Chief of the *Palatine* Troops during the Reign of the late Elector *John William*. The Count I am speaking of was Envoy Extraordinary from the Elector to the Court of *France* during the Minority of *Lewis XV*. He then went often to the Royal Palace to pay his court to the Regent's Mother, and there it was that I knew him; for that Lady and the whole Court of *France* had a very great Value for him. That Princess speaking of him one Day to me, said she was very glad that he was a Count of *Nassau*.

Nassau; for indeed, said she, he deserves to bear a great Name*.

There are amiable People here of both Sexes who are very sociable, so that 'tis a Stranger's own Fault if he misses of Amusement here; for such are generally treated very civilly. As for my own part, I have received so many Courtesies from the Elector, and so many Favours from his Court that I shall for ever acknowledge them.

The Nobility maintain a Company of *French* Comedians who act three times a Week upon a very little Theatre, but both the Townsmen and Foreigners pay. Tho' this Company, of which the Count *de la Marck* has the Direction is not the best, yet 'tis a Pleasure to go to it for the sake of seeing Company. In the Time of the late Princess there were a thousand Pleasures which there are not now, so that her Death is still lamented.

The Elector's Revenues are reckoned at two Millions of Crowns. You may rate them more or less, 'tis no matter; for my own part, I affirm nothing, being not willing to imitate the Marquis *de Breton-Villiers*, who in his Memoirs of the Regency values the Revenues of all the Princes of the Universe with as much Assurance as if he had been Superintendant of every one's Finances. The Elector has about 7 or 8000 Soldiers, exclusive of his Guards. His best Places are *Manheim*, *Juliers*, and *Dusseldorp*. The three Religions tolerated in the Empire have Churches here, and the *Jews* a large Synagogue. They are very numerous at this Place, and two thirds of the Houses belong to them, as being either built by them or mortgag'd to 'em. Some of them are very rich, and drive a great

* General *Iffelbach* Commander in Chief of the *Palatine* Troops, and Governour of *Manheim* dying in *August* 1734, the Elector gave the Command of his Troops to the Count *de Nassau-Weilbourg*, and the Government of *Manheim* to the Baron *de Zobel*.

FRANCKENDAH L. 41

Trade with the *Jews* at *Metz*, *Frankfort* and *Amsterdam*. 'Tis certain that they do a great Injury to the Christian Merchants, and that they are not honefter here than elfewhere.

Don't write to me, if you please, before I have sent you my Direction, because I know not whether I fhall ftay long enough at *Frankfort*, to which fome Affairs call me, to receive your Letters.

Just now we hear of the Death of Pope *Benedict XIII*. As I never faw a Conclave, and am in the Humour of Travelling, I have an Inclination to take a Tour to *Rome*. I fhall not refolve on it till I come to *Frankfort*. Which way foever I go you fhall be inform'd, and I will not fail to defire your Commands. Mean time I am always very fincerely, &c.



L E T T E R XXI.

S I R,

Frankfort, March 21. 1730

AT my Departure from *Manheim* I pafs'd the *Rhine* over a Bridge of Boats, and in three Hours time arrived at *FRANCKENDAH L*, which was formerly fortified, but after having fuffered by the general Conflagration in the *Palatinate*, was difmantled by the Peace of *Nimeguen*, and fo it has remained ever fince. It ftill bears the Marks of *French Fury*, ; and a great many Houfes that were burn'd have not been rebuilt.

There's the fineft Country in the World between *Franckendahl*, and *WORMS*. I came hither at ten o' clock in the Morning, and fpent the
reft

rest of the Forenoon in seeing what was most remarkable. *Worms* is not the Place now that it was before the *French* burn'd it. Its most wealthy Inhabitants instead of rebuilding their Houses, retir'd to *Frankfort* and *Holland*, so that the Chapter of *Worms* which is wholly compos'd of Persons of Quality, is now the chief Glory of the Town. The Bishop of it is the Elector* of *Mentz*, who was chose July 12, 1694. This Prince has built a new Episcopal Palace, the Contrivance of which is beautiful. It joins to the Cathedral which is ancient, and built very substantially. The *Lutherans* have just built a fine Church, the Roof of which is painted. In several Compartments there's the History of *Luther's* pretended Reformation. That Doctor is there represented as appearing before the Dyet of the Empire which met at *Worms* An. 1521. You know that he was cited to it by the Emperor *Charles V.* His Friends, to dissuade him from appearing, put him in mind of *John Huss*, who notwithstanding the Safe-Conduct that had been granted him by the Emperor *Sigismund*, was burnt by a Decree of the Council of *Constance*. *Luther*, without being intimidated, said, that *tho' he was sure to be engag'd with as many Devils as there were Tiles upon the Houses of Worms, he was resolv'd to go.* He went thither accordingly and appear'd the 17th of *April* before the Dyet, where he offer'd with a Courage deserving a better Cause, to maintain his Doctrine and his Writings against all that should go about to demolish them from the Holy Scriptures.

The City of *Worms* stands in the middle of a fine spacious Plain, abounding with Corn, Vine-

* Since this was written the Elector of *Mentz* of the *Palatine* Family of *Newbourg* dying, the Chapter of *Worms* unanimously chose for its Bishop *Francis George* Count de *Schonborn*, Archbishop and Elector of *Triers*.

yards, and Fruit-Trees. A Wine is produced here which is call'd *Lieben-Frauen-Milch*, i. e. *Our Lady's Milk*. The *Rhine* is about three or four hundred Paces from the Town, but 'tis said it formerly ran close by the Walls of it. Which Way soever one comes to *Worms*, one perceives at a great Distance the four Towers of the Cathedral which are all built of red Freestone. Two drunken Fellows mistook those Towers one day for Capuchin Fryars. Being in the Country at a pretty good Distance from the Town, as the Sun was going down, one of them said to his Comrade, *We have no Time to lose, the Gates are going to be shut----* No matter, said the other, pointing to the Towers; *Don't you see those Capuchins there before us? They are of the Town, and are going thither as well as we. You are in the right,* reply'd the former, *let us drink the good Fryers Healths.* They had a Gourd Bottle full of Wine, of which they drank every drop, so that they did not overtake the imaginary Capuchins till next Day.

There is not a finer Country than that between *Worms* and OPPENHEIM, a little Town upon an Eminence, on the left Side of the *Rhine*; to which we pass over a flying Bridge. The Road from *Oppenheim* is unpassable for near two Leagues, because 'tis commonly overflown by that river; but afterwards the Way is perfectly good to *Frankfort*. 'Twas very late when I came to this City, but by good luck the People of *Frankfort* who formerly shut their Gates at Sun-set have lately chose to keep them open till ten o' clock, so that for paying a Trifle one may enter the Town.

I know not whether I need give any Account of the City of FRANKFORT. It has been so often describ'd, and is so well known to the World, that I fancy every body knows what sort of Town it is, tho' they have not seen it. *Frankfort* is famous for

for its two yearly Fairs, viz. at *Easter* and *Michaelmas*. It suffer'd much by a great Fire in 1619, but the whole has been since rebuilt, and the Houses are finer than before. There are few Places upon the whole more disagreeable, and few Towns in *Germany* where the common People are more unpolish'd. The Burghers are not to be match'd for Affectdness, and their Conversation is insupportable. The Magistrates are all *Lutherans*; nevertheless the principal Churches belong to the Catholics. The *Calvinists* may live in the Town but cannot hold any Employments, and are oblig'd to go for Worship, to *Bockenheim* in the County of *Hanau*, and to cause their Children to be baptiz'd in the *Lutheran* Churches. The great Church in which the Ceremony of the Emperor's Coronation is perform'd is dark, and by no means proper for such an august Solemnity. You know that *Aix la Chapelle* is properly the Place set apart for the Coronation of our Emperors, and *Frankfort* for their Election. But since *Maximilian I.* no Emperor has been crown'd at *Aix*. *Frankfort* being situate in the Centre of the Empire is much more commodious for all the Princes, but particularly for the Spiritual Electors and for the Elector Palatine, who may send for their Equipages by Water and return them back by the same convenience. When *Charles VI.* was crown'd at *Frankfort* in 1711, there was an extraordinary Concourse of Princes and Noblemen. Certain speculative Gentlemen made two Remarks on this Occasion, from which they presag'd two Things. The one was, that the Emperor made his Entrance into this City in close Mourning for the Emperor *Joseph* his Brother; whereupon they said that *Charles* wore Mourning because he foresaw that he should be the last Emperor of his Family. The

second

Second was, that as *Charles* return'd from the Church invested with all the Marks of Sovereignty, *Charlemain's* Sword had like to have dropp'd out of the Scabbard; which the Elector of *Triers* of the *Lorrain* Family observing, catch'd hold of the Sword, and put it in again before it was quite fallen out of the Scabbard. Upon this, the same Calculators of Nativities said it was an Omen that the Emperor would never have a quiet Reign, and that he would always be in a Situation that would oblige him to draw his Sword for his Defence*.

As to Persons of great Distinction at *Frankfort*, they are very few. The Chief are the Princess-Dowager of *Nassau-Ousingen*, born Princess of *Lothstein*; the Count *de Degenfeldt* (*Schomberg*) § Major-General of the King of *Prussia's* Forces, and a Commander of the Order of the *Black Eagle*; and finally, *Madame la Raugrave* † Daughter of *Charles-Lewis* Elector Palatine: She is the last of the Blood of the Protestant *Palatine* Princes. The Senate of *Frankfort*, in consideration of her great Age, and in Respect to her Birth, has granted her the Liberty of keeping a *Calvinist* Chaplain to preach in her own House. Sometimes the Prince *de la Tour* and *Taxis* || Hereditary Post Master of the Empire resides at *Frankfort*. His House is a great Relief to Foreign-

* These sharp-sighted Gentlemen were not so happy as to foresee the Marriage which has lately united the Families of *Austria* and *Lorrain*, and brought the latter within View of the Imperial Crown, of which the Elector of *Triers* saving the Sword in the Scabbard seems to have been a remarkable Omen.

§ He was the King of *Prussia's* Plenipotentiary to the King of *Great Britain*, and is returned to *Frankfort*, where he is Minister from the King of *Prussia* to the Circle of the *Rhine*.

† This Lady died *An. 1733*.

|| Since the Author was at *Frankfort* the Prince *Alexander de la Tour* and *Taxis* who married a Princess of *Brandenbourg-Bareith*, resides in this City and is building a House there,

ers. † His Princess is a Lady of very great Merit, and has the Soul and Sentiments of a Queen. In the Houses of the Persons that I have mentioned there's an Assembly of both Sexes every Evening but take them one with another they are very thin except at the Fairs, when there's a vast Resort of Nobility and Gentry. Most of the Electors and Princes of the Empire have their Agents at *Frankfort*, to whom they give the Title of Residents but those Gentlemen are not a jot the more respected for it, most of them being Merchants of the City of *Frankfort* it self, who solicit the Title in order to be exempt from the Authority of the Senate, and from the Payment of the Customs, and to qualify themselves to place over their Doors the Arms of the Princes to whom they send the News-Papers.

The Count *de Degenfeldt* makes such a Figure here that he deserves a more particular mention. He is a Nobleman of good Extraction. He is Native of the *Palatinate*, and spent his Youth in the Service of the Elector-Palatine. He was at the Time a *Calvinist*, but turn'd Catholic. Some Years after, he was reconcil'd to his former Communion and marry'd in *England* a cousin of his, the daughter of the Duke *de Schomberg*, with whom he had a very great estate. He has also a considerable Expectation from *Madame la Raugrave* a *Palatine*, his Aunt. The Relation of *M. de Degenfeldt* to this Lady brings to my mind the History of the Mother of *Madame la Raugrave*, who as I have observ'd was a *Degenfeldt*, I have chose to give it you from what was told me by the late *Madame of Frankfurt* and from very good Memoirs that have been pe-

† She is *Louisa-Anne-Frances* of *Lobkowitz*, Daughter to the late Prince *Leopold* of *Lobkowitz*, who was the Empress's chamber Steward till 1708.

† This Lady died at *Frankfort* in Feb. 1733.

to my Hands. I have placed this History as a Transaction in the Time of the ancient *Germans*; and as I design'd to insert it in a work which I have undertaken, for want of something else to employ my Time, I chuse to do it by way of a Discourse from Madame the late Electress of *Hanover* to her Daughter-in-law. I herewith send you the entire History, and at the End of it you will find the Key. As I fancy you are quite disengag'd in the Country, I don't apprehend that the reading of it will be Loss of your Time. I rather fear you won't like it; but in either case 'twill be your own Fault; I don't force you to read; you may if you please let *Gertrude* alone.

History of GERTRUDE a Marcoman Lady.

THE History of *Gertrude*, of which I propose to give you, my Princess, a Relation, is properly the History of the Extinction of my Family; for the fatal Passion of my Brother King *Malcolm* for that Lady, is in all appearance the Reason that there are no more left in my Family than three Princesses*, and my self.

There was such a Harmony in Sentiments between my Brother and me that it united us in the closest Friendship. We had been brought up together in *Belgium*†, where the King my Father had been obliged to take Refuge, that he might be nearer at hand to receive Succours from *Alfred* King of *Albion*, Father of the Queen my Mother, against the *Romans*, who after a long and bloody War had turn'd him out of his Dominions. That King amus'd him a long while with fair Promises, but the Misunderstanding which there was at that time be-

* Madame the Abbess of *Maubrisson*, Sister to Madame the Electress of *Hanover*, who is supposed to be the Person that speaks here; Madame the Dutchess of *Hanover*, Mother to the Empress *Amelia*, and Madame the Princess of *Condé*.

† At *Rhenen*, a small Town in the Province of *Utrecht*.

tween

tween him and the States of his kingdom, added to a certain Indolence in his natural Temper, hindered him from seeing the Effect of them ; and the King my Father did not live long enough to be Witness of the Peace which the *Romans* were at length oblig'd by his Allies to conclude. This was not an advantageous Peace for *Malcolm* my Brother, because in order to obtain it he was oblig'd to yield Part of his Dominions to the Prince of the || *Boys*, an Ally of the *Romans*, and upon these Terms he was left in quiet possession of the rest.

When my Brother saw himself establish'd on the Throne, he thought of marrying. His Ministers propos'd the Princess of the *Catti* as the fittest Match for him, and assur'd him that besides her illustrious Extraction he could not marry a more beautiful Princess, or one of a better Temper. My Brother who only alter'd his Condition for Reasons of State, was willing enough to follow their Advice, and accordingly espoused her. The Marriage at first prov'd very happy ; the Queen his Wife had her share of Beauty, and tho' her temper was very different from what it had been represented to my Brother, yet she so cunningly disguis'd it for some time that this Prince thought himself very happy in his Choice. But their Agreement was of a short Duration ; the Queen's true Humour soon discovered itself : It appear'd that she was ill-natur'd, and intolerably high spirited ; an odd sullen Temper, always ready to contradict and frequently subject to Chagrin, of which she herself knew not the Cause, and which she ventur'd upon all that approach'd her without Distinction. The King my Brother was of a Temper quite the reverse : He lov'd Diversions, was civil, affable

|| The *Upper Palatinate* yielded to the Elector of *Bavaria* by the Treaty of *Westphalia*.

naturally gay, beneficent; and I don't speak it of Partiality in favour of a Brother whose Memory is still dear to me, but I'll be bold to say, that if he had not been quite so choleric, he would have been the most accomplish'd Prince of his Time. Nevertheless he bore with his Wife's ill Humours very patiently at first, and endeavour'd to reclaim her by gentle Usage; but when he saw that all the Pains he took were to no purpose, he resolv'd at length to seek out some other Amusement.

The Beauty of *Gertrude*, Maid of Honour to the Queen his Wife, had for a long time smitten him, but hitherto he had only discover'd his Passion to her by his glances, for fear of disgusting the Queen. *Gertrude* who perceiv'd that my Brother did not look upon her with Indifference, affected to shun every opportunity that Prince might take of revealing his love to her. But Fortune favour'd my Brother, who being one day with his Queen in her Apartment, when the Discourse fell upon Jewels, perceiv'd that the Princess had left off wearing a certain Bracelet of which he had made her a present, and asking her what she had done with it, the Queen told him that she believ'd she had laid it up in a Casket of which she had the Key in her Pocket. She made one of her Maids fetch it, and open'd it, but the Bracelet was not there, at which she seem'd uneasy. This my Brother observ'd, and taking a Pleasure in making her more uneasy, he said to her, in a manner that shew'd he did not think as he spoke, that she had undoubtedly some Gallant in a Corner, to whom she had either given that Bracelet, or who had stole it from her. These Words, tho' deliver'd in jest, made a deep impression upon the Queen, and as it was her Nature soon to take fire, she was stung to the quick at what he had said, and forgetting the Respect she ow'd to the

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King her Husband, was in such a Passion with him that she let fall some Words that were very affronting. My Brother who was naturally mettlesome and fiery, and far from expecting any such Treatment, made her answer, that if she continued to forget herself after that manner, he would find ways and means to humble her. Upon this he went out of the Room abruptly, and passing through the Antichamber, met the fair *Gertrude*. Such was his Disgust that instead of being upon reserve as he had been, he had a long Conversation with her, and found her so sprightly and good natur'd that he was compleatly charm'd with her. He declar'd his Love to her, and she was so artless that tho' she gave him no Hopes, yet she did not rebuff him.

When my Brother was retir'd, *Gertrude* went into the Apartment of the Queen her Mistress, who plac'd her whole Confidence in her. That Prince no sooner saw her but she made a thousand Complaints of the King's Treatment of her. *Gertrude* seem'd to sympathize in her Resentment, and believing that the Queen could not fail to know that the King had talk'd with her in the Antichamber she told her that the Prince having met her in the Passage gave her an angry Account of what had pass'd; and that she had done all she could to pacify him, but to no purpose: At the same time she blam'd the King's Proceeding; and encourag'd her the Liberty which the Queen gave her, told her that if she who was but a private Gentlewoman was so treated by any Husband, she would never pardon him tho' he were a King. She added several other Sayings which instead of pacifying this fair Queen, did but exasperate her the more.

In the mean time, *Malcolm*, who was impatient to know the Success of his Amour, wrote a Letter to *Gertrude* which he sent her by one of his chamber

Domesticks

Domesticks, together with a rich Diamond Equipage. But the artful *Gertrude* whose Aim was to draw on his Passion, rather than to gratify it, was far from yielding to his first Attacks, and sent him back the Diamonds, tho' with a modest and respectful Answer, wherein she desir'd him to talk no more to her of Love. My Brother was too deeply smitten to be repulsed; he doubled his Presents, was assiduous, and eager in his Courtship; and as this was very rare for a King of his amiable Personage to meet with long Resistance, *Gertrude* abated of her Shyness by Degrees, and at length discovered that she was not insensible of Love. Their Correspondence which did not exceed the Bounds of Honour, was kept secret for a considerable time, but made the greater Blaze when it was known. *Malcolm* being one day with his Wife, happen'd, without perceiving it, to drop a Letter which the Queen took up, and found to be the Hand-writing of *Gertrude*. The Letter being writ in *Latin* made the Queen the more curious to know what was in it; and she gave it to her Cousin, Prince *Valamir*, desiring him to unfold the Contents of it to her. This Prince was so unwise as to satisfy her Curiosity, and acquainted her that *Gertrude* by this Letter assur'd the King that he had gain'd her Heart. You will easily imagine how much the Queen was ruffled when she heard of this Intrigue: She could not contain herself; and without giving ear to the Arguments made use of by *Valamir*, she ran immediately to *Gertrude*'s Apartment in the Palace, who by good luck was gone abroad. The Queen thinking her Casket was in *Gertrude*'s Closet caus'd it to be broke open, and finding it there, open'd it, and took out all the Letters, of which several that appeared to be from the King her Husband left her no room to doubt of that Prince's extraordinary Passion for *Gertrude*, and of

the Intimacy, there was between them. My Brother was quickly inform'd of what the Queen had been doing, but conceal'd his Uneasiness; shew'd his Wife no manner of Resentment, and only sent a Caution to *Gertrude* not to return to the Palace. *Malcolm's* Silence deceiv'd the Queen who indeed was not a Lady of very great Penetration, so that she flatter'd herself the King might possibly be ignorant of the Outrage she had committed; and upon this Supposition she thought her best way to dissemble her Hatred and Wrath against *Gertrude*. She pretended therefore to be very uneasy for fear of what had happened to her, caus'd a Search to be made for her several days, and seem'd very much dejected at her Absence. She hop'd by all these Demonstrations of Friendship to decoy her back to the Palace, in order then to be compleatly reveng'd of her.

Thus Matters stood when the King of the Swedes, the Brother-in-law of the Queen my Sister-in-law, came to Court with the Queen his Wife. The Prince having observ'd the Queen's Melancholy on several Occasions, ask'd her the Reason of it one day as they sat at Table. ' You must not be surpriz'd, said *Malcolm*, to see the Queen my Wife out of Temper; 'tis her common Infirmary, and very often she herself knows not the Cause of it. My Ailment is but too real (reply'd the Queen in a great Passion) and (then addressing herself to her Husband) said she, it does not at all become you whose dishonourable Amours have been the only cause of my Disorder, to insinuate as if it were but imaginary.' This Answer made in so public a manner so nettled my Brother that he turn'd pale for mere Vexation, and not being able to curb his Passion forgot his Dignity so far as to strike her; upon which the unfortunate Princess rose from Table

and retir'd in Tears to her own Apartment. My Brother, whose Passion was always as soon over as it was easily kindled, was sorry in a very few Moments after for what he had done, made his Excuses to the King and Queen of the *Suevi*, and rising from Table, went with them to his Wife's Apartment, where he ask'd her Pardon for what had pass'd. This Attonement, which the Queen did not expect so soon, touch'd her to the quick: The King and she embrac'd each other, and exchang'd their Promises to forget as well as to forgive every Offence. But would you believe it? that fickle, fantastical Creature my Sister-in-law chang'd her Mind all on a sudden, and when her Husband came in the Evening with an Intention to spend the Night with her, she absolutely refus'd to let him bed with her unless he would resolve to deliver up *Gertrude* to her. *Malcolm*, who was still asham'd at what he had done in his last Fury, receiv'd so violent a Proposition with more Patience than he would have done upon another Occasion. He endeavour'd by fair Words to pacify his Wife, assuring her that nothing criminal had ever pass'd between him and *Gertrude*, and that tho' he had corresponded with the Girl by Letters, it was not out of any Love he had for her, so much as to know whether it was true that she wrote as good *Latin* as he had been told she did. Tho' this Speech of his was not very probable, yet as People are easily inclin'd to believe what they wish to be true, the Queen suffer'd herself to be at last persuaded, and was reconciled to her Husband without insisting any farther on the Sacrifice she at first demanded.

The Emperor being come to spend some time at *Pluibourg*, summon'd an Assembly thither of the Princes of the Empire. My Brother went thither

with the Queen his Wife ; but the Consequence was that they were more embroil'd than ever, the King and my Sister-in-law was so unadvised as to let *Cæsar* and his Court be Witnesses of certain Brawls, which for her own Interest as well as her Husband's, she ought to have carefully confin'd within the Limits of her own Household. 'Tis true that my Brother had no very great Respect for her, and he lov'd *Gertrude* more than ever. Being hindred by a slight Indisposition from going to *Montpayen* where he kept her at one of his Houses, not a Day pass'd but he sent an Express to know how she did, and the Queen's ill Temper, who no doubt had better have try'd good-natur'd Methods to reclaim him, only incens'd him against her, and made him the fonder of *Gertrude*.

The Assembly of the Princes of *Germany* being over, and the Emperor return'd to *Rome*, my Brother set out for *Montpayen* the Capital of his Kingdom, and gave orders for his Queen to follow him next Day. But for a Reason which I never could dive into, the Princess instead of obeying him stay'd a Month longer at *Pluibourg*, without vouchsafing to let the King her Husband know the Reason of her delay ; and not only so, but when she came to *Montpayen*, she had the Assurance to go with a bold Face to her Husband's Apartment, without knowing how he would take it : But the Prince who had just Reason to be angry, foreseeing that she was like enough to take such a step, had given orders to refuse her Entrance ; wherefore she was oblig'd to retire to her Apartment, whither a Captain of the Guards came in a Moment after, to tell her from the King that she was a Prisoner.

This unhappy Princess bore her Disgrace very weakly. She repented, but too late, of having been

so imprudent as to contravene the Orders of
King her Husband ; and hoping to work upon
Good-nature, she wrote him a most submissive
Letter, begging his Pardon for her Disobedience,
and intreating him to restore her to her Liberty.
My Brother sent her an Answer, wherein he only
gave her the Title of the Princess of *Cattia*. He
told her ' that having consider'd the Disagree-
ment there was betwixt his Temper and her's,
he resolv'd to be divorc'd from her, and that
she would do well herself to give her Consent
to it ; which if she did with a good Grace, he
would restore her to her Liberty and settle a
Revenue on her suitable to her Rank.'

This Answer was a Thunder-stroke to my Sister-
in-law ; she rav'd and tore like a mad Woman.
She was for a long while like one out of her Sen-
ses, but recovering them at length by the help of
her Women, and consulting with those that had
the greatest share of her Confidence, she sent the
King word that he was Master, and might make
use of his Authority, but that she would never
consent to the Divorce.

My Brother who had fix'd his Resolution, and
saw no other Way to get possession of *Gertrude*
than by marrying that Girl, who had presum'd to
set so high a Price upon her Favours, took off the
Mask, notify'd his Design to the Court, and in a
few days after, the Marriage was perform'd in the
manner that you know is practis'd in *Germany* by
Princes who marry beneath themselves, which
excludes the Children by such *Venter* from suc-
ceeding to the Father's Estate. As soon as he was
marry'd, he restor'd the Queen to her Liberty,
and acquainted her, ' That by the Advice and
' Consent of the Priests of his Kingdom whom
' he had caused to be assembled, he had marry'd
' *Gertrude*. That the Thing being done and past

' Remedy, he hop'd she would resolve to make
 ' herself easy. That however, he would always
 ' treat her as a Princess; that she should be w
 ' come to continue in her Apartment at the P
 ' lace; that she should have her Guards to a
 ' tend her, and that he had set apart a sufficient
 ' Fund for her Maintenance; but that he expected
 ' she would be so complaisant as to acknowledge
 ' *Gertrude* hereafter for the lawful Queen.'

My Sister-in-law who then saw that her Dis-
 grace was infallible, gave herself up to Complaints
 and Tears, wrote to the King her Husband in the
 most moving Language, and implor'd the Assistance
 of the King her Brother: But all was to no
 purpose; she was oblig'd to submit to her Misfor-
 tune, and to be patient under an Affliction which
 she had partly brought upon herself by her Folly.

While all this pass'd, my Brother was at one
 of his Seats not far * from his Capital, where he
 caus'd *Gertrude* to be treated as a Queen, and no
 long after carried her to *Montpayen* where the
 sight of her Royalty was a fresh Mortification to
 the Queen my Sister-in-law. However, the un-
 fortunate Princess not yet despairing of the means
 of reclaiming her Husband, was resolv'd to make
 the last Attempt to turn that Prince's Heart.
 She dress'd herself in the most gay and rich Ap-
 parel that she could get, and taking her Children
 along with her, went to meet the King her
 Husband in the Room next to the Hall where he
 was at Table with *Gertrude*, and thro' which he
 must necessarily return. When he appear'd, she
 threw herself with her Children at his Feet,
 clasp'd his Knees, conjur'd him with Tears in
 her Eyes to look with Pity on an unhappy Prince.

* At *Schwetzingen* a League from *Heidelberg*.

whom he had formerly thought fit to make
 his Wife, and to consider that the Affront he
 put upon her by divorcing her, would be a Re-
 proach to those very Children of whom he had
 been so fond. My Brother seem'd to be melted
 at so moving a Spectacle, look'd for some Mo-
 ments on his Wife and Children with Tears in
 his Eyes, and he was just ready to raise her from
 the Ground, when *Gertrude* who was at his
 Heels, fearing what might be the Consequence
 of the Confusion that she saw him in, talk'd
 earnestly to him in the *Tuscan* Language, saying,
Remember, my Lord, what you promis'd me.
 These few Words wrought so much on the un-
 steady Mind of my Brother that he only lifted
 up his Hands to Heaven and went on, shewing
 by the Trouble he was under, how little he was
 Master of his Reason upon this Occasion. The
 Queen my Sister-in-law remain'd for a while
 speechless, but Fury and Despair quickly seiz'd
 her Soul. She rose up and ran into her Closet,
 where snatching up a Dagger * she came back
 again with an Intention to stick it into her Ri-
 val's Heart. But the Rage she was in having so
 confounded her that she had not a Thought of
 concealing that Instrument of her Revenge, it
 was perceiv'd by one of the chief Courtiers who
 pluck'd it from her just as she was going into the
 Closet where my Brother was with *Gertrude*.
 That Prince hearing a Noise so near him ran out,
 and demanded what was the matter. 'Tis I,
 (said the Queen very courageously) 'who was
 coming to revenge my self and you too on the
 Monster which disunites us; but that Traytor

* 'Twas a Pistol which the Count *de Hobenlo* snatch'd from
 her, and shot into the Air from the Window. But here it was
 absolutely necessary to call it a Dagger, Fire-Arms being not
 known at the Time of which this *History* bears date.

' there (said she, pointing to the Man that hap-
 ' wrested the Dagger out of her Hands) has de-
 ' priv'd me of the only Opportunity that I cou-
 ' call a Pleasure.-----Princess, (said the King
 ' her very calmly) don't indulge your self an-
 ' longer in such extravagant Passions, if you a-
 ' unwilling that I should use you roughly.' The
 he retir'd with *Gertrude*, and my Sister-in-law
 return'd to her Apartment in a Temper which
 you may easily imagine.

Clodius, who now governs the Empire, being
 at that time proclaim'd Emperor, this Prince
 made her Complaints to him, and desir'd him
 reconcile *Malcolm* to her. But *Cæsar* having
 excus'd himself, my Sister-in-law who could
 longer bear the Presence of her Rival, re-
 tir'd to the King her Brother, there to wait the
 End of her Misfortunes. My Brother liv'd after-
 wards very lovingly with his new Spouse, and
 had by her four Sons and as many Daughters.
 But Death having at last robb'd him of a Person
 so dear to him, the Prince was so afflicted for the
 Loss of her that he spent two Years in continual
 Sorrow, and at length himself paid the same Tri-
 bute to Nature.

He left but one Son and a Daughter by his
 lawful Spouse who surviv'd him some Years.
 The King my Nephew was marry'd, but he was
 of such a melancholy Temper, his Humour was
 so different from the Queen's, and there was
 little Love betwixt them, that he died without
 Issue. With him I have seen my Family utterly
 extinct, its Dominions transferr'd to the Power
 of a Prince who is hardly related to us, and my
 Country abandon'd to the most dismal Desolati-
 on. For my Niece having marry'd *Meroveus*,
 Brother to *Ariovisto* King of the *Gauls*, the latter
 who is an ambitious Prince and goes to War

at hapless every the least Pretence, asserted the Rights
has of his Sister-in-law without Delay, and pleading
I could she ought to succeed to the Inheritance of
ing the King her Brother, notwithstanding the *Salic*
elf an Law establish'd in *Germany*, he sent a formidable
ou an Army into the Dominions of my deceased Ne-
The phew, where the *Gauls* at first meeting with no
in-la Resistance, committed enormous Cruelties, and
whic extended their Fury even to the Violation of the
Tomb of the Kings my Ancestors, whose dead
bein Bodies were stripp'd and expos'd to the Caprice
rince of the unruly Soldiers: Calamities, which per-
him haps would never have happen'd, had it not been
havin for my Brother's fatal Passion for *Gertrude*; be-
ld cause in all Appearance if he had liv'd in a good
l, Understanding with his lawful Spouse, he would
uit t have had more Children by her, and I should
afte not have had the Vexation to see the Throne
e, of my Fathers possess'd by a foreign Family.

KEY to the History of GERTRUDE.

Albion, England.
Alfred I. James I. King of England.
*Arlovis*to, Lewis XIV.
Belgium, Holland.
Bohens, (Prince of) the Elector of Bavaria.
Catti, (Princess of) the Princess of Hesse-Cassel.
Caesar, the Emperor.
Clodius, the Emperor Leopold.
Germania, Germany.
Gertrude, the Baroness of Degenfeldt.
Malcolm, Charles-Lewis Elector Palatine.
Maroveus, Philip of France, Duke of Orleans,
Brother to Lewis XIV.
Montpayen, Heidelberg.
Pluibourg, Ratisbon.
Romans, the Imperialists.

Rome,

Rome, Vienna.

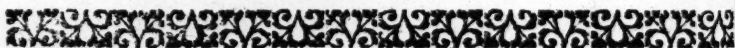
*Suevi, (King of) the Margrave of Baden-Dou-
lach.*

End of the History of Gertrude.

I have not scrupled to give you this History, be-
cause all the Persons who are Subjects of it are
dead. I wrote it very much in haste, for the
Diversions of the Princess d' A---, so that you
must not be surpriz'd if you don't meet with a
that Exactness which there ought to be in the
little Narrative; tho' I must tell you again that
every Tittle of it is true, so that you may read
it as a History, and not as a Romance.

I have fix'd my Resolution, and now am set-
ting out for *Rome*; therefore please to direct to
me at *Venice*. I go to-morrow to a great Hunt-
ing-Match that is to be at *Darmstadt*, where
I shall stay two Days: From thence I shall go and
spend two more with the Count *de Hanau*; and
then will I begin my Pilgrimage to the Holy
Places. I am most entirely,

&c.



LETTER XXII.

SIR,

Munich, April 2. 1730.

SINCE you received my last I have done
and seen a great many Things. On the
23d of *March* I set out from *Frankfort* for
DARMSTADT, the Capital of the upper County
of

of *Catzenellenbogen*, and the Residence of *Ernest-Lewis* Landgrave of *Hesse-Darmstadt*.*

This Town is extremely small, and only enclosed with Pallisadoes. If the Prince's Palace had been finish'd according to its Model, it would have been one of the greatest and most magnificent in *Europe*, and there might have been Lodgings for the Emperor, and all the nine Electors of the Empire. It would have been bigger than the Town, and have cost immense Sums: That Part which is finish'd makes a very grand Appearance. But all those magnificent Works which the Landgrave Regent at first carried on with very great Vigour are entirely discontinu'd, and there's no Appearance that they will ever be taken in hand again. The old Palace is much more commodious than it seems to be; its Apartments being convenient, and richly furnish'd. The Landgrave does not live in the Palace, but leads a very retir'd Life in a little House upon the Square where he is never seen but upon Sundays and Holidays. He amuses himself in turning of Ivory, making Chymical Experiments, and in Drawing. He loves Hunting above all things whatsoever.

* *Philip* the Magnanimous, Landgrave of *Hesse-Cassel*, was in 1518 Sovereign of all the Country of *Hesse*. He died in 1567, and left four Sons who shar'd his Dominions and form'd the four Branches of *Hesse-Cassel*, *Hesse-Marpurg*, *Hesse-Rheinfels*, and *Hesse-Darmstadt*. The Landgraves *Lewis de Marburg* and *Philip de Rheinfels* had no Issue, but their Nephew *Maurice* of *Cassel* having 18 Children, *Ernest* one of the Sons reviv'd a Branch of *Rheinfels* which was divided into those of *Rotenburg* and *Vanfried*, that are still subsisting. The Posterity of *George I.* Landgrave of *Darmstadt* was altogether as fruitful, and form'd the Branches of *Darmstadt*, *Butzbach*, *Hombourg*, and *Lauterbach*, some of which are extinct. The Landgrave-Regent is one of the sixteen Children of the Landgrave *Lewis VI.* Great-Grandson of *George I.* There are at present these six Branches of the Family of *Hesse*, viz. 1. *Hesse-Cassel*, 2. *Hesse-Philipstall*, 3. *Hesse-Rheinfels-Rotenbourg*, 4. *Hesse-Rheinfels-Vanfried*, 5. *Hesse-Darmstadt*, 6. *Hesse-Hombourg*.

He

He delights in Agriculture, and in Music, and it may strictly be said that he is never unemploy'd. He has very great Knowledge natural and acquir'd. He has seen a great many Countries, and tho' sixty Years of Age he still looks well, and his grey Hairs, not to call them white, give him a venerable Air. He sits a Horse very well, walks well, and seems to enjoy perfect Health. His Wife was *Dorothy of Brandenburg-Onoltz-bach*, who died in 1705. They say that he lately married *N---- de Spiegel* the Widow of Count *Seibelsdorff* a Lieutenant-General in the Service of *Bavaria*. Be that as it will, the Marriage is not public, and the Lady still goes by the Name of her former Husband by whom she has Children. 'Tis true that the Landgrave pays her very great distinction, and indeed she is very amiable.

This Prince commonly dines at a little Table spread only for four People; but on Sundays and Holidays he goes to the Palace, and dines with his Son at a Table cover'd for sixteen Guests, and sups with the Ladies who are never seen at Court but upon those Days. 'Tis a very hard matter to come at the Speech of the Landgrave, and much more to that of his only Son the hereditary Prince. The Hunting-Officers are the only Persons that have the Privilege of Access to them; for which reason this is not one of the most entertaining Courts; and a Man is under a necessity of throwing himself into the Town, where indeed there are a great many People of Merit who are civil to Foreigners.

The hereditary Prince *Lewis*, the only Son of the Landgrave, who was born the 5th of *April* 1691, is a handsome Man, has a noble Air, dances well, mounts a Horse well, has Vivacity, Spirit, and Politeness, but is often thoughtful, melancholy, and goes for Retirement to the Woods, where he

and is passionately fond of Hunting; but is apt to
 employ'd himself Uneasiness, and does not know
 how to dissemble it. Tho' he has all the Qua-
 lities necessary to shine in Company yet he sees
 but very little. He married *Charlotta-Christina*
 of *Hanau*, who dying in 1726, left him three
 Sons and two Daughters, the eldest of which was
 then seven Years of Age. By virtue of this Mar-
 riage the Prince is Heir to the Count of *Hanau's*
 Estate in *Alsace*, and to all his Freeholds in ge-
 neral, which will be a very rich Succession.

Nevertheless the Court of *Darmstadt* is very nu-
 merous. The Landgrave has a great many Coun-
 cellors of State, Gentlemen of the Bedchamber
 and Court, and a greater Number still of Officers
 of the Venery, and Huntsmen. There is not a
 Province in *Germany* more proper for Hunting,
 nor in *Europe* where there are more Deer. 'Tis
 a flat even Country, and a gravelly Soil inter-
 spersed with Woods thro' which there are cut
 noble Roads. I have seen the Deer come up close
 to the Pallisadoes of the Town, and at their Rut-
 ting-time I have heard them cry as I lay in my
 Bed. This great plenty of Deer is extremely
 troublesome to the Peasants who are abroad Day
 and Night to watch their Fields. The Land-
 grave and the hereditary Prince are so jealous
 of their Game that they reckon it as bad a Crime
 as Murder for any one to kill a Deer; and tho'
 'tis an establish'd Custom among almost all Sove-
 reigns to punish with Severity all those that kill
 a Creature which God however certainly created
 for the Use of all Mankind, yet there is no Prince
 who observes this Law more strictly than the
 Landgrave.

I cannot give you a more certain Account of
 the Revenues of this Prince than of those of all
 the other Sovereigns. 'Tis said that he has 5

or 600000 Florins *per Ann.* I am not very well inform'd of the number of his Troops, for I have only seen his Regiment of Guards which is in a very compleat Order. His Horse-Guards are a set of so very fine Troops, and commanded by the General *Miltitz*, who is at the same time Grand Marshal of the Court, the Honours of which he performs in a very handsome manner.

Tho' the Soil at *Darmstadt* is very gravelly, it produces excellent Pulse. I have seen Asparagus at the Landgrave's Table, three of which weigh'd a Pound, tho' indeed they were not altogether so nice. I remember that in a former Journey which I made hither in the Month of *December*, there were brought to the Landgrave in several Pots of Porcelain, a Dwarf Cherry-Tree laden with Cherries; Strawberry-Plants, an Almond-Tree, and in short, the Fruits of all the Seasons.

The intended Hunting-Match, for what reason I know not, was put off; and as I came hither only to see it, I staid but one Day and went to HANAU. The Count and the Princess of *Hanau* were but lately return'd from *Alsace*. The Town of *Hanau* is situate on a large Plain to the right of the *Main*. 'Tis divided into two Wards, the old and the new Town: The latter is much bigger than the former: It was built by the *Walloon* Protestants, who, during the Duke of *Alva's* Persecution under *Philip II.* King of *Spain*, quitted the *Netherlands* and came to settle at *Hanau*, which they fortify'd, and built in such a manner that all the Streets run parallel. The Count keeps several Companies in pay, from which he makes Detachments for the Quota he is oblig'd to furnish, as a Member of the Circle of the *Upper Rhine*.

PHILIPSRUHE. 65

The *Walloons* who are settled at *Hanau* have established several Manufactures there, especially *Woolen Stuffs*. The *Calvinists*, the *Lutherans*, and the *Jews* are tolerated here, and as for us *Catholics*, we may go to *Mafs* where we please. The Count's Palace is in the old Town: 'Tis an ancient Building, and makes no great Appearance, but the Apartments are commodious, and very richly furnish'd. The Count has a very pretty Pleasure-House a quarter of a League from *Hanau*, call'd *PHILIPSRUHE*. (*i. e. Philip's Repose*) and built by the late Count *de Hanau*, Brother to the Count Regent*. 'Twas at this Seat that I found the Count of *Hanau*. There was a very numerous Attendance, and I heartily wish'd I could have staid there a few Days. Few Princes in the Empire live more elegantly than the Count *de Hanau*. The Lady who directs the whole Household, and keeps all things in wonderful Order is the Princess † who is of the Family of *Brandenbourg-Anspach*, and Sister to the Queen of *England*. At this Court you have all the Liberty that can be desired. When you first come a Chamber is provided for your Lodging, and a Footman order'd to wait on you. Every Morning an Officer comes to know what you will please to have for Breakfast; and there's every Thing to be had that you call for. If afterwards you have a mind to go out a Hunting, you send to the Great Huntsman for a Guide and to the Count for Horses out of his Stables. If you come back too late for Dinner at Court, you are serv'd very elegantly in your own Apartment. In the Evening when you are retir'd from Company, a Butler takes care to provide

* This Count died in 1736.

† She died at *Hanau* after a very long Illness.

you with Wine and Beer. The Servants of Foreigners diet with those of the Count. His own Table which is commonly for eighteen Guests is serv'd as well as most, and a second Table serv'd with the same Magnificence. The Count has a very great Family, and lives every way like a Prince; and indeed 'tis his own Fault that he is not one, for he has had the Imperial Diploma for it a long while, but he does not care to make use of it; saying, he had rather be the first Count than the lowest Prince. He is the last Male of his Family. After his Death the County of *Hanau* relapses to the Landgrave of *Hesse-Cassel*, according to the Treaty of Confraternity made between the several Families of *Saxony*, *Hesse*, and *Hanau*, which imports that the said Families shall succeed one another. The King of *Poland* as Elector of *Saxony* ought to have had his Share in the Succession to the County of *Hanau*, but his Majesty by a Treaty yielded his Rights to the Landgrave of *Cassel*. As to the Lands in *Alsace*, and the Freeholds, they revert as I told you before, to the Children of the hereditary Prince of *Darmstadt*.

The Count of *Hanau* seems to be much older than he is in reality. He is a very civil Nobleman, and Hunting is a Diversion of which he is extremely fond, so that to kill a Deer upon his Lands is an unpardonable Crime; and the lesser Game, such as Rabbits, Hares, and Partridges are equally his Care. All these Creatures spoil the Fields; but they serve for the Count's Amusement, while the poor Peasant is oblig'd to pay his Tax, and dares not speak a Word.

From *Hanau* to *MUNICH* I never made a stop; but after having travell'd thro' *Wurtzbourg*, *Nurembourg*, and *Augsbourg* arriv'd here last Night, and propose to set out again to-morrow,

and

After two or three Days stay at *Salzburg*
 proceed by the Way of *Tirol* to *Venice*,
 I beg you would not fail to let me hear
 from you.

I am just come from attending the Obsequies
 of *Theresa-Cunegunda Sobieski* Electress of *Ba-*
varia, Mother to the Elector. This Princess
 died lately at *Venice*, to which City she retir'd
 eighteen Months ago, and her Corpse is forth-
 with expected to be interr'd in the Tomb of the
 Electoral Family. She has left, as 'tis said, near
 six millions of Florins, which, since she has
 made no Will, are to be equally shar'd between
 the four Princes her Sons. She has moreover
 left a Daughter who is a Nun in a Convent of
 the same City. In 1719, when she took the Habit,
 she was present. She chose this retir'd Life
 against the Will of her Father the Elector, who
 did all he could to dissuade her from it; and
 she liv'd in great Reputation for her Piety. But
 to return to the Obsequies of the Electress:
 The Elector and Electress assisted at them, to-
 gether with the Elector of *Cologne*, the Duke
Ferdinand, the Bishop of *Freisingen*, the Dutchess
Ferdinand, and the two Princes her Sons.
 These Princes had Cowls upon their Heads,
 and great Cloaks, which is not one of the most
 becoming Dresses. The Family of *Bavaria* ob-
 serves a very singular Custom, which is, never
 to give a black Livery, nor to line their Coaches.
 I think this reasonable enough, for it does not
 look very well in a pompous Funeral.

I am, &c.

L E T-

 LETTER XXIII.

S I R,

Saltzburg, April 2, 1778

A T my Departure from *Manich* I went and din'd at *Eversberg*, a Village belonging to the Reverend Fathers the Jesuits, who have a House there which is a large one, and that's 'tis good for. I went and lay at WASSERBOURG a Town of *Bavaria* built upon a Rock, so encompass'd with the River *Inn* that 'tis a perfect Peninsula. Mountains and Rocks hang over the Town as if they would crush it, and indeed the Place is not worth much Description. It was settled as a Dowry on the Electress *Theresa Cunigunda Sobieski* who dy'd last Month; but the Princess would never live in it, nor indeed do I know any other Prince that would.

After having pass'd the *Inn* * over a very slender wooden Bridge I climb'd a high Mountain, got down another, ascended a third, and so travell'd all the way up Hill and down Hill, till I came within two Leagues of *Saltzburg*, where the Country becomes more passable.

The City of SALTZBOURG as well as the whole Archbishoprick takes its Name from the River *Saltz* which passes thro' the City and Country. It rises in *Tirol* and loses itself in the *Inn*. The Mountains that are about the Town make it not near so broad as 'tis long, tho' take it all together 'tis not a large Town. 'Tis very well fortify'd, and has a Castle which

* This River rises in *Tirol* a little above *Inspruc*, becomes navigable at *Halle*, and loses itself in the *Danube* near *Passau*.

standing on an Eminence forms as it were a Citadel. 'Tis furnish'd with a good Arsenal, and all manner of Ammunition, and I have been assur'd that of Gunpowder alone there are no less than 2000 Quintals. Some Years ago when I was here, Lightning fell so near this Magazine that it wanted but half a Foot of penetrating to the Powder, which if it had touch'd I fancy I shou'd never have wrote to you more. There is always a Guard of fifty Men at the Castle, and the Garrison of the Town consists of 600 Men who are lodg'd in the Caserns.

The City of *Saltzbourg* contains finer Edifices than many great Towns. It has a magnificent Cathedral which was consecrated the 24th of September 1628, by an Archbishop who was of the Family of the Counts *de Lodron*. 'Tis a vast Structure of Free-stone, and has a stately Front which may be reckon'd the compleatest in Germany. The skilful Architect by whom it was directed has very much copy'd the Front of *St. Agnes's Church* in the Square of *Navona* at *Rome*. It has four Marble Statues bigger than the Life which represent *St. Peter*, *St. Paul*, *St. Rupert*, and *St. Virgilius*, of whom the two latter were the first Archbishops of this See. The whole Church is adorn'd in the inside with Pilastres of the *Corinthian Order*. 'Tis built in the Form of a Cross with a very high Dome which separates the Nave from the Choir. The high Altar which is at the bottom of the Choir is of Marble, as are the two Chapels that form the Cross: The Pavement of the Church is of great Squares of Marble of various Colours. 'Tis pity there was not more Inlet for Light, the Dome being the only lightsome Part of it. But as the Church is magnificent the Ornaments of the high Altar are more so. Upon the Grand Festivals it bears a Sun of Gold adorn'd with

with precious Stones to the Value of 1000 Crowns, a great Cross of massy Gold, and golden Candlesticks. The Front of the Altar and the Tabernacle are of massy Silver of excellent Workmanship.

St. *Rupert* surnam'd the Apostle of *Bavaria* the first Bishop of *Saltzbourg* in 582. *Leo* whom the Church honoured as a Saint, erected the Bishoprick into an Archbishoprick in favour of St. *Arnould*, in the Year 798. He had for Successors the Bishops of *Freisingen*, *Ratisbon*, *Passau*, *Brixen*, *Gurck*, *Chiemsee*, *Seggau*, and *Lavant*.

The Archbishop has a Right of Nomination in the four last Bishopricks; only the Nomination of the Bishoprick of *Gurck* is alternative between the Archbishop and the Emperor, as Archduke of *Austria*. The four Bishops bear the Title of Princes of the Empire, and enjoy all the Prerogatives annexed to that high Dignity. Notwithstanding this, the Archbishop never gives them the Preference, when he talks to them, only compliments them with the Title of *Euer Freuntschaft*, i. e. *Everlasting Friendship*. Service is perform'd in this Metropolis according to the Usage observ'd in St. Peter's Church at *Rome*. The Chapter is compos'd of the Archbishop, a Provost, a Dean, and twenty-four Canons, all Men of Quality, who are oblig'd to four Months Residence, and the rest of the Time they may go where they please. Both the Provost and Dean have the Crosier and Mitre*. The Archbishop, as well as the Elector of *Cologne*, has the Privilege of dressing in the Habit of a Cardinal. This Prelate has the Directorship of the College of Princes at the Diet of the Empire alternatively with the Arch-

* The Provost and Dean of *Passau* enjoy the same Privilege.

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He is moreover *Legatus natus* *perpetuus* of the Holy See, and Primate of *Germany*. His Titles are these, ' *Leopold*, by the Grace of God, Archbishop of *Saltzbourg*, and Prince of the Empire, perpetual Legate of the Holy Apostolic See of *Rome*, Primate of *Germany*, descended of the Illustrious Family of the Barons of *Firmian*,'

The Archbishop at his coming to the See must pay 100000 Crowns to *Rome* for the Pall, but the Country generally raises it for him, besides making a free Gift of the like Sum to its new Prince. The Revenues of this Prelate are about 1500000 Florins a Year. The very Salt which is carried into *Bavaria* and *Swabia* brings him in 30000 Crowns. He is absolute Master of all his Revenues, and accountable to no body for what he lays out. The present Archbishop is of *Tirol*, of a distinguish'd Family, but not favour'd much by Fortune. He was born the 26 of *May* 1679, and succeeded *Francis-Anthony* the Count de *Harbach*. His Advancement was owing to the Division of the Chapter, who all wanted to be either Bishops themselves, or else to advance some one Friend or Cousin. After a great many Debates and Messages sent forwards and backwards, their Choice fell upon the Baron de *Firmian* who was at that time very infirm, which was the only Thing that procur'd him the Mitre; for the Parties that divided the Chapter united in his Favour, because they thought him a Man not very long-liv'd; but they believ'd however he might live long enough to give each Party time to form its Cabals for advancing that Person to the Bishoprick who they thought would best serve their Purpose. But all those Gentlemen were mightly mistaken as to the Archbishop's Life. For this Prelate, like another

another Pope *Sixtus V.* lost all his Infirmities when he found the Mitre, and is very like to outlive many of his Electors.

This Prince is tall, has an austere haughty Air, seldom makes any Compliments, and talks much less, except when he is hunting which is all the Pleasure of his Life. He is almost always alone, and generally eats by himself. In the Summer-time he keeps altogether in the Country where he is of very difficult Access, and keeps no Retinue, nor Company. He is accus'd of being too thrifty, and I don't know but there may be something in it, but perhaps he would not appear to be quite so saving if he had succeeded any body else in the Bishoprick but the Count *de Harrach*, the most generous, noble, and most magnificent Prelate of his Time. The Archbishop is naturally a Valetudinarian; and under God he is obliged for the Preservation of his Life to his Physician *Gersner*, a Native of *Vienna*, a Man of great Skill in his Profession, and of strict Honour and Integrity, who has got so much the length of the Prelate's Foot that he is almost the only Person that dares to speak to him with Freedom. The Count *d'Arco* Son to the Archbishop's Sister is this Prelate's only Darling; for to the surprise of the whole Court, and Chapter, he presented him before a Nephew of his own Name, Canon of *Saltzbourg* and of *Trent*, a young Clergyman of great Hopes.

The Archbishop of the *Lodron* Family who caused the Metropolis to be built, likewise founded the Archiepiscopal Palace, the Fortifications, and the Stables, which were all finish'd in the thirty two Years that he was Archbishop. The Apartments of the Palace being not laid out altogether in the modern Taste, the deceased Archbishop *Anthony* Count *de Harrach*, made a thorough Change in them.

, and left little more than the Outside stand-

The Palace at *Saltzbourg* is now more magnificent than many royal Houses. It contains Rooms all richly furnish'd, without reckoning the Halls and Galleries. The Archbishop's Apartment is stately: It has a great Marble Stair-
divided into three Flights, which leads into a spacious Guard-Chamber, from whence one enters into the Archbishop's Apartment consisting of several Rooms, where able *Italian* Masters have adorn'd the Cielings with very good Draughts. One is really surprized to see the Richness of the Furniture, and the infinite Variety of other Things that are distributed up and down this vast Apartment; such as Marble Tables adorn'd with Mouldings; old Porcelain of the most beautiful sort; Lustres of massy Silver, and Rock-Crystal of uncommon Workmanship; Chandeliers also of Silver or Crystal upon large gilded stands, and a multitude of other Things very well worth Observation.

How magnificent soever this Apartment is, there's another made use of upon Days of Ceremony which infinitely surpasses it. I will only mention the principal Rooms of it. We first enter into a great Salon adorn'd with the Pictures of no less than fourscore Archbishops of *Saltzbourg*. Next to it there's another Salon ingeniously and magnificently decorated, which discovers Grandeur in every part of it. 'Tis furnish'd with a Suit of Hangings of Crimson-Damask with Gold Lace, forming a rich Architecture in Pilasters of the Composite Order, the Frize of which is adorn'd with a pair of Brackets, which is a vast Addition to the whole Decoration. The rich Gilding shines every where with Profusion. At one End of the Room there stands in the Wall a sumptuous Beaufet of Silver gilt, and at the other

there's a rich Canopy under which the Archbishop sits when he dines in State. There's a Lustre in the middle of the Room which consists of magnificent pieces of Rock Crystal. At the End of this grand Apartment there are two Galleries that deserve the Attention of the Curious in Painting, who will certainly pass their Time here very agreeably, and find a great many choice Pictures done by the best Masters. The Ceiling-piece of the first of these Galleries is a great Ornament to it, being of the finest Marble adorn'd with Brass, gilt with Water-Gold. Over it there's a Statue of Brass as big as the life representing *Antinous*. The second Gallery is as magnificent as the first. The Floor, Ceiling, Door-Cases, and all the Ornaments in general are of fine Marble. The Walls are painted in Fresco, and exhibit Geographical Charts of the principal Dominions in *Europe* in divers Pictures which are executed with very great Art and Exactness both as to the Painting and Disposition of the Things that are the Subjects of it.

A third Apartment which is over the Archbishop's is for lodging foreign Princes, and is inferior to the others in Grandeur and Magnificence. It consists of several Rooms all in a Row. In one Room there are all the Pictures of the Emperors from *Charlemain* to *Charles*. The Rooms that follow it are hung with very rich Tapestry, particularly one Set representing the War between *Pompey* and *Cæsar*, which is wonderfully well drawn that the *Marshall Daun* Governor of *Milan* offer'd 40000 Florins for it to the late Archbishop. I shall say nothing of the other Apartments, having treated so much of the Archiepiscopal Palace; tho' if it had belong'd to a Temporal Prince I should have

h less of it, but I thought fit to give you an
of the Wealth of a Prelate.

Adjoining to the Palace there is a great Build-
which serves for lodging the Archbishop's
nestics. The Stables are fit for a King, and

Frenchman was to see them he would be
d to own that as to the Inside they are more
nificant than the so much boasted Stables of
Sailles. They hold 150 Horses in two Rows,

in a broad Walk in the middle; and the Roof
ch is pretty high is supported by two Ranges
Stone-Pillars. Next to these Stables is a Rid-

House cover'd, the Cieling of which being
ted in Fresco, represents a Tournament; and
round it there is a Gallery. 'Tis pity that

s magnificent Riding-House is not broader.
ere's another Riding-House uncovered which
not its Fellow in the World. 'Tis a very

at square Place, three Sides of which are lin'd
very high Rocks, in which three Rows of Seats
very artfully cut out for the Spectators, when

ere is any Carousal, or Combat of wild Beasts.
he whole Work is really magnificent, and the old
mans would not have been ashamed to own it.

Trinity-College Church is extremely well a-
rned. The Floor is of Marble, and the Roof
nted with a great deal of Art, representing

the Assumption of the Virgin, and the Crown
acing on her Head by God the Father and by
sus Christ. The High-Altar is of a very sin-

lar Form, but very magnificent. Two Angels
Bras, exceeding human Stature, in a Posture
Humility and Adoration, support a Heart of

Bras which serves for a Tabernacle. Over it is
Globe, between God the Father and the Re-
eemer. God the Father seems to rest his

ght Hand upon the Globe, and presents the left
o our Lord, who puts his left upon the Globe,

and in the right holds a Crofs. They are ported by very large Rays which fhine with rich Gilding. This ftately Groupe is furmounted with a Glory, in the midft of which the ly Ghofl appears in form of a Dove, extending its Rays over God the Father, and God the Son. The whole is of Brafs gilt with Gold, of a curious Fancy.

Near this magnificent Church is the Palace *Mirabel*, where the late Archbishop the Cardinal *de Harrach*, ufed to fpend the Summer. The Prince who is truly magnificent in every thing, caus'd this Houfe to be built at a great Expence from the very Foundation; but the Architect whom he employ'd has not answer'd his Intention, and it appears that he did not underftand the proper Diftribution of the Apartments. Every Part of it indeed taken diftinctly, is beautiful, but there is not one in its proper Place. The grand Stair-Cafe is very fine, as well as its Contrivance as for its rich Ornaments, 'tis placed in a Corner, and without a Guide no eafy matter to find it. The Salon, which is the Master-piece of the Archbishop's Apartments is worth the Obfervation of the Curious, with refpect to the grand manner in which 'tis painted: Marble, Brafs, and Gilding, feem to have been beftowed on it with Profufion. As to the Pilafters, the *Corinthian* Order is entirely obferved; and there are Baffo-Relievos imitating Baroque which are well design'd, and make a very good Appearance. 'Tis pity this fine Salon was in Proportion, it being much too lofty for its Size, and 'tis ftill more to be lamented that it has not a Profpert over the Gardens, the River of *Salz* and the adjacent Country, which are Objects that are difcovered from the Apartments next to the Salon.

the Chapel of *Mirabel* is also very magnificent; though but of a middling Size, is not inferior to the finest Churches. This Palace is accompanied with Gardens finely adorned with Fountains and Statues; and there are several Orange-trees planted in the Ground, which are cover'd in the Winter in a wooden Box.

Thus, Sir, have I given you a very particular Account of the City of *Saltzburg*: What remains is to speak of the Archbishop's Household, which will give you an Idea of his Wealth and Grandeur. This Prince has

Steward,	A Grand Marshal,
Great Chamberlain,	A Master of the Horse,
Great Huntsman,	Fifteen Ushers of the
Captain of the Guards,	Cabinet
Master Cook,	Eleven Ushers of the
Pay-Master,	Chamber,
Twenty-four Chamber-	Forty-two Valets de
lains,	Chambre.
Seven Gentlemen-Ser-	Twenty-eight Foot-
vants called <i>Truchffes</i> ,	men,
Seven Pages,	Eighteen Cooks.

How many Coachmen and Grooms he has I know not, but there must be a great number of 'em, the Archbishop having 750 Horses.

Besides the officers that I have now mentioned, there are also the Great Hereditary Officers of the Archbishoprick, who are four.

The eldest of the *Lodron* Family is Hereditary Grand-Marshal.

The Count *de Kuenbourg* is Great-Cup-Bearer. The Office of Master of the Pantry is vacant since the Death of the Count *de Thanhausen*, the last of his Family.

The Count *de Topping* is Great Chamberlain.

All

All these Offices are executed by the eldest Son of the Families above-mentioned.

The Archbishop confers the Order of *St. Albert*, which was instituted the 25th of *November* 1702, by the Archbishop *John-Ernest*, who thereto annexed six Commanderies, or Prebends of a considerable Revenue.

The Archbishops are obliged for most of their Wealth to the Princes of *Bavaria**. Mean time the Members of the Chapter of *Saltzbourg* admit no Princes, that they may have a Plea for refusing the Princes of *Bavaria*, of whose Power they are jealous; in which I think they shew more regard to the Rules of Policy than those of Gratitude.

The City of *Saltzbourg* is worth seeing, but does not afford Amusement. Every one lives here for his own sake, and except some Gentlemen of the Chapter, and the Master of the Horse, who is the Count *de Truchsses Zeil*, there's nobody to visit. The latter is a Nobleman whose Manners and Sentiments are entirely conformable to his Birth. I know nobody that is more polite; and I have abundant reason to praise his Civility to me. He is of a Family, one branch of which is settled in *Prussia*, where it has for a long time held distinguished Employments, and produced Subjects of great Merit who have done the State good Service.

I forgot to mention two things to you that are worth seeing, *viz.* the Capuchins Convent, from whence there's a Prospect of a vast Tract of Country; and *St. Sebastian's* Church-yard, in which is interr'd the celebrated *Paracelsus*; his Tomb lies

* The Revenue of this Archbishoprick amounts to 600,000 Florins. The Archbishop has 60,000 Florins a-year for his private Expences, and 24,000 Crowns for officiating at three solemn Services, without reckoning the Deanery, which is worth 24,000 Florins to him.

Place very much neglected, behind a Door, a *Latin* Epitaph says, ' There rests *Philippus Paracelsus*, the famous Physician, who with wonderful Art cured the Leprosy, Dropsy, and other incurable Distempers; who after having given all his Estate to the poor, died September 24, 1541.'

Paracelsus cured most of his Patients by Sympathy, which made the Vulgar, who are always apt to go into extremes, believe that he was a Magician. He wrote several Books, whereof one of the most curious is his *Treatise of Secret Philosophy*, which really contains such Passages as would make one believe that if *Paracelsus* was not a Conjuror himself, he was at least one of the Sect.

Sebastian's Church-yard is a square Place, compassed with a Gallery supported by Arches: it is 19 Paces in length, and 96 in breadth.

The Neighbourhood of *Saltzburg* is not disagreeable; and though the Valley in which the City lies is pretty much inclosed with Mountains, yet it presents several Objects that are pleasing to the eye.

The Archbishop has two Pleasure-Houses, viz. *Heim* and *Heilbron*, which are both of them beautiful and magnificent. *Heilbron* especially is worth seeing, on account of its fine Waters and Meadows.

I hope to write to you speedily from *Venice*, and perhaps you will hear from me when I come to *Italy*; but this will depend on the Stay I shall make there, and on the Departure of the Post.

E 4

L E T.

P O S T S C R I P T.

Since the year 1730, that this Letter was wrote, great Rebellions have happened in the Archbishoprick of *Saltzburg*, in regard to Religion; for about 22,000 Persons have abandoned

done this Country, together with their Estates and their *Munitions*, and declared themselves of the *Lutheran* Communion, which is very strange, and almost inconceivable! For in those People never knew any Clergy but their own Priests, who lived in a Country where there was no Controversy about Religion, because all the Inhabitants were reckoned staunch Catholics; by consequence those People could not be instructed; and even the greatest part of them could not read, but were bred up in the gross Ignorance that they scarce knew the Principles of Christianity. Therefore how could these poor People know that they were in an Error?

I am not ignorant that at the beginning of the pretended Reformation, there were *Salzburgers* that followed the Doctrine of *Luther*, such as *Staupitz*, Abbot of *St. Peter's* at *Salzburg*; *Paul Speratus*, a Preacher in the Cathedral of this City; and several others. But *Lutheranism* was thought to be quite suppressed in this Province, when it seem'd all on a sudden to take deeper Root than ever; tho', as I said before, I can't conceive how it should happen. Is it possible that the Archbishop, the Curates, and Priests should take so little Care of what ought to have been most dear to them, I mean the Salvation of Souls, as that so many Thousands of People should pass with them for good *Romans*, at the same time that they abhorred *Rome* and its Precepts? For short, I suppose, and believe too, that there have ever been Protestants in this Country, since the pretended Reformation; it being not in the Power of Man to destroy a Religion when once it had Followers in a Country; but the Difficulty is, how those Sects should subsist there, without the Knowledge of an Ecclesiastical Sovereign; and how it is possible for them, not only to subsist, but even to multiply, and the Priests and Archbishop not perceive it? Ought not the Curates to know the Sentiments of their Parishioners by Confession? Ought they not to acquaint the Archbishop the Head of it? and ought not this Prelate and his Priests to endeavour to reclaim those that go astray, by the Example of a lively Faith, and by charitable Exhortations, and from a Compassion for their Error, diligently to oppose the Propagation of it? But all this has been neglected: The Priests, and their Archbishop, knew not there was a Fire, 'till 'twas too late to put it out; and instead of the Good-nature, Compassion, and Charity, which like Water were necessary to extinguish it, they pour'd in the Oil of Hatred and Violence, and abandoned themselves to their furious Zeal. The haughty, rigid, and severe Archbishop, forgetting that he was both a Father and an Archbishop, and giving way to the Violence of his Temper, has forever lost those Souls which he might have hoped to reclaim by Instructions truly pastoral, and treating them as Children led astray; whereas this Prelate, by using the contrary Method, has caused a great many Persons to declare themselves Protestants, who would have died in the Bosom of the Church, if the proper Remedies had been employed, to bring them back to it.

at I am persuaded that among the Emigrants of *Saltzbourg*, there is a vast number who made Religion only a Cloak to leave their Country, in hopes of bettering their Fortunes elsewhere, who were seduced by the ensnaring Temptation of throwing off the Yoak of Submission. Be this as it will, those unfortunate Subjects, like the *Jews*, are spread into divers Countries, as *Germany*, *Holland*, and *Prussia*, where the King, I confess, (as much a Catholic as I am) has received them with a Charity and Generosity perfectly christian and royal; his Majesty having grudg'd neither Care nor Expence to convince the World that as *France* is the Asylum of unfortunate Kings, the Dominions of *Prussia* are the Refuge of oppressed Subjects.



L E T T E R XXIV.

S I R,

Inspruc, April 9, 1730.

I Travelled hither all the way from *Saltzbourg* with the same Horses, which is what I will never do again; for travelling by Post is always swift; and though 'tis more expensive, yet on the other hand 'tis less fatiguing.

Three Leagues from *Saltzbourg* stands the little town of HALLE, which belongs to the Elector of *Bavaria*, and is a Place considerable for its Salt-Pits. It lies in a small Valley crossed by three Rivers form'd by Torrents from the Mountains, which bring down a vast Quantity of floating Wood, that is stopp'd at *Halle* by the Piles which either cross or shut up the Rivers. They lay the Wood up in store for the Salt-Works which consume a great Quantity of it.

After I had been all over the Salt-Works, I went and din'd at *Schneitzenrieth*, a sorry Village, where, however, I far'd better than I have done at many good Towns.

When I had dined I pursued my Journey, and having travell'd four Leagues, entred the Country of *TIROL*, the Passage to which is very much straitened, so that their's scarce room for a Waggon, by two very high Rocks or Mountains, and two Forts between them, one belonging to the Archbishoprick of *Saltzburg*, and the other to the County of *Tirol*. Each Sovereign keeps a Garrison in his Fort, and Officers to receive the Duties.

I lay that Evening at *WAHTRINGEN*, the first Village in the Dominions of *Tirol*, as one comes out of *Germany*. I here found a Parcel of Boys running about with lighted Touchwood in their hands, to the Houses, Woods, and Fields. Having ask'd an old Man the meaning of it, he told me that the Wood so lighted was consecrated by the Parson of the Parish, and had the virtue of securing all Places to which it was carried, against Lightning. This Consecration of the Wood is always perform'd the *Saturday* before *Easter*, when a great Pile is erected before the Church, into which the Parson throws Holy-water, and then sets fire to it. When the whole is well kindled, every one strives to snatch a Firebrand, with which they run to their Houses and Lands, but with so little care that I wonder they don't set every place they come to in a Flame.

From *Halle* to *Wahtringen* the Country is every bit uncultivated. The Inhabitants live upon Milk, Pickled-cabbage, and Water-gruel. They have no Corn but what comes from *Bavaria*. All their Substance and Trade is in Cattle, and their Mountains afford excellent Pasture.

Upon *Easter-day* I heard Mass at *St. John's*, a great Village where there's a very pretty Church. I was very much pleased with the Sermon that was preached by the Parson, and with the Regularity with

7, and which the whole Divine Service was per-
puntry ed.

much After Mass I went and din'd at ELVAN, to which
Wag- I came through a Valley, which in the Sum-
s, and time must be very agreeable, but at the present
to the n is all covered with Snow. I was not more
to the ed at *Wahtringen*, than I was scandalized at
arrison, to catch my Landlord, a clever, merry
ties. He, engaged with one of his Maids in something
ne first instead of telling their Beads. My Presence was
come from spoiling Sport that my Landlord invited
Boys very civilly to do as he did, assuring me that his
their life was well furnish'd with Nymphs. In a very
Ha- time I was convinced that what he said was
e told, for being obliged by the Cold to stay in the
ed by amon Room while one was aired for me, I saw
of se- a score Lasses come in, who were all of 'em
gainst Landlord's very humble Servants, and not in
is al- least disposed to imitate the eleven thousand
hen a gins.

which After Dinner, pursuing my way through Snows
s fire and Rocks, I went and lay at *Kundabl*. Next
y one I got beyond the Snow, and crossed a very
y run- asant valley which brought me to RATENBERG
care Town on the Banks of the *Inn*, defended by a
come- castle built upon a Rock, and stronger by its Situa-
very- tion than by its Works. The Elector *Maximilian-*
Milk, *manuel of Bavaria* coming before this castle on the
e no- 14th of *June*, 1703, obliged the Garrison, which
heir- as composed of the Militia, to surrender at Dis-
oun- cation. From this Fort to *Inspruc* I always kept
s, a- long the River *Inn*, which runs through a fine
n. I- valley between high Mountains that are much
was- deeper on the right side of the River than the left;
ity- nevertheless there are Houses on them that are in-
with- habited by the Miners. I can't imagine how it was
possible for the good People to build in Places so
inconvenient; for their Houses look as if they were

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stuck on to the Rocks, and as if nothing but a Goat or a Swallow could come at them. The whole Valley is very populous, and abounds with pretty Villages, Castles, and fine Country-Houses.

At the end of it stands the Town of SCHWATZ, which is very well built. The Parish Church is an ancient, fair, large Edifice; and wholly covered with Copper, as most of the Churches in *Tirol* are with Tin painted green, which has a very pretty look. The Houses at *Schwatz* are generally of Brick, so that 'tis very rare to see one of Timber. I observ'd at the Inn where I din'd, and through out the whole Country of *Tirol*, that when People came into any House, they said to the Master of the House, *Hail, Jesus Christ!* to which he answered, *My Lord, Christ be praised, and the Holy Virgin his Mother.* Then the Master of the House stepp'd forward, and took the Visitor by his hand. This method of saluting is practis'd among all the People throughout *Tirol*; and the Salutation is fix'd up in print at the Doors, with an Advertisement tack'd to it importing, that Pope *Clement XI.* had granted a hundred Days of Indulgence, and plenary Absolution, in favour of those who should pronounce the Salutation and the Answer.

After having din'd at *Schwatz*, I continued to ride along the *Inn*; and three leagues beyond that I pass'd the River, over a Bridge near *Fultishau*, a fine Convent of the Servite-Fryars, and went to *Halle*, the second city of *Tirol*. The reverend Fathers the *Jesuits* have a fine House here, and a noble Church, with a great Garden to it. The Mint is also worth seeing, where they coin a great Quantity of Species from the Silver and Copper taken out of the Mines of *Tirol*. The Water is brought to it by wooden Pipes. They drive a great Trade at *Halle* in Copper, Tin, and Salt, which is produced there in abundance, the Vent of it being promoted

omoted by means of the River *Inn*, which becomes navigable at *Halle*.

From this Town to *Inspruc* 'tis two leagues, and strait even Road which deserves to be planted on each side with Trees. *INSPRUC*, the Capital City of *Tirol*, stands in the middle of a Valley, on the Banks of the *Inn*, over which there's a wooden bridge that leads to the Suburbs. *Inspruc* was heretofore the Residence of the Archdukes, the Sovereigns of *Tirol*; but since the august House of *Austria* has been reduced in *Germany* to the Imperial Branch singly, this city has been only subject to Governors, who however were always great Noblemen. *Charles* Duke of *Lorrain*, who married the Queen Dowager of *Poland*, Sister to the Emperor *Leopold*, and who made himself famous by the victories which he gain'd over the *Turks*, held this important Office. That Prince dying at *Inspruc*, was succeeded by *Charles* Prince Palatine of *Newbourg*, Brother to the Empress *Eleonora*, *Leopold*'s third Wife, but he renounced the Government of *Tirol*, on his Accession to the Electorate. He liv'd at *Inspruc*, with great Pomp, and his Absence is still very much lamented there. Since he went away, the government of *Tirol* has remain'd vacant. They say 'tis designed for the Archduchess *Mary-Magalen*, the Emperor's youngest Sister. This I know is what the Burghers of *Inspruc* wish for; but I don't think the Nobility do; because the Presence of the Archduchess would oblige the People of Quality to be at very great Expence; for they would be under a necessity of going to Court, as well as of carrying it more civilly to their Vassals.

The Count *de Konickel* is the Chief of the Regency: He has the Title of *Landshauptman*, which is much the same with Lieutenant-general of the Province, wherein he has the absolute Command, and all the Sovereign Courts depend on him. This Nobleman

bleman is a *Tirolese*, and lodges in a fine House which has been built by order of the States of *Tirol*, for the Residence of their *Landshauptman*. He conducts himself with Dignity, and is civil to Foreigners.

'Twas at *Inspruc* that the Emperor *Charles V.* received one of the greatest Shocks he had met with in all his Life. For he was surprized there with his Brother *Ferdinand*, King of the *Romans*, by *Maurice* Elector of *Saxony*, who though his Creature, made War upon him nevertheless, on account of Religion. The Emperor and his Brother were so near being taken that they had but just time to make their Escape to *Villaco*, a little Town upon the *Drave* in *Carinthia*. This was a terrible Reverse of Fortune for a Prince, who, but a few years before, had a Pope and a King of *France* too, his Prisoners.

Maximilian-Emanuel Elector of *Bavaria* was not more fortunate at *Inspruc* than *Charles V.* for though he made himself Master of it in *June 1703*, he was obliged to abandon it in *July* following, and to retire to *Bavaria*, after having tried in vain to force Passes which were in a manner inaccessible by Nature, and guarded not only by the Peasants but by regular Troops. His Design was to have joined *M. de Vendosme* in the County of *Trent*, and by that means to have opened a Communication with the *Milanese*. The Elector while he was retreating, ran the hazard several times of losing his Life; and his Troops were for the most part knock'd o'the head by Stones, which the Peasants hurl'd at them in the Defiles, which they were obliged to pass.

The City of *Inspruc* is absolutely defenceless, and were it not for its Suburbs, would be one of the least Cities in all *Germany*; but those Suburbs are very large, and the Residence of Persons of the greatest

best Distinction. The Houses are very commodious, well built of Brick, and for the most part with Piazzas, which is a great Conveniency for the Foot-passengers. There was heretofore a great Store of Salt here, but for some years past the Pits are dry, which is a Loss to *Inspruc* of more than 200,000 Florins a-year.

Though the City is small yet there are several very fine things to be seen in it. Such is the ancient Palace of the Archdukes, a vast large Structure, but without Architecture, or any manner of Regularity. There are Pictures in it done by famous Hands, particularly in that call'd the Prince's-Hall, where the Story of *Dejanira* is represented with very great Art and Perfection.

The Palace has very great Gardens belonging to it, but they are not well kept; yet there are many Remains of noble Fountains and brazen Statues. Among the latter is an Equestrian Statue of an Archduke of *Austria*, who is represented as if he were in the Life, in Armour, with Breeches after the Fashion of the Ancients, a Ruff, and little Boots. The Horse seems to rest upon his haunches, in an Attitude as if he was just ready to leap off the Pedestal.

The Prince *Charles* of *Newbourg*, the present Elector Palatine, finding the old Castle not commodious enough, caused one to be built of Wood; which was some years ago burnt down to the ground by an accidental Fire.

The Parish Church is of modern Building, with a great Dome raised in the middle of the Cross. The whole Architecture of this Edifice is of the *Corinthian* Order. The Front is exposed to an advantageous Point of View on a square, and is adorned with three Orders, one above another, which makes the Fabric to rise in the whole to about 120 Foot height, exclusive of a great

a great flight of Steps to it, after the manner *Italy*. All the Parts of this Structure are charged with Ornaments of a clumsy Invention, and very ill executed; so that the Confusion resulting from it is infinitely shocking to those that have a nice Taste of Architecture. The Interior is more tolerable than the Outside, and is even magnificent. The whole Length from the Entrance to the Foot of the High-Altar, is 432 Feet. The Foundation of it was laid while *Charles Newbourg* was Governor of *Tirol*, who placed the first Stone of it. The whole Decoration of this Church consists in Pilasters of red Marble with a Vein of white, and the Chapiters are of Plaster. The Roof is painted in Fresco by *German-Daniel Offem*, a Native of *Munich*, who has succeeded so well as to give entire Satisfaction to such as have a Taste for, and Skill in things that are curious. The High-Altar stands under the Arch at the end opposite to the Nave of the Church. 'Tis perfectly magnificent, adorned with four great Pillars of the Composite Order of green Marble with white Veins, whose Chapiters and Bases are of Marble of various Colours, and they support a Canopy, which is form'd by four Curves fill'd with a Glory.

The Tabernacle and the Front of the Altar are of massy Silver, charged with several Mouldings and Foliages of Silver gilt; and there are few Altars more splendidly decorated. There is a miraculous Image of the holy Virgin, which the Archduke *Leopold*, the Sovereign of *Tirol* brought hither from *Dresden*. That Prince made a Visit to the Elector of *Saxony*, who shewing him his Treasure, desir'd him to chuse any Piece that he lik'd best; *Leopold* singled out this Figure because he was told that in the early days of Lutheranism, it had been cast three times in the Fire.

, and always taken out again without any damage. The Archduke on his return to his dominions, made a Present of this Image to the Bishop, and it has ever since been held in great veneration, and never fail'd of working great miracles. Three great Lamps of massy Silver continually burning before it; and the other Chapels have each a Lamp of solid Silver whose light is always shining. All this Plate was given to the Church by the Elector Palatine.

The famous golden Roof is near the Parish-Church, and serves to cover a Balcony of the Mancery which fronts the Square. They say that *Frederic of Austria*, the Sovereign of *Tirol*, caused this Roof to be made, to let his Subjects see that he was not so bare of Money as they thought him, and that he did not deserve the nick-name they had given him of the *Pennyless Prince*. There are many however who affirm that this Roof is not of Gold, while others say the contrary. As far as I can judge of it, I believe 'tis of Copper only covered with very thin plates of Gold, and by consequence of no great value. And supposing the whole Roof was of solid Gold, I don't believe the Expence was very extraordinary, though to be sure it was by much too great for so mean a purpose.

The House or College of the reverend Fathers the Jesuits, is a very great Building in which no cost has been spared. Its principal Front is 166 paces in length. These Fathers are the Directors of the University. Near to their College is the Church of the *Franciscans*, whose Convent was founded by the pious Legacies of the Emperor *Maximilian*, who on his Death-bed ordered his successor to cause this House and Church to be built at *Inspruc*. His Grandson *Ferdinand I.* Son of *Philip the Fair*, perform'd his Will, and in honour

honour of his Grandfather's Memory, raised him a Marble Tomb which may be rank'd among the most stately *Mausoleums* in *Europe*. The Emperor *Maximilian* is there represented on his Knees upon a Cushion, with his Hands lifted up to Heaven, and as it were prostrate in Prayer: He is adorned with the Crown, and the Imperial *Dalmatic*. This Figure is of a gigantic Size, and admirably well done in Brass. 'Tis plac'd on a great high Base of black Marble, forming an oblong Square, on an Ascent of three Steps of red Marble. The whole Base is divided into twenty-four Compartiments, or square Tables of white Marble, representing the memorable Actions of *Maximilian* in excellent Bas-Reliefs. The four cardinal Virtues in a mournful Attitude, are represented in Brass, as sitting on the Corners of the *Mausoleum*, and looking on *Maximilian's* Statue. The entire *Mausoleum* stands by itself in the middle of the Church; and the following Inscription is engraved in Letters of Gold all round the Base of this Monument;

IMPERATORI CÆSARI MAXIMILIANO, PIO, FELICI, AUGUSTO, PRINCIPI TUM PACIS TUM BELLI ARTIBUS OMNIUM ÆTATIS SUÆ REGUM LONGE CLARISSIMO; SUB CUJUS FELICI IMPERIO INCLYTA GERMANIA, DULCISSIMA IPSIUS PATRIA, TAM ARMIS QUAM LITERARUM STUDIIS PLUS QUAM UNQUAM ANTEHAC FLORERE CAPUTQUE SUPER ALIAS NATIONES EXTOLLERE CŒPIT: CUJUS INSIGNIA FACTA TABELLIS INFERIORIBUS, QVAMVISSUB COMPENDIO, EXPRESSA CONSPICIUNTUR. IMPERATOR CÆSAR FERDINANDUS, PIUS, FELIX, AUGUSTUS,

STUS, AVO PATERNO PERQUAM
LENDO, AC BENE MERITO, PIËTA-
S ATQUE GRATITUDINIS ERGO
SUIT. NATUS EST DIE XXVII
ARTII ANNO DOMINI M.CCCC.LIX.
ELSÆ IN AUSTRIA DENATUS.

All this fine *Mausoleum* was executed with very
great Care and Skill, by *Alexander Colin*, a Na-
tive of *Mechlin*; the Picture of which ingenious
Master, and that of his Wife, are kept in the
Church, as an Acknowledgment due to that ex-
cellent Artift. This *Mausoleum* was mightily
enriched by the Magnificence of *Frederic Arch-
duke of Austria*, surnamed the *Pennylefs Prince*,
who caused to be placed in the Nave of the
Church twenty eight Statues of Brass seven Foot
high, representing so many Princes and Prin-
cesses that were related to the House of *Austria*.
They are set up in two Rows from the great Gate
to the Altar, and therefore separate the Nave from
the two Wings on the Sides. 'Tis pity that those
Statues are in the Hands of Monks who neglect
them very much, and suffer the Dust to eat into
them. They would do much better in a Royal
Place: Some of them are in great Perfection.
I fancy you will be glad to know the Names of
the Persons they represent.

I. The first, beginning on the right Side of the
Altar, is the Figure of *Joan of Castile*, Mother to
Charles V. and *Ferdinand I.* the Heads of the two
Branches of the House of *Austria*; the first of
which became extinct by the Death of *Charles II.*
King of *Spain*, but the second still flourishes among
us with Glory in the Person of the August
Charles VI.

II. *Ferdinand* the Catholic, Father to *Joan*.

III.

III. *Cunigonda* Archdutchess, Daughter to the Emperor *Frederic* IV. and Wife to *Albert* of *Bavaria* who died a Nun.

IV. *Margaret*, Daughter to *Henry* Duke of *Carinthia* and Count of *Tirol*, surnamed the *Pious*, because she founded and built several Convents. This Princess was nick-named *Margaret Wide-Mouth*: She was marry'd first to *John* Margrave of *Moravia*, Son to the Emperor *Charles* IV. whom she surviv'd, and marry'd to her second Husband *Lewis*, Margrave of *Brandenburg*, Son to the Emperor *Lewis* of *Bavaria* whom she also surviv'd, and finding herself a Widow a second time, and without Issue to enjoy what she had, she made a Present of the County of *Tirol* whereof she was Sovereign, to her Cousins *Rodolph*, *Albert*, and *Leopold* of *Austria* which Grant was confirm'd by the Emperor *Charles* IV. in 1364.

V. *Mary* of *Burgundy*, Wife to the Emperor *Maximilian* I. the richest Heiress of her Time.

VI. *Elizabeth*, the Daughter of the Emperor *Sigismund*, and Wife to the Emperor *Albert* II. who carry'd the Dutchy of *Luxemburg* to the House of *Austria*. She was Mother to the unfortunate King *Ladislaus*.

VII. *Godfrey* of *Bouillon*, Duke of *Lorraine* King of *Jerusalem*, plac'd here among the Princesses of the House of *Austria*, as being descended from the same Family as they.

VIII. *Albert* I. Emperor.

IX. *Frederic*, Archduke of *Austria*, he who was nick-named Prince *Pennylefs*.

X. *Leopold* of *Austria*, surnamed the *Virtuous*, Son of *Albert* the *Wise*.

XI, and XII. Opinions are very much divided about the Persons who are represented by these two Statues; but 'tis generally thought they are the Emperors *Charles* V. and *Ferdinand* I. XIII

XIII. The Emperor *Frederic IV.* Father to *Maximilian I.*

XIV. *Albert II.* Emperor, King of *Hungary* and *Bohemia*, and Father to the unfortunate King *Adislaus.*

XV. *Clovis*, the first Christian King of *France*, who is plac'd among the Princes of the House of *Austria*, because their Genealogists derive them from the ancient *Franks* who subdued *France.*

XVI. *Philip I.* call'd the Fair, King of *Spain.*

XVII. The Emperor *Rodolph I.*

XVIII. The Archduke *Albert*, call'd the *Wise.*

XIX. *Theodoric* King of the *Goths.* I am not a Genealogist good enough to tell you in what Relation he stands to the House of *Austria.*

XX. *Ernest*, Archduke, Grandfather to *Maximilian I.*

XXI. *Theodebert* Count of *Provence*, from whom descended the Dukes of *Burgundy* and the Counts of *Hapsburg.*

XXII. *Arthur*, Prince of *Wales*, who marry'd *Catherine* of *Arragon.*

XXIII. *Sigismond*, Archduke and Count of *Tirol*, who adopted the Emperor *Maximilian I.*

XXIV. *Blanche Mary*, the second Wife of *Maximilian I.* which Princess was the Daughter of *John Galeas* Duke of *Milan.*

XXV. *Margaret*, Daughter of *Maximilian I.* who was marry'd first to *John* a Prince of *Spain*, and secondly to *Philibert* Duke of *Savoy.*

XXVI. *Cimburge*, Wife of *Ernest* the Archduke, and Mother to the Emperor *Frederic IV.*

XXVII. *Charles the Bold*, Duke of *Burgundy*, Father to *Mary* of *Burgundy* who was Wife to *Maximilian I.*

XXVIII. *Philip*, Duke of *Burgundy*, Father to *Charles the Bold.*

Besides

Besides these twenty eight Statues there are twenty three others plac'd upon the Cornice of the Portico which separates the Nave from the Choir: They are of Brass two Foot high, and represent those Kings and Princes whom the Church honours as Saints.

I am farther to acquaint you of the Chapel of this Church, call'd the Silver Chapel, because of the Image of the Virgin there of solid Silver as big as the Life in the middle of the Altar, with great many Images of Saints all of the same Metal. The Ascent to this Chapel is by a winding Staircase. Here is to be seen the stately Tomb of *Ferdinand* Archduke of *Austria*, Count of *Tyrol* Son to the Emperor *Ferdinand* I. This Mausoleum is under an Arch which is pretty high. *Ferdinand*, whose Figure is of white Marble seems to be asleep upon a Bed of black Marble rais'd one Foot from the Ground. The whole Arch is lin'd with Marble of various Colours forming divers Compartments of very curious Workmanship, where you see the Arms of the Provinces reduc'd to the Obedience of the House of *Austria*: The different Colours are shewn in precious Stones enchas'd in Marble, and so curiously done that the Work seems to be enamell'd. Round the same Arch are plac'd five Bas-Reliefs representing in as many Pictures the memorable Actions of *Ferdinand*. Five others Bas-Reliefs contain the Images of that Prince's Patrons, *JESUS CHRIST*, *St. Anthony* of *Padua*, *St. George*, *St. Thomas* and *St. Leopold*.

Near the said Tomb stands that of *Philippina Welserin*, who was born at *Augsburg*, and the Wife of the Archduke *Ferdinand*, by whom she had two Sons, *Charles* the Margrave of *Burgau*, and *Maximilian* Cardinal of *Austria*. This Mausoleum is of Free-stone and has nothing remarkable more than the following Epitaph:

FERDINANDUS D. G. ARCHIDUX, DUX
BURGUNDIÆ, COMES TIROL, PHI-
LIPPINÆ CONJUGI CHARISSIMÆ FIE-
RI CURAVIT. OBIIT 24 Aprilis, 1580.

The Franciscan who shew'd me this Chapel as-
r'd me that it was one of the First-rate Chapels
in the World, on account of the Indulgences
which had been annex'd to it by the Beneficence
of the Popes; that it was upon a par with the
Chapel of the *Holy Sepulchre* at *Jerusalem*, with
the Churches of *St. John de Lateran*, *St. Mary*
Major, and *St. Gregory* at *Rome*; and that, in
one Mass said in this Chapel for the Repose of
a Soul departed, was enough to deliver it out of
Purgatory.

These, Sir, are the Remarks that I made in
this City, from whence I am making ready to
set out to-morrow. I expect to be well jolted all
the way to *Venice*, where to make my self amends
I will take my Pleasure in a *Gondola*. I wish
with all my Heart I had your Company there;
we should then have the Satisfaction of seeing a
great many fine Sights together. But for want
of this Satisfaction I shall never cease to think of
you; and pray don't forget me, but believe me
to be for ever, &c.



LETTER XXV.

S I R,

Venice, April 27. 1730.

I Wrote to you from *Inspruc* the very Day be-
fore I set out from thence for this Place,
to which I arrived without any Misfortune.
About

About three quarters of a League from *Inspruc* came among very tiresome and disagreeable Mountains, the highest of which is call'd the *Brenner* a Name that the Country People gave it when they clear'd it of the Wood, and burnt it. The Mountain is much more rugged on the side towards *Trent* than 'tis towards *Inspruc*; 'tis for many Months together cover'd with Snow, and I found a great deal remaining on it still; yet 'tis inhabited to the very Top. There is a Post-House, a Tavern, and a Chapel in which Mass is said when the Snows are melted: It produces Corn and Hay in abundance. Near the Post-House there is a considerable Spring which at first forms a large Basin, and then divides into two Torrents which quickly change into Rivers, whereof one falls into the *Inn* above *Inspruc*, and the other, after becoming navigable two Leagues from *Bolsano*, loses itself in the *Adige* above *Trent*. The Passage of the *Brenner* is very painful, and sometimes impracticable when it snows or rains; so that Travellers are often oblig'd to stay several Days till the Return of fair Weather, which is the more inconvenient because the Mountains on both Sides are of the worst sort.

Stertzigen a little Town four Post-Stages from *Inspruc*, has nothing remarkable; however I was well accommodated there. Next Day I went and din'd at *Brixen* an Episcopal City in an agreeable Valley, where I found the Season very forward. The Country between *Brixen* and *Bolsano* is extremely populous, and so manur'd that the steepest Mountains are cultivated.

BOLSANO is a pretty Town well inhabited and drives a considerable Trade, having no less than four Fairs a Year. Its Situation is very agreeable, in the middle of a fine large Valley full of Villages and Vineyards. The Air here

softer than in the rest of *Tirol*, and I found
 here in full Verdure while in the Country
 were but just budded. The Vines are very
 fully watched by Men who keep Guard in
 rais'd upon three Poles plac'd cross-wise,
 high enough to command the Vineyards.
Stron in his Voyage to *Italy* says, that these
 or *Guerites* were for lodging the Guards
 are posted to hinder the Bears from eating
 Grapes. I know not who could tell him
 there were any Bears in this Country, and
 here are 'tis hardly probable they would ven-
 into a Valley so populous as that of *Bolsano*.
 The Wines of this Valley are the best in all
 /; but they must be drank, as must all the
 ones of this Country, the very Year of their
 growth, or else they grow luscious, and then
 crabbed.

The Valley of *Bolsano* which extends to *Trent*
 throughout equally agreeable; and is not in-
 habited by those horrid Mountains that we
 are pester'd with in the Road from *Inspruc*.

TRENT is celebrated for the Council formerly
 held there. I went to see the Church of St. *Mary*
Major, where the Fathers of that Council held
 their Assembly. It has nothing remarkable be-
 sides its Organs which are of too enormous a Size
 for a Church, but are a very curious piece of
 work; for they not only exhibit various Sounds
 to imitate Vocal Music, the Notes of divers
 Instruments, and the Noise of Kettle-Drums and
 Trumpets. The Bishop of *Trent* is a Prince of
 the Empire. The See is now vacant by the
 death of the Count *de Wolckenstein* the last Bi-
 shop. The Chapter has fix'd the Election for
 next May. A great many Travellers highly extol
 the Bishop's Palace, but for my own part, I was
 not

not so fortunate as to observe any thing in it that was worthy of Attention.

Throughout all *Tirol* the Common People are very ill-favour'd: Most of the Women are disguis'd by Wens in their Throat*, and as if that was not enough they disfigure themselves by their Dress. The Country Women wear Stockings which have no Feet, and are gather'd into many little Folds from the Ankle to the Calf of the Leg: Their Shoes are exactly like those the Men wear. Their Petticoats are exceedingly short, and ty'd up almost as high as their Breasts which are very large. With all this they have a Pair of Stays which reaches down to the Waist, and renders them compleatly deformed. Instead of other Head-dresses they wear a green high-crown'd Hat, the Brims of which are bent down, and is as unbecoming a part of their Dress as any of the rest. At *Brixen* the Blood men and the Women are handsomer, the Men more genteel, and the People in general more civilized: tho' take 'em all together the *Tirolese* are very honest People. They are staunch zealous Catholics, tho' they say that some of the Peasants are *Lutherans*. The *Holy Virgin* and *St. Christopher* are the principal Objects of the People's Devotion: The latter is painted on all the Houses, and the Roads are full of little Chapels of the *Virgin* who is represented in all manner of ways. I have seen her painted in a Chapel standing with a great Veil over her Head which she extended with her Arms to cover the Pope, the Emperor, seven Kings, and as many Electors who seem to be prostrate at her Knees.

* The People about the *Alps* are very subject to those Swellings by drinking too much cold unwholesome Water.

it the s I left *Trent* I began to ascend a Mountain
 which does not become smooth till we reach to
St. Eichen which is a Post-Stage and a half from
 it. This Mountain is exceeding steep, trou-
 some, and tiresome, and after 'tis pass'd, one
 in a manner buried among Rocks and horrid
 Mountains which seem as if they would fall on
 Heads of the Travellers; and I have been af-
 fected that this sometimes happens in rainy Wea-
 ther, when so many Pieces crumble off of the
 Rock that it requires 4 or 500 Carts to clear the
 Roads. In short, all the Way till one comes
 in a League of *Bossagno* a City in the State
 of *Venice* is full of Rocks and Precipices; but
 from that Town to *Mestre* which is four Post-
 Stages from it, the Country is the finest in the
 World; and in short, every thing is good and
 pleasant except their Wine and their public Hou-
 ses. The Wine has naturally a musty Taste,
 and no Body, and the Colour is like that of the
 Black Wine of *Bordeaux*. This Country so
 abounds in Quails that the Post-Master of *Bossagno*
 shew'd me he had taken 720 in a Morning, that he
 had a great Trade with 'em, and sent some of 'em
 to the State of *Venice*, and to *Lombardy*. Whether
 he said true, I know not, but he shew'd me 1100
 Quails which he kept in Wicker-Cages in a
 Barn where he had hung all the Cages to
 a Thread to keep them from Rats and Cats.
 At *MESTRE* one embarks for *Venice* which is
 but seven Leagues from it; I made the Voyage
 in a Gondola in less than an Hour and half. As
 I travell'd post to *Mestre*, my Gondoliers, when
 I came to *Venice*, carry'd me to the Post-Office,
 where I was oblig'd to tell my Name, and the
 Business for which I came to *Venice*; but this is
 a Ceremony to which they who don't travel post
 are not subject. I went and took up my Lodging at

the *White Lion*, highly rejoic'd that I could rest myself there after my Fatigue, and that I had no sight of the *Alps*, those horrid Mountains which no body would chuse to live amongst but a *Savoyard* or a *Tirolese*, who, as Cardinal *Bentivoglio* justly observes in his Voyage to *Swisserland*, are a People made for the *Alps*, and the *Alps* for them.

As I have been twice before at *Venice*, I served a * *Cicerone* to two *Bohemian* Counts whom I was acquainted with at *Prague*, and whom I happened to meet with at my Quarters. As 'tis custom to do to all Foreigners, I began with shewing them the Square of *St. Mark*, the chief Square of *Venice* if not of the whole World. 'Tis adorn'd by the Palace of the *Doge*, the Church of *St. Mark*, and the *Procuraties*, or Houses of the *Procurators* and has been pav'd within these few Years with great Squares of Free-stone. We ascended the famous Tower of *St. Mark* which is a four-square Building, by a Stair without Steps. It was built by the *Doge Domingo Morosini*, to serve as a Watch Tower to Ships at Sea; and that it might be for a great way off he caus'd the Angel on the top of it to be gilt; but Time the Destroyer of all Things has stripp'd off the Gold. From this Tower one sees the whole City of *Venice*, the neighbouring Islands, and the *Terra Firma*, which all together makes a noble Prospect.

We afterwards enter'd *St. Mark's Church* which is an Edifice of *Grecian* Architecture, pretty dark and not very high, but after all, full of Curiosities worthy the Attention of a Traveller. As this Church has been describ'd with more Exactness than I can pretend to, I shall treat very fully

* This is the Name which they give in *Italy* to those who are the Office of Guides to shew Foreigners the Curiosities of a Town.

ly of the chief Things which it contains. The Grand Portico is so low that one must even go down some steps to enter into the Church. There is a Platform over it on which are plac'd four brazen Horses brought from *Constantinople*, which they were first carry'd from *Rome* by *Constantine* when that Prince transferr'd the Seat of the Empire from the one City to the other. Nothing is so magnificent and beautiful as those Horses. They were heretofore all over gilt, but were strip'd out of mere Avarice scrap'd off great part of the precious Metal, and all the rest is almost worn off by Time.

At the Entrance of the Church on the right-hand Side there is a square Stone which seem'd to be of white Marble, and is said to be a piece of the Rock which *Moses* struck in the Wilderness, whereupon there issued out Water. If this be really that Stone, what that Legislator did is so much the more to be admir'd, and may be reckon'd doubly miraculous; first in fetching Water to that place where there was none before, and then in bringing a quantity of it through four holes no bigger than Pease sufficient to quench the Thirst of so numerous a Multitude. The pavement of this Church is very grand, being of *Mosaic Work* exceedingly diversify'd with stones of various Colours, Marble and Porphyry. But the stateliest Thing in all the Church is the Ornaments of the Altar for the great Festivals, of which that of *St. Mark* the Patron of the Republic is the most strictly kept. *Mark's* Treasure is then all laid open, which consists in the rich spoils taken from the Emperors of *Constantinople*. Every part shines with so much Gold, Pearls, and Diamonds; so that the temple of *Jerusalem* excepted, I believe there's not a House devoted to God that could ever boast

of so much Riches. All this Treasure is kept in St. *Mark's* Tower, and none of it can be taken out but in presence of one of the Procurators, who must also be at the Altar when the Treasure is plac'd on it, and dare not stir from it till 'tis put up safe again.

St. *Mark's* Church serves as a public Chapel for the Doge, who always is or at least ought to be attended thither by the Pope's Nuncio and the Ambassadors; but M. *de Gerfi* the French Ambassador, from I know not what Punctilio of Honour, avoids being present at the same Festivities with the Count *de Bolagnos* the Emperor's Ambassador*, whom he can't endure to see go before him. When the Doge goes to St. *Mark's* Church 'tis always with great Ceremony: he walks between the Pope's Nuncio and the Emperor's Ambassador, and the other Ambassadors walk in the same Row according to the Rank of their Masters. They are preceded by six Trumpets, and six Banners are born before the Doge together with a Chair or Stool of State, the Doge being no Back to it, and a Cushion of Gold Brocade. The Prince is dress'd in a long Robe of Gold Brocade also lin'd and fac'd with Ermine. The Senators follow him in Robes of Red Damask, walking two and two. He is receiv'd at the Entrance of the Church by the Clergy of St. *Mark* who bring him Holy Water and Incense, which the Ambassadors receive after him. The Doge, Serenity and the Ambassadors fall on their Knees in the middle of the Nave, and then repeat the Prayers of *Domine saluum fac Principem nostrum*. Afterwards the Doge goes and places himself at the End of the Choir on the right Hand as we go

* This Minister died at *Venice* in 1732, and was succeeded by Prince *Pio*.

and sits in the first upper Row of the Cannons with the Pope's Nuncio on his Right and the Emperor's Ambassador on the Right of the Nuncio, and soon with the rest. The Doge does not sit down 'till the Senators are all enter'd, who, as they pass by his Serenity, make him a profound obeisance, to which the Doge makes no manner of return. When every body is seated, the Doge accompanied by the Ambassadors advances towards the Altar, the Nuncio strikes up High Mass and says the Overture, to which the Doge answers. After this, the Doge and the Ambassadors return to their Places, and the Prelate of St. Mark who is in waiting, continues the Office.

After the Mass is over, the Doge returns to his Palace attended by the same Train that accompanied him to Church. When he has ascended the grand Stair-case of his Palace he sits himself in an Arm-Chair which is plac'd over-against the Stair-case. After he has sat a few Moments, he dismisses the Ambassadors and the other Persons of his Retinue, and retires to his Apartment.

Next to St. Mark's Church is the Doge's Palace, a vast Building, of which you will find a large Account in *Misson's Travels*.

The present Doge is *Aloisio Mocenigo**, a Prince so much to be respected for his Merit as for his Dignity. He is a Gentleman of great Sagacity, talks well, is very polite, and has infinitely more Generosity than is ascribed to those of his Country. He is a handsome Man, and has a noble Aspect that is improv'd by his white Locks of Hair which render him venerable. Before he was advanced to be a Doge, which was in 1722, he

* He is dead, and succeeded by Don Carlo Ruzzini.

serv'd the Republic with Distinction in quality of Generalissimo. The vain Honours which this new Dignity has procur'd him have not puff'd him up, and he seems to think them rather Burden than a Pleasure. Before he came to be Doge he was the most sociable Nobleman at Venice, and he now sees more Company than ever his Predecessors did. He masks himself at public Rejoicings, goes out every Night in a common Gondola without Guard or Retinue, and divers himself at his Brother's. He has sometimes been upon *Terra Firma*, not valuing it tho' he lost for a while all the Honours annexed to his Dignity as Doge; for you know that this Character does not go beyond the Lakes. He is oblig'd to be present at all the public Ceremonies tho' very much against his Inclination and Temper, which is far more uniform than that of the other *Italians*.

The Ceremony in which he shines with the greatest Lustre, is that of marrying the Sea, which without dispute is one of the finest Shews in the World. 'Tis performed on *Ascension-Day* when the Doge, the Ambassadors, and the Senate ride out into the *Adriatic* on board a Vessel call'd the *Bucentaur*, attended by the State-Gondolas of the Ambassadors gilded, with a vast number of other Gondolas and Galleasses which surround the *Bucentaur*, the most stately Vessel that was ever built, and more magnificent than all that History (or even Romance) tells us of the sumptuous Vessel of *Cleopatra*. When the Doge goes on board the *Bucentaur* he is saluted by the great Guns from the Galleys, the Men of War, and the Merchant-Ships in the Harbour; and while he performs the Ceremony of marrying the Sea by throwing in a Ring to denote the Sovereignty of the Republic over the Gulph, there's nothing

nothing heard but Kettle-Drums, Trumpets, and Concerts of Music, with the loud Acclamations of the People.

His Serene Highness marries two other Wives whom he maintains with as little Trouble as the sea. They are the Abbesses of the Convents of the *Virgin* and St. *Daniel*. This Ceremony is perform'd upon St. *Philip's* Day, when the Doge in a Galeass accompany'd by the Ambassadors and the Senate, repairs with a great Train to those Convents which are situate on the Shoar behind the Arsenal. The Prelate who officiates for the Day receives him at the Entrance of the Church, brings him the Holy Water, and conducts him to a Place prepared for him in the Choir where he assists at High Mass. Then he repairs to the Grate, in which there's a large Opening where the Lady Abbess appears with her Nuns. The Abbess addressing herself to the Doge intreats him to continue the Favour of his Protection to herself and the Nuns; to which the Doge returns answer, that she and all the Convent may depend upon his Good-Will. Then he turns about and walks on foot to the Convent of St. *Daniel*, where his Reception and Transaction are the same as at the Convent of the *Virgin*. These two Convents have very singular Privileges. The Abbesses have the Crozier-Staff, and both they and their Nuns depend solely upon the Doge, and not at all upon the Pope or the Court of *Rome* either in Spirituals or Temporals. They have good Revenues and live as much can be at their Ease. The Dress of these Nuns is rather gay than modest. Like the Nuns at *Strasbourg* they wear their Hair in Tresses: Their Petticoats are so short that you may see their Ancles; and instead of Stays they wear Jackets and short Skirts, which are very be-

coming to those that are of good Shape. The Necks are quite bare, only when they go into the Choir they cover them with Veils of fine white Wool, which trail on the Ground. These Nuns are the Daughters of the Nobles, and enjoy great Liberty, more than I believe they have under the Father's Roof.

The Festival of St. *Mark* is always celebrated with very great Solemnity. On the Day preceding, the Doge accompany'd by the Ambassadors repairs with a great Train to St. *Mark's* Church, where he assists at the Vespers. Next Day the Confraternities, who are nine in number, meet at the Ducal Palace, accompany the Doge to Church in Procession, and are present at High Mass. After this the Doge returns to his Palace, and the Brotherhoods go round the Square. Each Society has magnificent Images, and two Canopies richly embroider'd with Gold and Silver; whose Pillars or Supporters are of solid Silver. The Procession is clos'd by a Man dress'd in a Gown of red Damask, carrying a Poll with a moving Wheel at the end of it; which serves to support a gilt Lion surrounded with Laurel Branches, and little Standards of divers Colours. The Lion turns round incessantly, and the Man who carries it makes him leap, and play a hundred Gambols: He is surrounded with a Multitude of People, who cry out, God bless St. *Mark*. This Sight, how ridiculous soever is nevertheless amusing, draws abundance of the Nobility to the Square, and on that Day everybody is mask'd. After the Procession is over the Maskers go to see the Doge's Table, who entertain the Ambassadors and the Senate at Dinner, on a Table in form of a Horse-shoe; which is extravagantly adorn'd with Kickshaws, and Machines made of Starch, which are here call'd *Triumphs*. Nothing of the kind can be better executed, on

more magnificent. As there is a great Apprehension of a Crowd, all the Maskers are turn'd away at Dinner-time. They keep on their Masks all day long; and after Dinner all the Nobility, or to speak more properly, the whole City of *Venice* appears mask'd upon the Square of *St. Mark*; and indeed, for one who never saw it before, 'tis a remarkable fine Shew. What surprized me, and if I may say it, made me laugh, was to see all the Maskers fall on their Knees at the Sound of the *Angelus*; you wou'd swear every body was in Rapture, yet every thing that goes before and that follows the Stroke of the Bell is not the most devout.

The Day after *St. Mark's* we had another publick Shew, and by consequence a fresh occasion for the *Venetians* to masquerade it. That was the Election which the Fishermen, who are here called the *Nicolotti*, made of a Chief, who bears the Title of the Doge of the *Nicolotti*. Their Choice fell this Bout upon a Gondolier belonging to the noble *Giustiniani*. After the Election he was conducted to an Audience of the Doge of *Venice*, dress'd in a Robe of red Sattin, and otherwise accoutred like a Jackpudding. He was preceded by a great Mob of Pipers, Hautboys, and Fishermen. Just before him was carry'd a red Flag, with the Effigies of *St. Mark*. The Doge receiv'd him sitting on his Throne, and attended by the Council. The Compliment of the Doge of the Fishermen was made with great Gravity, and answer'd by the Doge of the Republick in few Words; which done he return'd in the same Order that he came: This sham Doge has authority over all the Fishermen, is their Judge, gives them Licence to fish, and takes care that the City be well supplied with that sort of Provision. 'Tis said that this Office, which is for Life, is worth above 1000 Crowns

per

per Annum. He had formerly the Privilege of commanding in a certain Quarter of the City, and assisted at all the Ceremonies where the Doge was present: He even accompany'd that Prince on board the *Bucentaur*, and had Precedency of all the Ambassadors; but they have lost that Right since, upon what occasion I know not they gave up the Precedency to an Ambassador from the Emperor.

The Patriarch of *Venice* is the second Person in the State. The present Patriarch is of the Family of *Gradenigo*. The Authority of this Prelate is so stinted, that he only nominates to two or three Benefices. The Inhabitants of every Parish chuse their Parsons, which is always attended with Intriguing; for their Livings being very lucrative, have great Interest made for them. The Patriarch has a Privilege of having a Gondola painted Purple and Gold, with a Roof or Covering of Red Velvet; but this Gondola must not exceed a certain degree of Magnificence. You know that the Gondolas of private Men must be black, and that none but Ambassadors have the Privilege of having theirs gilded.

Tho' the Churches of *Venice* have been sufficiently describ'd, I cannot help saying something of those that I thought the most remarkable. Without doubt the Front of the Church of the bare-footed *Carmelites*, situate upon the Great Canal, is the most magnificent, not only of *Venice*, but perhaps of *Europe*; as well with regard to the Proportions of Architecture that have been carefully observ'd, as with regard to the Fineness of the Marble, white as Alabaster, with which this beautiful Front is wholly embellish'd. The Inside of this Church is extremely magnificent. The Roof is richly gilded, and curiously painted. The Walls are fac'd with Marble Pilasters; the
Floor

Floor is of Stones inlaid with various Colours, and the Altars are exceeding stately: But of all these different things there seems to be too great a number, so that I cou'd wish many of the Ornaments had been spar'd; for a noble Simplicity wou'd have look'd much better.

This sort of Simplicity is conspicuous in the Church of St. *George*, one of the biggest in *Venice*, the Architecture of which is surprizing. A Convent belongs to it which for Magnificence and Regularity surpasses many Sovereign Palaces. The great Stair-Case is a fine piece of Architecture, and would become a King's Palace much better than a Convent. This House has two noble Cloysters planted with Orange-Trees, a couple of spacious Courts, and two large Gardens well cultivated, which have Terrasses from whence there is a Prospect of the Sea, and the neighbouring Islands.

The Capuchins, whose Churches are very plain every where else, have a very noble one here, which is called *Al Redemptore*. It was built by order of the Republic to discharge a Vow they had made in the time of a Plague. The honest Capuchin who shew'd me the Church, made me take special notice of a Crucifix of Brass over the high Altar, whereon our Saviour is represented expiring, with his Head leaning on his right Shoulder. My Guide assur'd me that when the Crucifix was plac'd in the Church the Head of our Lord's Image was erect, but that it fell afterwards into its present Posture.

There are other Churches worth seeing, were it only for the Stately Tombs of the most distinguish'd Families of the Republic. Such is the Tomb of the noble Family of *Cornaro*, in the Church of the *Cajetans*, where are the Marble Effigies of eight Cardinals, and four Doges descended

scended from that Family. In the Churches of St. *Paul* and St. *John* are Pictures very much esteem'd by the *Connoisseurs*; and there's the sumptuous Tomb of the *Valerios*, where the Father, the Mother, with the Son, are carv'd in their natural Proportion in Marble, apparell'd in the Habit of the Doge and Doges.

Before I have done with the Churches, I think I ought to give you some account of that of the *Jesuits*; the Front whereof is of noble Architecture, well disposed, and the Ornaments not too much crouded; but the Decoration of the Inside is really grand. Nothing can be richer than the Choir, and the high Altar. The Choir consists of a spacious Dome supported by four large Pillars of white Marble, lined with great Flower-pieces of old green Marble. The Roof is painted and gilt. The high Altar, which is all of Marble, is a Pavilion or Dome supported by ten Columns wreath'd of the ancient *Greek* Marble. The Tabernacle is of Alabafter, incrustated with *Lapis-Lazuli*. To all this rich Work are added two Angels in their natural Proportion, over which are the Effigies of God the Father, and God the Son. The five Steps leading to the Altar are of green Marble, incrustated with old yellow Marble so artfully that this Work would easily be taken for a Piece of *Persian* Tapestry. The Pulpit and the Balustrade, which separates the Nave from the Choir, are of Marble, and perfectly answerable to the Magnificence of the whole Church.

I now proceed to the Arsenal, so much celebrated in *Europe*, perhaps more for what it has been than what it is at present. Three Nobles have the Management or Custody of it, who relieve one another every Week. He that is in waiting must visit the Posts in the Night-time, and the Centinels are oblig'd each to ring a Bell every

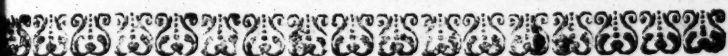
every Hour, that the Officer upon Guard may know they are at their Posts. No body can see the Arsenal without Leave of the Nobleman in waiting, who never refuses it to Persons of Rank. The first thing I was shew'd were four Rooms full of Arms necessary for the Marines, where are also kept the Cuirasses of those Generals who have most distinguish'd themselves in the Service of the Republic; but they are all full of Dust. Then I was shewed the Magazine of Anchors, and the Cellar to which the Workmen of the Arsenal go when they please to a Fountain of Wine and Water mix'd. As much diluted as this Wine is, 'tis said that there's no less spent here every Year than amounts to 74000 Crowns. This is an Endowment which was settled by one *Cornaro* Queen of *Cyprus*, for the Relief of the Workmen. Near this Cellar are the Forges, of which there are twelve; but there are only two actually at work. The Rope-Yard just by it, is 410 Paces in length, and serves at the same time for a Warehouse of Hemp, of which I did not see any great Quantity. In another Court there were a great many Cannon, both Iron and Brass, a Room full of Bullets, a Magazine of Cordage, a Timber-Yard, and three great Rooms full of Arms for the Foot Soldiers. There was another that serv'd as an Arsenal for the Horse, but 'twas lately burnt down by the Carelessness of a Centinel. The Dock for building and refitting of Ships forms a separate Court, in the midst of which there's a great Bason that communicates with the Sea, and is encompass'd with twenty six Sheds cover'd over, which contain as many Ships, Galleys, and Galleasses. The latter are Machines of a terrible Size, which have a sort of Battery at both ends. My Guide assur'd me that a *Venetian* Galleass was not afraid of twenty five *Turkish* Galleys:

Galleys : This may be ; but I wou'd venture a Wager on the side of the Infidels. In this same Dock are the Prowes of twelve *Turkish* Galleys taken at the famous Battle of *Lepanto*. But the most noble thing in all this Dock, is the *Bucen-taur*, which went out of Port for the first time in the Year 1728. This superb Vessel was built by *Antonio Corradini* ; and is so well design'd, and the Ornaments of Sculpture, of which there's a great number, so well plac'd, that every thing is easily distinguish'd, and strikes with Amazement. 'Tis gilded down to the Water-edge, and 'tis said that the Expence of it amounted to 70000 Sequins. The Deck is cover'd from Head to Stern with Crimson-Velvet, bedaub'd with a broad Lace, and Gold Fringes. And the Inside is possible is more magnificent than the Outside. There's a great Room the length of the Ship, where the Doge sits on a Throne, and the Ambassadors and Senators on Seats like those of the Canons in the Choir. The Cieling consists of Bas-reliefs in divers Compartments intirely gilt. The Floor is of Walnut-tree, incrust'd with Ebony-Wood and Mother of Pearl. The Rowers who sit in the Hold of the Ship are all of one Livery, and their Oars gilt, which makes a very fine Sight when all hands strike together.

You know that the *Bucen-taur* never goes out but once a-year, upon Ascension-day, when the Captain who then commands must take an Oath before he stirs out of the Harbour, that he will bring her back again into the Arsenal. He carries nothing aboard of his own, for unless the Weather be very fair indeed, the Ceremony is put off to another day. They build a new *Bucen-taur* every hundred Years, and the old ones are laid up till they rot.

I just

I just now hear that the Post is going off, so that I am oblig'd to defer what I have farther to say of *Venice* till the next. I shall be infinitely pleas'd if I can satisfy your Curiosity, and much more if I can prove to you that no body has a more profound Veneration for you than I, *Who* m, &c.



L E T T E R XXVI.

S I R,

Venice, May 15, 1730.

THE Common-wealth keeps twelve Gallies in pay, and twenty Men of War. The *Capitana* Galley, call'd the *Fusta*, never goes out of the Great Canal, but is continually at Anchor before the Square of St. *Mark*. There's commonly four Gallies and as many Men of War in the *Levant*. Others lie at Anchor in the Canal of *Zueca*, which were lately drawn out of the Arsenal, because for want of Water the Ships receive Damage. The Power of the Republick consists chiefly in its Maritime Force. It maintains very few Land Forces, and those they have are all kept at *Corfou*, which is the Rampart of *Venice*, and the Defence of the Gulph; the Preservation of which is owing to the Count *de Schulemburg*, General in chief of the Republic; for in the last War when the *Turks* attempted to take it, 'twas he that oblig'd them to raise the Siege: And the Republic in acknowledgment of this important Service caus'd his Statue on Horseback to be erected in the Square of the Old Castle of *Corfou*; and settled a Pension upon him of
5000

5000 Crowns a-year for his Life, besides his ordinary Salary.

'Tis certain that *Venice* has suffer'd a Decay both of Power and Commerce. The *Turks* have taken the *Morea* from her; she has little or nothing left in the *Levant*; and as to her Places in the *Terra Firma* they are poor, depopulated, and meanly fortified. One of the main Securities of *Venice* is her Lakes; but for some Years past they begin to thicken so by the Mud and Dirt brought by the Rivers which fall into the Gulph, as in time must prove to the very great Detriment of *Venice*, because Ships which us'd formerly to go in or out with ease, can only go out now by the help of a Canal which has been cut for the purpose. This Inconvenience might have formerly been prevented for a trifle of Expence, whereas now 'tis past all remedy.

The Powers of which the *Venetians* ought to be most jealous, are the *Turks* and the Emperor, in whose Dominions they are in a manner inclos'd. The Great Duke of *Tuscany* and the Duke of *Parma* were formerly Powers which were of little or no Terror to the Republic; but if those Dominions shou'd ever come under the Sovereignty of *Don Carlos*, the political System of *Italy* will be very much alter'd, and the *Venetians* will in all probability be oblig'd to keep fair with him. The Republic has for a long time observ'd an exact Neutrality in the Quarrels among the Princes of Christendom, perhaps because it knows not for which side to determine itself; for tho' the Senate hates the *Spaniards*, and cannot forget the famous Conspiracy of the Marquis de *Bedmar* the Catholic King's Ambassador; they don't much like either the *Germans* or *French*, whose Power gives them Umbrage. And I believe, were it possible

possible for the *Venetians* to hurt those three Powers at the same time, we shou'd quickly see their Republic rouse itself from that Lethargy in which its profound State-Policy has doz'd it.

Since the *English* and *Dutch* became Masters of the Commerce of *Europe*, the Trade of *Venice* is as much decay'd as its Power; and their Manufactures are sunk extremely. The *Venetians* heretofore furnish'd almost all *Europe* with Cloth; their Looking-Glasses, and those for Drinking, were also in great vogue, but those Manufactures are since transplanted into other Countries, so that *Venice* scarce furnishes any more than *Italy*. 'Tis worth while however to go and see the Glass-House where they work Night and Day, except in *August* and *September*, when the Heats are too violent. 'Tis certain the Drinking-Glasses made here are much stronger than any other, but as they are blown they are not near so substantial as the Glass that is run; however they require less Labour, and have the Advantage when they are broke of being melted again; the Matter of which they are compos'd being much more flexible than that of the run Glass.

The Nobles of *Venice* are Slaves to Policy, Diffidence, and Suspicion; and Ambassadors are much more so whom every one shuns as suspected Persons, and whom a Foreigner can scarce talk to without renouncing his Correspondence with the Nobles. An Ambassador is oblig'd to confine himself to his own Family, or else to amuse himself in the Company of Foreigners, of whom there is always a good number in this City; for no Nobleman dare visit him without the express leave of the Senate, who now indeed grant it much more freely than they did formerly.

Customs

Customs are alter'd here in very many things. 'Twas formerly a Crime to see a Woman in private, and a Foreigner did not dare to run the Venture; but now the case is quite different, for there are several Houses of Quality where I am indulg'd, and am often *tête à tête* with the Mistress of the House, without any more notice taken of me than if I were in *France*, where Ease and Freedom are so much boasted. The Ladies are great Visitors and have Assemblies every Night, to which they repair alone in their Gondola's without any other Attendance but a Valet de Chambre who serves as their Gentleman-Usher. They are mask'd at all publick Performances, and go where they have a mind to it. This easy Access to the Ladies contributes not a little to make my Stay in this City agreeable. I own to you that I am infinitely charm'd with it; there are a thousand Things here that please me, and were I to chuse any City in *Italy* to live in, 'twould certainly be this, where People enjoy entire Liberty, provided they don't meddle with the State and its Government, which after all too, I don't think a Foreigner has much to do with. Here one is in the Centre of civil Pleasures and Debauchery. God is as exemplarily serv'd here as in any Place whatsoever. Few Nations observe the External of Religion better than the *Italians* in general and the *Venetians* in particular, of whom it may be said that they spend one half of their time in committing Sin, and the other half in begging God's Pardon.

Masquerades are more in Fashion here than elsewhere. People go in Masks to take the Air, as well as to Plays and Balls; and 'tis the favourite Pleasure both of the Grandees and the Commonalty. This gives rise to many Adventures, and sometimes one makes Acquaintance under a

Mask

Mask which would be impracticable perhaps, were not such Disguises in Fashion. I remember that the first time I was here I struck up an Acquaintance in the Square of St. *Mark* with two of the first-rate Ladies of this Country. They were mask'd, and I was in a Scarlet Domino embroidered with Silver, which being a Habit that had been seldom seen here, drew the Eyes of all the Company in the Square upon me, and in particular of two Ladies, one of whom twitching me by the Sleeve, said to me, ' Sir, I and the Lady here, my Friend, fancy by your Air which outstrips our Gentlemen, that you are a Foreigner, and we are inclin'd to think that you are no mean Person. We should be glad of your Conversation, and you will do us a Pleasure to take a turn with us round the Square.-----You do me too much Honour, fair Lady (said I, walking on) and what you tell me of my Appearance pleases me the more because you are both the compleatest Ladies in the Place. As you guess by my Habit that I am not a common Person, your Air persuades me that I have the Honour, to speak to Ladies of Quality.---- You are not mistaken (said the same Lady to me) this Lady my Companion is Madame *M...* and I am the Wife of Mr. *C...* You find (continu'd she) that our Names are pretty well known in *Venice*. Now, after having told you who we are, may we presume to ask who you are?' I gratify'd their Curiosity by pulling off my Mask, which I thought a Compliment due to their Quality. I had scarce told my Name, when the Lady who had not yet spoke one Word, said to me, ' You are not so much a Stranger among us as you imagine; your Name is very well known to me, and the late Madame *Dubamel*, your Aunt, ' whose

' whose * Husband was Commander in chief of
 ' our Forces, was one of my most intimate
 ' Friends, and she often told me how much she
 ' wish'd to see you here; but 'twas a Comfort
 ' she did not live to enjoy! She went with her
 ' Husband to *Corfou*, where he died not without
 ' Suspicion of Poison; for he was accused of be-
 ' ing too good a *Frenchman*; and your Aunt
 ' who was returned from *Corfou* with a Design
 ' to go and spend the Remainder of her Days at
 ' *Berlin*, died as she was performing Quarentine
 ' in our Port. You caus'd her Body to be re-
 ' mov'd to *Berlin*, and you was one of her Heirs;
 ' and, tho' I don't mention it to make a Merit
 ' of it, I must tell you that you are oblig'd to
 ' me for it, since I pleaded for you against a very
 ' great number of *M. Duhamel's* Relations. My
 ' Love to your Aunt put me upon engaging Mr.
 ' *M . . .* to espouse your Interest, which he
 ' promoted with Success, and prevail'd on the
 ' Senate to prefer the Recommendations of the
 ' King of *Prussia* and the Elector of *Hanover*
 ' who both protected you, before the Instances
 ' made by the *French* Ambassador in the Name
 ' of the King his Master, in favour of Messieurs
 ' *Duhamel*. I was infinitely pleas'd (continued
 ' Madame *M . . .*) that I had an Opportunity
 ' of serving you, and you may depend upon it that
 ' Mr. *M . . .* and I shall ever interest our selves
 ' heartily for all that belong to our deceased
 ' Friend.' I made answer to Madame *M . . .* in
 ' Terms suitable to her obliging Expressions, and
 ' crav'd her Permission to pay my respects to her

* *Francis*, Count *Duhamel*, Lieutenant-General of the King
 of *Prussia's* Army, Knight of the Order of the *Black Eagle*, and
 Colonel of a Regiment of Horse. The *Venetians* invited him to
 their Service in 1704, and gave him the chief Command of their
 Forces.

her House. She answer'd me very civilly that she would send her Husband to me, and that then she should be glad to see me at her House. Next Morning as I was ready to go out, and wait upon Mr. *M* . . . to whom I thought I ow'd a Visit for the Civilities I had receiv'd from his Wife, I was told that he was at my Door and desired to speak with me. I went and received him, and found him every whit as polite as his Lady. He offer'd to shew me the Curiosities of *Venice* till his Wife was stirring. We went and saw several Churches, after which he conducted me to his House where I found Madame *M* . . . who received me with all the Civility possible. She was a Woman who tho' forty Years of age shew'd that she had been a very beautiful Lady in her time. Madame *C* . . . happened to be in her Company, with whom she had been the Day before in the Square of St. *Mark*. I never saw a more beautiful Lady, or that had a nobler Carriage. She was not yet twenty Years of Age but had been marry'd five Years to a Man, who tho' the most ill-favour'd of his Sex had a most amiable Behaviour. I fell in love with Madame *C* . . . as soon as ever I saw her, and when I beheld her Husband, I had Presumption enough to believe that my Application to the Lady would not be disagreeable. But I soon perceived that she was not a Woman for my turn; she quickly depriv'd me of all Hopes of Success; and I no sooner saw those Hopes vanish'd, which are the only support of Lovers, but I dropp'd my Amour. I had another view which was attended with better Success: *M. M* . . . carry'd me to a Country-House of his towards *Padua*, and I don't know where I was ever more agreeably entertain'd in my whole Life. 'Tis at these Country Seats one sees the *Venetians* in Perfection, who are quite another

another sort of People here than in the City; for here they put off that grave serious Air which they affect in Town, and are quite sociable, civil, courteous, and live with more splendor. As these Country-Houses are near one another, the Gentlemen to whom they belong visit each other very much, and are almost always together; but at *Venice* they live with more Restraint.

I am in some doubt whether I should reckon the Music of the *Venetian* Churches in the number of its Pleasures; but upon the whole, I think I ought, because certainly their Churches are frequented more to please the Ear, than for real Devotion. The Church of *la Pieta* which belongs to the Nuns who know no other Father but Love, is most frequented. These Nuns are entered very young, and are taught Music, and to play on all sorts of Instruments, in which some of 'em are excellent Performers. *Apollonia* actually passes for the finest Singer, and *Anna-Maria* for the first Violin in *Italy*. The Concourse of People to this Church on Sundays and Holidays is extraordinary. 'Tis the Rendezvous of all the Coquettes in *Venice*, and such as are fond of Intrigues have here both their Hands and Hearts full. Not many Days after my Arrival in this City I was at this very Church, where was a vast Audience, and the finest of Music. As I was going out, a Woman who hid her Face accosted me, saying, there was a Lady in a Gondola who desired to speak with me. Tho' this smelt strong of an Adventure, which I was never very fond of, I however went along with the Woman; and really, not above ten Paces from the spot I found a Gondola, in which was a Lady whom I knew to be the Daughter of the unfortunate Baron *de H . . .* of whose tragical Catastrophe you have heard. I own it mov'd my Compassion, as well as Sorrow, to see before my

Eyes

yes a young Lady of Rank in a strange Country
 d in such a Situation as made me surmise that
 e was in a bad Way. But it even touch'd me to
 e quick, when after having made her Apology
 me for having sent for me, she said to me with a
 oice interrupted with Sighs. ' For God sake tell
 me what's become of my poor Father, is he still
 living? He has been the Cause of his own Un-
 happiness and mine too; he has plung'd me into
 an Abyss of Woe, but he is still my Father: No-
 thing can make me forget the Duty I owe him;
 I should be glad even to lay down my Life to re-
 lieve his Misfortunes.' I told her that I had not
 been at *Berlin* for a long time; that I had not kept
 up a Correspondence there with any body, and
 that consequently I could not tell her any News
 of her Father. I knew at the same time that he
 was in Prison at *Spandaw*; but I was loth to be
 the Messenger of such bad News to a Person who
 seem'd to be already too much afflicted. ' I did
 not know you were at *Venice* (reply'd Madamoi-
 selle de H . . .) or I should have sought an Op-
 portunity to speak with you. I saw you at the
 Church of *la Pieta*, and the sight of you call'd
 my Misfortunes fresh to my Memory, as well
 as the sad Catastrophe of your old Friend my
 Father. I could not refrain shedding Tears,
 and the Remembrance of my Disgrace has
 eclips'd the Pleasure I take in seeing you.'
 She endeavour'd to assuage her Grief, and to calm
 her ruffled Soul; and therefore I went with her
 to her House, and when I saw her a little compos'd
 I ask'd her questions about her state of Life, and
 desir'd her to tell me how she had pass'd her time
 since she left *Berlin*. She answered me in every
 Point with a great deal of Honesty and Simplicity.
 After the Execution of that Sentence (said she)
 which degraded my Father from Nobility and
 Honour,

' Honour, and set him on a level with the basest
 ' Scoundrels, I had not the Courage to stay at
 ' *Berlin*. I went to *H* . . . to find out Ma-
 ' dame *de B* . . . my Aunt from whom I hoped
 ' to meet with Protection; but I soon experienced
 ' that the Unfortunate have no Relations. My
 ' Aunt would not give me House-room, and sent
 ' a Confident of her's to tell me that she advis'd
 ' me to be gone from *H* . . . or else to change
 ' my Name and not to call me her Cousin, un-
 ' less I had a Desire to be confin'd. But alas
 ' I should then have taken it as a Favour if my
 ' Aunt had shut me up; for I was in extreme
 ' Want, and knew not what would become of
 ' me. I lodg'd at an Inn where I got my Liv-
 ' ing by making of Linen and Washing, when
 ' a good likely young Man came and took up his
 ' Quarters in the very same House, who imme-
 ' diately struck up an Acquaintance with me.
 ' I know not what he saw in me to charm him,
 ' for I did nothing but cry, all the Day long.
 ' Mean time he talked to me of Love, and gave
 ' me so many Demonstrations of his flaming
 ' Passion that I found he was really smitten with
 ' me. To tell you the whole Truth, I was not
 ' long insensible of the same Passion. He even
 ' offer'd to marry me, which, since he would not
 ' be deny'd, I consented to. He told me that he
 ' was an Officer in the Emperor's Service, and a
 ' Native of *Lubeck*, and that he was come hither
 ' to take Possession of an Estate fallen to him by
 ' Inheritance. I took what he said to be true be-
 ' cause he was handsomely equipp'd, and had his
 ' Pockets well lin'd. In short, I was smitten with
 ' him, and thought I should be very happy in tak-
 ' ing him for my Husband. Not many Days after
 ' our Marriage, he told me that he must needs set
 ' out for *Hungary* where the Regiment was quar-

ter'd,

er'd, whereof he said he was a Lieutenant, and that consequently I must make ready to go with him.----We set out from *H . . .* and arriv'd happily at *Vienna*. It was in that very City that my Husband, who till then behaved well towards me, and whose Conduct had been very regular, changed all on a sudden to the reverse. He spent the whole Day in Gaming-Houses, and the night in Debauchery. Sometimes he never once came home for four or five Days together, and when he did, 'twas only to insult me, and to upbraid me with the Misfortune of my Father which I discover'd to him before Marriage, for fear he should reproach me one time or other with having deceiv'd him. He told me that I was a Disgrace to him, that his Colonel had broke him for marrying me, and that I was the Author of his Ruin. I try'd to pacify him, and spar'd no Pains nor Complaisance for it, but all to no purpose. I heard that my Husband was desperately in love with a common Prostitute, that he had ruin'd himself for her sake; and in a little time he was oblig'd to sell the very Clothes off his back. He had contracted Debts, and expecting every day to be arrested by his Creditors, he left *Vienna* privately, abandoning me to the most dreadful Despair. 'Twas eight Months before I heard a Word of him. At last I came to know that he was here at *Venice*, and I resolv'd to find him out. Madame the Countess of *W . . .* who had generously assisted me, fitted me out for the Journey, but when I came hither I did not find my Husband, who I heard was at *Padua*. I was making my self ready to follow him thither, when I heard the News that he was kill'd by a Student with whom he had a Quarrel at Gaming. His

' Death fill'd up the Measure of my Sorrow.
 ' I found myself quite a Stranger here without
 ' Friends or Subsistence. I endeavour'd, but in
 ' vain, to get my Living by my Labour, as I
 ' had done at *H* . . . but I found so little to do
 ' that 'twas impossible for me to hold out long;
 ' and I must undoubtedly have sunk under my
 ' Misery if it had not been for the noble *D* . . .
 ' who out of Pity to my Condition reliev'd me
 ' six Years ago by granting me a Pension: But
 ' how happy should I be if I could live without it,
 ' and retire for ever to some religious Foundation!
 Here the unfortunate *H* . . . concluded her
 Narrative. I sifted her Sentiments about Reli-
 gion: I knew she had been educated in the *Lu-*
theran, but she express'd her Inclination to em-
 brace the Catholic Religion, and also to turn Nun.
 I promis'd to serve her all that lay in my Power,
 and that same Evening I spoke to Madame *M* . . .
 who promised me to enter her into Orders as
 soon as she was turn'd Catholic. A Jesuit who
 has had the tutoring of her for near a Month
 gives us Hopes that she will instantly be qualify'd
 to take the Veil. She seems to me to be very
 eager for it. A few days ago I acquainted her
 with her Father's Death, with which she seem'd
 very much affected, but at the same time she
 express'd her Submission to the Decrees of Provi-
 dence, and told me her Misfortunes with so much
 Resignation that I have Reason to think she will
 be very happy in the Retirement which she is about
 to embrace. If this be the Case, I shall think my-
 self very fortunate in having contributed by my
 Advice to her Tranquility. Heaven grant her
 Prayers may prevail that I my self may put those
 Lessons in practice which I have taught her, as to
 the Necessity of Conversion.

Pardon me, Sir, this long Digression. As you knew the unfortunate *H* . . . in his Prosperity, and as you are also inform'd of his Disgrace, I thought you would not be sorry to hear of the Fate of his Daughter. I now resume my Remarks on *Venice*.

Two Days ago I went to see the *Scuola St. Rocco*, which are Rooms where the Fraternities of that Saint meet, in which are Pictures done by the greatest Master's, particularly one in the great Room below, which is the Picture of the *Annunciation* done by *Tintoret*, a Piece highly esteem'd. This Picture is, without Contradiction, one of the finest and most affecting Paintings at *Venice*, because of the lively Expressions of Surprise, Admiration, and Joy which appear in the *Virgin's* Face. She is sitting in her Chamber, which the skilful Painter has represented as a plain mean Room in some Disorder with old and worn out Furniture. Upon the grand Stair-case there's another Picture representing the *Annunciation* in like manner, which is done by *Titian*, and is not one of the worst of his Performances. The upper Rooms are adorn'd with several Pictures done by *Tintoret*, in which he has described our Lord's Passion. Our Saviour appearing before *Pilate* is an admirable Piece; 'tis really moving to see the Modesty and Serenity of his Countenance. A second Picture represents our Lord carrying his Cross. In a third, we see him fasten'd on it, and expiring for the Salvation of Mankind. These are invaluable Pieces, and are reckon'd the compleatest that ever *Tintoret* painted.

I have also been to see the chief Palaces, which lie for the most part on the great Canal, and that call'd *Reggio*. They are very magnificent, but they are generally so like one another that he who

has seen one may say he has seen them all. They have little Court-Yards, less Gardens, and no Stables. Nothing goes to form a Palace at *Venice* but the main Body of the Building, a great Salon in the middle, and Apartments on the Right and Left; and setting aside the Marble, there are Palaces as magnificent elsewhere which have only the name of a House.

The Square of St. *Mark* is the ordinary Rendezvous of all the Gentry at *Venice*. There are Nobles who keep their constant Circuits here as it were, and who never stir from the Place but to Bed, for they pass their whole Time in Gaming at the Coffee-Houses, or in the Peruke-Makers Shops. The number of their Nobles is not limited; and any body for paying down 100000 Ducats may purchase Nobility. These Gentlemen compliment each other with the Title of *Excellency*, and 'tis what they all challenge from Foreigners. Mean time, some of those *Excellencies* go to the Shambles, and to the Fish-Market, and carry home their Meat or their Fish under their Robes, and some are so very poor that they go a begging. This Title is so very common here that I had much ado to hinder a Lackey whom I hired from giving it to me. Tho' I told him that I was by no means *Excellent*, he made me answer that he knew full well what Obligations were due to my *Excellency*, and that he would not be thought to be wanting in Respect to my *Excellency*. A *Frenchman* lately come from *Constantinople* to whom I made my Complaints, how much this Title was prophan'd, assur'd me that the *Venetians* were still more lavish of it out of *Venice*, so that he heard the very Grooms belonging to the Baillo of the Republic at *Constantinople*, compliment one another with the Title of *Excellency*.

Among

Among the *Venetian* Excellencies there are also *Petits-Maitres* who are known by their Doublets lin'd with Scarlet, their fine white Perukes, by their fantastical Step, and that Air of lolling which they give themselves in their Gondola's, which are much smaller and nimbler than the common sort. These *Petits-Maitres* are great Beaus, and have commonly more than one Mistress at a time, and indeed there are few Nobles but have one at least. These Creatures, excepting the little Liberty they enjoy, are as happy as Sultana's. Their Lovers treat them like Princesses, and the *Venetians* in general pay great respect to the whole Sex. I have seen *Faustina* the famous Singer, and *Stringuetta* the noted Courtezan come mask'd upon the Square of St. Mark, leaning on the Shoulders of Noblemen, and every Man paying them as much Obeisance as if they had been Ladies of great Importance. The same day that they appear'd on the Square there happen'd to be a Skirmish between two Women mask'd that were Rivals, who, as soon as they knew one another, fell out, went to Cuffs, tore off each other's Masks, and at last Knives were drawn, with which they cut one another so deeply that one of 'em was left dead on the Spot.

I now think it high time to finish my Letter which is already very long, and perhaps too full of Trifles. I have told you every thing that came uppermost in my Mind, so that you have a perfect Farrago, which however is a Proof of the Pleasure I take in corresponding with you.

LETTER XXVII.

S I R,

Ronciglione, May 30, 1730.

AS it appears by all the Letters from *Rome* that they are on the point of chusing a new Pope, I set out sooner from *Venice* than I should otherways have done, and came post to this City without stopping much by the Way. I pass'd thro' *PADUA*, where I had the Honour to pay my Respects to the Prince *Emanuel* of *Portugal*, who is come to reside there for some time, and I was afterwards at the Comedy, which was indeed, a most wretched Performance, but the Assembly was gay and numerous: Among the rest there were a great number of Students and young Fellows, particularly one that made a very finical Appearance, who had ten or twelve Patches on his Face, a red Coat embroider'd with black Gawse, a Hat, a Shoulder-Knot, Stockings, &c. the whole trimm'd with Gawse. I took him at first for a Mountebank, but I plainly saw that the Whimsicalness of his Dress was the Humour of the Country. What gave me some Amusement was, to see a Hare which Harelequin had taught to play Tricks, to tumble Top over Tail, to leap over a Stick, and to beat a Drum with his two Fore-feet.

From *Padua* I went to *FERRARA* a City in the Ecclesiastical State, where the Pope keeps a Legat who is always a Cardinal. It appear'd to me to be a large City with spacious Streets, and some fine Palaces, but it did not seem to be very populous, which is ascribed to the

the bad Air in this Country, otherwise one of the finest in all *Italy*.

The Road from *Ferrara* to B O L O G N A is extremely level, and as good and agreeable in Summer as 'tis unpassable in Winter. *Bologna* is the second City in the Ecclesiastical State, and is a large fine Town. 'Tis in a most charming Situation, all the Country round it being properly a Garden, and one of the most fruitful and fairest Plats in Nature. 'Tis said this City contains near 80000 Inhabitants. The common People are civil and well bred, and none more polite to Foreigners than the Noblemen. There are stately Palaces here, of which I will only mention that of the Marquis *Rinucci*, because to me it seem'd to be one of the most considerable in the City. 'Tis very magnificent, and of a vast Extent. The Ground-Floor contains three large Apartments, the first Story five, and the second as many. The Stair-case of this Palace is very much esteem'd for its Contrivance. In one of the Halls are two large Pictures: The first is the Consecration of the Emperor *Charles V.* perform'd by the Pope at *Bologna*: The second represents *Frederic IV.* King of *Denmark* giving Audience to the Senate of *Bologna*, and their complimenting him on his Arrival. In another of those Halls are two other curious large Pictures; the one of Cardinal *Rinucci*, having Audience of the King of *Poland* when he was sent to him as Nuncio; and the second shews the same Cardinal receiving the Cap from *Lewis XIV.* King of *France*, at whose Court he was Nuncio when he was promoted to the Purple. The Apartments adjoining to these Halls are also adorn'd with excellent Paintings and very richly furnish'd.

The Churches of *Bologna* are not less magnificent than the finest Churches in *Italy*. I thought

that of *St. Paul* the most worthy of Remark, which is serv'd by *Bernardine* Fryars. The Roof is adorn'd with Paintings representing the History of *St. Paul*. These Pictures which are highly esteem'd are the Performances of *Antonio Caccioli* and *Rolli* two Natives of *Bologna*, and they have both outdone themselves. The Painting of the Dome where *St. Paul* is represented on his Knees ready to have his Head struck off is admirably fine. The high Altar is of Marble of various Colours, finish'd with a great deal of Art. The Seats of the Monks are of Walnut-Tree, and over them are several Pictures of the Life of *St. Paul* drawn by an able Hand, who was *Carache's* Pupil. The Churches of *St. Catherine* of *Bologna*, and *St. Michael* in *Bosco* are well worth the Traveller's Observation, on account of the choice Pictures with which they are adorn'd. *St. Michael's* in *Bosco* stands upon an Eminence three Miles from *Bologna*, to which there's an Entrance thro' a cover'd Gallery made like a Piazza. 'Twas a Work erected by the Citizens of *Bologna*, out of their Devotion to a miraculous Image of the *Holy Virgin* which is reverenc'd in this Church.

The Legate's Palace is very ancient, but grand and magnificent. 'Tis as strictly guarded during the Vacancy of the Holy See as if the Enemy were at the Gates of the City. All the Avenues to it are hung with Chains: The *Swiss* Guards are arm'd with Cuirasses: The Guard which consists of fifty Soldiers is barricaded with Pallisades and Chevaux de Frise, and the Palace-Gate is defended by eight Pieces of Cannon.

What remains for me to tell you of *Bologna* is, that 'tis one of the Cities in *Italy* where a Foreigner finds most Amusement. The Nobility not only strive to give him Pleasure, but he has

fine

fine Paintings to feast his Eye, and here are often excellent Concerts of Music, Operas, and Comedies, charming Walks, and genteel Country-Houses; which I take to be all that can be desir'd in Life.

From *Bologna* I travell'd in two Days to *Florence*, after having been dragg'd in my Chaise thro' the *Apennines*, a prodigious Range of Mountains; which is a thing I shall never do again while I live; for I really suffer'd very much in this Road, and if ever you should have a fancy to come this way, I would advise you to carry Provisions or a Cook with you, for there is not one considerable Place in all the Road. *Fiorenzola*, which is almost half way, is a sorry little Town. From thence to *Scarperia* the Road is extremely rugged. One descends a high Mountain pav'd like a Stair-case, which to attempt in a Chaise, you are sure of being, if I may so call it, broke upon the Wheel, and therefore I chose to walk down. At *Scarperia* the Road becomes more passable, and it mends as you come near *Florence*. In our Way we pass'd thro' a Town call'd *Ponte* that stands at the Foot of a Hill, where the Great Duke has a Castle which appear'd to me to be very well fortify'd.

One perceives FLORENCE a great way off, and indeed it makes a fine point of View to see so great a City in a beautiful Valley between Hills which rise insensibly, and end at length in high Mountains, inhabited in such a manner that they may be reckon'd the Suburbs of *Florence*. The River *Arno* passes thro' both the City and the Valley. Among all the Cities of *Italy*, *Florence* may justly be surnamed the *Fair*, since it has all that can be desir'd in a great and wealthy Town, such as sacred and profane Edifices, Bridges, Monuments, and Fountains; yet 'tis not

not so large nor populous as *Bologna*. As I enter'd *Florence* I perceived over the Gate a Table of white Marble with a *Latin* Inscription on it, as follows:

FLORENTIA, ADVENTU FRIDERICI IV.
DANIÆ ET NORVEGIÆ, AUGUSTI, FELICIS,
QUOD EAM SUA PRÆSENTIA
MAGNUS HOSPES IMPLERIT, AUGUSTA FELIX, AN. S. 1708. MENSE MARTIO.

'Twas the late Great Duke *Cosmo* who caus'd this to be engrav'd to the Honour of the King of *Denmark*.

The City of *Florence* has been so well describ'd that I shall pass very briefly over all that relates to the Buildings. The Square call'd *Piazza del Gran Duca* or the old Palace, contains Ornaments enough to embellish a great Town. Here you see a spacious Fountain which *Cosmo* I. caus'd to be built after the Designs of *Amminati* and *Philip Baldinucci*, two of the most famous Sculptors at that Time. Not far from this Fountain is the Equestrian Statue of *Cosmo* I. which is rais'd upon a great Pedestal of white Marble, with this Inscription engrav'd on the chief Front of it:

COSMO MEDICI, MAGNO ETRURIAE DUCI PRIMO, PIO, FELICI, INVICTO, JUSTO, CLEMENTI, SACRÆ MILITIÆ PACISQUE IN ETRURIA AUTHORI, PATRI ET PRINCIPI OPTIMO, FERDINANDUS F. MAG. DUX III. EREXIT, AN. CID IO LXXXIII.

On the other three Sides of the Pedestal are very fine Bas-Reliefs of Brass. The first represents
Cosmo

Cosmo I. recogniz'd for Sovereign by the Senate of *Florence*; the second the Ceremony of *Cosmo's* Coronation, and the third the same *Cosmo* in an antique triumphant Car making his pompous Entry into *Sienna*, which was submitted to his Government. *Ferdinand I. de Medicis* when he erected this Statue to the Honour of his Father, employ'd in the Direction of it the famous *John Bologna*, who has very well answer'd the Opinion that had been conceiv'd of him.

In the Great Duke's Gallery near the Square, I saw the greatest Curiosities, both among the Antients and Moderns. A Busto of *Alexander the Great*, the famous Statue of *Venus*, cut by *Apollodorus*, with those of the Emperors and Empresses of *Rome*, and the greatest Personages of former Centuries; the best Originals of the greatest Painters; and a thousand uncommon things, such as Diamonds, Rubies, Pearls, Emeralds, Saphirs, Topazes, Amber, Porcelain, Crystal, Porphyry, Coral, Marble, and Granite, the Particulars of which wou'd form a Volume. They are actually engraving on Plates, and several Persons of Quality are contributing to the Expence of this fine Work, which is considerable, and for which excellent Designers are employ'd. This wou'd have been worthy of the Great Duke, and it seems to me that this Prince when he sees his Family extinct, and his Estate pass into the Hands of Foreigners, ought at least to eternize the Glory of his Ancestors by publishing an Inventory of the immense Wealth which they have acquir'd, and transmitted to their Posterity.

Of all the Churches in *Italy* there are none more magnificent as to the outside than the Dome of *Milan*, and the Cathedral of *Florence*, both which are entirely lin'd with Marble of various Colours. A Citizen of *Florence*, who pretended to know the

the History of this City perfectly well, assur'd me that its Cathedral was built out of the Impost of five *Sous* which had been laid upon every Piece of Cloth that was then sold at *Florence*; but I believe you may without breach of Charity take this for a Story.

Over against the Cathedral is the magnificent Baptistry, to which there's an Entrance thro' three Gates of Brass, so artfully wrought that *Michael Angelo* said they were good enough to be the Gates of Paradise.

St. Laurence's Chapel, which is not yet finish'd, is the Admiration of all Connoisseurs, and is design'd to be the Place for the Burial of the Great Dukes, whose Remains are to be deposited in a Mausoleum of wonderful Workmanship, adorn'd with precious Stones. 'Tis 150 Years ago that this Chapel has been building, and yet it wants two Thirds of being finish'd. If it were lawful to criticise the Conduct of Princes, I must say it again, that the Great Duke, who sees that his Greatness and his Family must end with him, ought to put the last Hand to this Monument of the Magnificence of the *Medicis*: For can he hope, that if he himself neglects to transmit the Lustre of his Family to Posterity, his Successors will think to do it, who are nothing to him, or at least but very little. But such is the Humour of *John Gaston* Great Duke of *Tuscany*; he is so indifferent and unconcern'd about every thing, that he sees Foreigners dispose of his Dominions, and nominate his Successor, and the Courtiers ready to abandon him and to worship the said Successor; and yet the Prospect, how disagreeable soever it may be, does not seem to give him any Uneasiness: And he said some Days ago, after he had sign'd his Last Will and Testament, declaring *Don Carlos* Infante of *Spain* his Successor,

that

that he had just got a Son and Heir by a Dash of his Pen, which he had not been able to get in thirty four Years Marriage.

Thus, Sir, I have given all you will have of me this time touching *Florence*, where I cou'd stay but a few days, and then made no Acquaintance, having only been taken up in seeing the Curiosities of this City. At my Return from *Rome* I propose to come hither again, and make some stay in order to get a little Knowledge of the Court; and then you shall be inform'd of every Remark that I make.

From *Florence* I went and din'd at *Castilloncello*, and lay at *SIENNA* a City in the Dutchy of *Tuscany*, to which *Cosmo I. de Medicis* made it subject, not without great Resistance from the *Siennois*. The City, which is both an Archbishoprick, and an University, is very pleasantly situate, and enjoys a very good Air. 'Tis said that *Italian* is spoke here with more Purity than in any other Town in *Italy*. It seem'd to me to want Inhabitants, for I went thro' several Streets and did not meet a Soul. 'Tis said that a great many of the Nobility are settled in *Sienna*, and that Strangers are sure to meet with a civil Reception here, but as I staid no more than one day, I had only a cursory View of the Town. The Cathedral appear'd to me to be a great and noble Building lin'd with Marble. The Great Duke's Palace is ancient, but commodious. It has a Tower which is look'd upon as a singular piece of Architecture. The Great Princess * *Violante* of *Bavaria* is Governess of *Sienna*. She liv'd formerly in this City, and was mightily belov'd in it; but she has resided for some time at *Florence*. The Square which is before the Pa-

* This Princess dy'd in 1731, at *Florence*.

lace is oval, and hollow in the Middle, so that it may be laid under water like the Square of *Narbona* at *Rome*.

From *Sienna* to *Viterbo* the Road is extremely bad, I passed the Mountain of *Radifocani*, situate in one of the vilest Countries in all *Italy*. At the top of the Mountain there's a Castle, where a Garrison of fifteen Men is kept, with a Commanding Officer, whom I found at the House of Entertainment where I alighted. He had been a Lieutenant in *France* in the Royal *Italian* Regiment, and spoke very good *French*. He told me that the Inhabitants under his Government were as bad as the Country, of which some Moments after I saw a Proof. A Mule-driver having a Quarrel with the Drawer, the latter stabb'd him with a Knife in the Rim of the Belly, with as much Sedateness as if he had been doing a good Action; and the Commandant never caus'd the Assassin to be apprehended; for which when I express'd my Surprize to him, he said he had nothing to do out of his Place; and that besides he did not dare to cause the Assassin to be apprehended, because he had three Brothers as wicked as himself, who wou'd not fail to take a Revenge if he was punish'd. And then, said he, I shou'd have enough to do if I were to cause all to be apprehended who give Wounds with Knives.

AQUAPENDENTE is a sorry little Town, and yet a Metropolis. *BOLSENA* is no better, and *MONTEFIASCONE* tho' a Bishoprick, wou'd not be worth mentioning, were it not for its Vineyards which produce excellent *Muscadine* Wine.

VITERBO, three Leagues from *Montefiascone*, seem'd to me to be a pretty Town. 'Tis adorn'd with three fine Fountains, and pav'd with great Flint Stones which are four foot long and two

foot

foot broad. This City has some fine Houses in it. 'Tis the See of a Bishop, and its Cathedral is a Structure which does not want for Grandeur. In this Church the Archbishop and Elector of *Cologn* was consecrated by Pope *Benedict* XIII. who came hither on purpose to save the Elector all manner of dispute about Precedency with the Cardinals; who were in their turn so disgruntled with the Pope that none of them accompany'd him in this Journey.

MONTEROSO is a pretty Town, but RONCIGLIONE outdoes it; and indeed in all the Ecclesiastical State there is not a pleasanter. It drives a great Trade in Snuff. I came hither yesterday at Noon, and don't think of going away 'till this Evening, my Chaise being broke. I hope however to lie this Night at *Rome*, from whence I purpose to send you many good Stories forthwith. You will do me a Pleasure to let me hear from you; and to believe me in *Italy*, as well as elsewhere, yours, &c.



L E T T E R XXVIII.

S I R,

Rome, July 30, 1730.

THUS am I at length arriv'd at the famous City of *ROME*, that City which has been so long the Mistress of the World, and is still the Metropolis of *Europe*: But don't expect I shou'd give you a perfect Description of it, because that would require a Man better skill'd in Architecture than I am. I shall only mention such Things as to me appear'd to be the most beautiful, or those which

which I thought the Reverse, and which yet the Ostentation of the *Italians* cries up for the Wonders of the World. I shall make it my Business, to give you an Account of Things animate, much rather than those that are inanimate; the latter having been so well describ'd, that all I cou'd say to you upon that Head wou'd be but a Repetition of what you have read a thousand times over.

ROME is certainly one of the finest Cities in the World; but 'tis not now That ROME of which we read such pompous Accounts, it having scarce any Remains left of what it was in ancient Days. Notwithstanding this, it must be own'd, that it has matchless and stately Structures. Nothing is equal to its Churches, its Fountains, and some of its Palaces. At one's first Entrance thro' the Gate *del Popoli*, a Foreigner cannot but be struck with Admiration, when he looks right before him, which methought resembled the grand Decoration of a Theatre; but when I cast my Eyes to the Right and Left, the Scene was quite different: I believ'd I was entring into a Village. This is a Riddle, which I will now endeavour to explain to you. When I look'd strait before me, I immediately perceiv'd a Square of a triangular Form, at one Point whereof stands the Gate *del Popoli*, thro' which I enter'd, facing three very long Streets drawn to a Point in the Shape of a Goose-foot. These Streets are separated by two Churches, the Fronts whereof are magnificent, and of regular Architecture. In the middle of the Square, there's a stately Obelisk, or Spire, of oriental Granate, which, according to the Inscription on the Pedestal, was rais'd by Pope *Sixtus V.* At the Foot of this Pyramid, on the Town-side, there's a Fountain. All this together makes the Square

a Beau-

a Beauty, and seem'd to be worthy of ROME : What follows appear'd to me to have the Air of a Village. The first Thing one perceives at the Left-hand of the Square, is a Church consecrated to our Lady, the Architecture of which is very plain ; and on the same Side are several very sorry Houses, or rather Huts. The Right-hand of the Square consists of Hay-Barns, and two or three wretched Hovels.

From the Square *del Popoli*, I shall run thro' the three Streets which lead from thence to the chief Quarters of ROME. I shall begin with that in the Middle which fronts the Gate. 'Tis call'd the Street *del Corso*, because there it is that in the Carnival Time, the *Barbary* Horses run Races, and where there is the *Pasciggio*, or Ring, frequented every Day by the Coaches. This Street runs thro' almost all ROME, and has some fine Houses in it, particularly the Palaces *Ruspoli*, *Gicci*, *Carolis*, *Maucini*, *Pamphili* and *Bolognetti*. It crosses the Squares of St. *Mark* and *Colonna*. The first is a Quadrangle, encompass'd with good substantial Buildings, and adorn'd with the famous *Antonine* Pillar, which the Senate caus'd to be erected to the Honour of *Antoninus* the *Pious*, whose Statue was formerly on the Top of it, but has since given place to the Effigies of St. *Paul*. St. *Mark's* Square is so call'd, because it lies before the Church dedicated to the Saint of that Name. In it stands the Palace of *Venice*, a vast Pile of Building, now occupy'd by the Ambassador of the Republic, but was the Residence of Pope *Sixtus* V.

The second Street which takes its Rise in the Square *del Popoli*, is call'd *la Strada Ripetta*. It has nothing in it remarkable but the Stairs leading down to the *Tiber*, which are of a grand Design, and so contriv'd that there are two Flights
of

of a Stair-case, without Steps, for the Convenience of the Horses that carry the Goods which are landed at the Foot of the Stairs; that being one of the principal Ports of ROME.

The third Street, which ends in the Square of *Spain*, has nothing in it neither worth seeing. To hear a *Roman* speak of the Square of *Spain*, one wou'd think it the finest Place in the World; but I know nothing that less deserves that Character. 'Tis much narrower in the Middle than at both Ends; 'tis but half-pav'd, and excepting the Palace of *Spain*, which is occupy'd by the Cardinal *Bentivoglio* *, the Ambassador of that Crown, and the Palace *de propaganda*, it has not one handsome House. In the Middle of it there's a plentiful Fountain, in Form of a Bark, plac'd in an oval Basen. This Fountain stands at the Foot of a prodigious Stair-case which leads to the Church of *Trinity* on the Mountain, belonging to the *French Minims*. 'Twas made during the Pontificate of Pope *Innocent XIII.* of the Family of *Conti*, out of the Money which a rich *Frenchman* left on his Death-Bed for that very Purpose. They say, that no less than 60,000 *Roman* Crowns were expended in it; which if true, 'twas Money very ill laid out; for the Stair-case is of a Taste perfectly Gothic, and so ill built that it is actually falling to decay, tho' it is not above five Years that it was finish'd. If the old *Romans* were but to peep out of their Graves at this Piece of Work, I dare say, they wou'd blush to see how their Successors build.

*His Eminency dy'd in the Beginning of the Year 1733. after which, Signior *Thomas Ratto*, and *Ottinelli*, heretofore Auditor of the *Rota*, and now Bishop of *Cordoua*, had the Care of the *Spanish* Affairs, in which he was succeeded by Cardinal *Acquaviva*.

The Square of *Spain*, as ugly, and as much hid as it is by Houses, is the Place of Rendezvous for all the *Beau Monde* in the City. Here the Ladies, sitting at their Ease in their Coaches, receive the Homage of the Gentlemen standing at their Coach-doors; and thus an Hour or two is spent every Evening, in breathing the worst Air in ROME, mix'd with Clouds of Dust; and one is not only pester'd with Beggars, but every Minute in Danger of being crush'd to pieces between the Coaches, which press forward without keeping their Ranks, or observing any Order. I know not how you wou'd like it, but I am sure, for my own Part, who am not a Man for amorous Prattle, I avoid being here as much as possible, and had rather go up to the Terras, which is upon Mount *Trinity*. There I have the Pleasure to see something of what passes in the Square of *Spain*; I extend my View over all ROME, and even into the Country beyond it, and there I breathe the fresh Air, without the Risque of being broke upon the Wheel. 'Tis true, that I see none except Abbés and Prelates; but they are not Eyesores to me, and besides, I shou'd find the same at the Doors of the Ladies Coaches.

Foreigners reside commonly in the Square of *Spain*, and the seven Streets which run into it. This Quarter belongs to the Jurisdiction of the *Spanish* Ambassador, whither the *Sbirri* dare not pursue a Criminal, or to venture being seen there; for if they did, they wou'd be attack'd by Bravo's, who, like the *Swiss* of the *Spanish* Minister, are very jealous of their Rights of Franchise, which all Ambassadors enjoy as well as he: This is often the Source of many Disorders, and if I may venture to say it, authorizes Wickedness, because it gives the Criminals so ready an Opportunity of finding Refuge; but 'tis a rare Income for the

Bravo's

Bravo's and their Captain ; for the Libertines and Malefactors who retire into their Masters Quarter, can do no less than pay them for their Protection.

The Square of *Spain* leads me to give you some Account of the Square *Navona*, which tho' by no Means regular, and by much too narrow for the Length of it, may be number'd among the finest Squares in the World. 'Tis adorn'd with noble Fountains, two of which are worth the strict Attention of the Curious. The Middlemost, which is the largest, was erected by Order of Pope *Innocent X.* of the Family of *Pamphili*, according to a Model by Signior *Lorenzo Bernini*, who has made a shining Display of his Art in this pompous Work. The Whole is a large oval Bason, lin'd with white Marble, in the Midst of which there rises a Rock, with four Grotto's cut in it, and on the Top there's an Obelisk, or Spire, of oriental Granate, which was formerly in the *Circus* of the Emperor *Antoninus Caracalla*. At the four Corners of the Rock, there are four Statues of white Marble, sitting in Attitudes equally bold and noble, which represent the four principal Rivers of the World, the *Ganges*, the *Nile*, the *Danube*, and *Rio de la Plata*, in the *West-Indies*. These four Statues, tho' made by different Hands, are alike beautiful, and adorn'd with the Attributes suitable to each Statue. The second Fountain is a white marble Bason in an oval Figure, in the middle of which a Triton appears sitting on a Dolphin cut in Marble, done by the Hand of the famous *Michael Angelo Buonarota*.

Opposite to the great Fountain stands the fine Church of *St. Agnes*, begun by *Innocent X.* and finish'd by his Nephews the Princes *Pamphili*. 'Tis one of the most sumptuous and stately Edifices in *ROME*. The Inside is an Oval. It a-
bounds

bounds every-where with Marble, Gilding, and excellent Paintings. Adjoining to this Church is a great and magnificent Palace, belonging to Prince *Pamphili*, who lets it out to the Cardinal *Corfini* *. There's a Gallery which is admir'd by the *Connoisseurs* in Painting.

The *Pantheon*, commonly call'd the Church *de la Rotonda*, because of its round Figure, is a Monument of the Magnificence of ancient *ROME*, which has been well preserv'd. *Agrippa* caus'd this Temple to be built, with an Intention to dedicate it to *Augustus*, his Father-in-Law; but he afterwards devoted it to *Jupiter Ultor*, or the *Avenge*r. Pope *Boniface* I. or as others say, *Boniface* IV. consecrated this Temple to the True God, by dedicating it to the Holy Virgin and the Martyrs, with the Title of *Sta. Maria ad Martyres*. Nothing is more Majestick than the Portico of this Church, which is supported by sixteen Columns of oriental Granate, of a wonderful Height and Circumference, all of a Piece, and of the *Corinthian* Order. The Church, which is round, receives Light only by an Opening in the Middle of the Roof, which is built in Form of a Dome. The Walls are lin'd with Marble, even up to the Cornish which supports the Roof, and several little Chapels are cut out in the Wall. The Roof was heretofore cover'd with Brass, but *Urban* VIII. stripp'd the Church of that magnificent Covering, and employ'd the Brass partly on the High Altar of *St. Peter's* Church, and of the rest of it he caus'd those Guns to be cast that are still to be seen in the Castle of *St. Angelo*. The Pope who did this, being of the *Barberini* Family, gave Occasion to the *Romans*, who take a Plea-

* Now Pope *Clement* XII. whose Nephews and Nieces dwell in it.

sure in criticizing the Conduct of the Popes, to say, that the *Barberini* had done even more than the Barbarians; and really 'tis worthy of Remark that in the several Sackings of ROME the *Rotonda* was always spar'd.

St. *Peter's* Church so astonish'd me that I cannot pass it by in Silence. To tell you in few Words what I think of it; I believe, that tho' there were no other Building in ROME but this Church, it wou'd be worth while to make a Journey hither on Purpose to see it. The Area which lies before this superb Pile, can't but be admir'd by all that see it. Pope *Alexander VII.* caus'd it to be laid out after the Model of my Hero in Architecture, Signior *Lorenzo Bernini*. The Form of this Area is round, and encompass'd by a Peristyle of two hundred eighty six Pillars, which leads all the Way under Covert to the Church. These Columns support an Architrave adorn'd with a great Number of Statues representing divers holy Martyrs. The Area is adorn'd with two magnificent Fountains which continually throw out vast Sheets of Water, into three Basons, the lowermost whereof being the largest serves to let out the Water which runs under Ground. An Obelisk of seventy two Feet in Height, besides the Basis, stands up in the Middle of the two Fountains. Pope *Sixtus V.* who may justly be reckon'd the Restorer of ROME, on account of the Ornaments with which he embellish'd every Part of it, caus'd it to be set up, after 'twas dug out of the Earth, near the Place where now stands St. *Peter's* Sacristy. He order'd it to be erected on a very high Pedestal, and Signior *Fontana*, the famous Architect, was the Man by whose Direction so immense a Weight was rais'd to that Height. 'Tis said, that Pope *Sixtus V.* commanded that every Man who assisted in raising this

Obelisk

Obelisk shou'd keep Silence on Pain of Death, for fear lest Talking shou'd distract the Workmens Thoughts, and take them off from a due Attention to the Orders of the Architect; and as they knew that *Sixtus* wou'd be obey'd, not a Man spoke a Word. The Work went on very well, till when the Spire was almost rais'd, the Ropes happen'd to be too short. This Accident so confounded *Fontana* that he knew not what to do, when one of the Spectators took it in his Head to call out to him to throw *Water* upon the Ropes. *Fontana* follow'd his Advice with such good Success, that the Pope promis'd a Reward for the Person who wou'd own that he gave it: But nobody car'd to trust *Sixtus*; the Adviser conceal'd himself in the Crowd, and it cou'd never be known who he was. The whole Height of the Obelisk, including the Base and Cross, is one hundred and eight Feet. *Sixtus V.* caus'd some Timber of the real Cross to be set in the Cross of gilt Brass at the Top of the Spire, and granted ten Years Indulgences to any Person that shou'd salute it, and at the same Time repeat three *Pater-nosters*, and as many *Ave Marias*.

When you have pass'd over the great Square, there's an Ascent of some Steps to a grand Platform or Terras that leads into the Portico which is before the Church. The Roof of it is supported by Columns of the *Corinthian* Order adorn'd with Basso Relievos of Marble. The Cieling is of Stukoe, divided into several Compartments in the *Mosaic* Taste, which form the Arms of *Paul V.* of the *Borghese* Family; the whole gilt all over. As one turns to the Right in this Portico, one sees the Statue of *Constantine* the Great, carv'd in Marble by *Bernini*, who has represented the Emperor on Horseback, in a Posture of Astonishment at the Appearance of the Cross. Over against

this Statue, on the Left-side of the Portico, is *Charlemain's* Statue, likewise on Horseback; done by *Augustin Cornicchini*, a Native of *Peschia* in *Tuscany*; but 'tis not near so bold a Figure as that carv'd by *Bernini*. At the Entrance of the Church, we leave on the Right-hand the holy Gate which the Pope opens and shuts every twenty-five Years, at the Time of the great Jubilee.

I must confess that the inside Decoration of *St. Peter's* did not strike me at first View, for I imagin'd that every Thing there must be Gold and Azure, but I was mistaken; tho' after having examined Things closely, I was, as it were, in an Ecstasy at the Variety of Beauties I there saw. The High Altar, which is almost in the middle of the Dome, is of a Magnificence not to be parallell'd. It stands by itself, and is on all Sides open, consisting of four wreath'd Columns of Brass of an immense Height and Bulk, which support a Canopy of the same Metal, surmounted by Angels holding Festons of Flowers so completely carv'd that one would naturally imagine the Whole to be the Work of a Goldsmith. At this Altar none can celebrate Mass but the Pope himself, and the Cardinal *Dean*, by his Holiness's express Permission; and underneath, in a Chapel richly adorn'd, there lie some Parts of the Holy Bodies of the Apostles *St. Peter*, and *St. Paul*. There's a Descent into this Chapel by a Stair-case of fine Marble, consisting of two Flights, in form of a Horse-shoe, and surrounded by a Balustrade of Brass, supporting a great many Silver Lamps which never cease to burn, except on *Good Friday*, when the Church is hung in Mourning, in Memory of the Death of our Saviour.

At the Bottom of the Church stands highly elevated *St. Peter's* Chair a very fine Piece of Work, all of Brass, gilt, and supported by the four Fa-

thers

thers of the Church, *St. Ambrose*, *St. Jerom*, *St. Augustin*, and *St. Gregory*, of a gigantic Size, with a Glory of Brass, gilt, over them, rais'd as high as the Roof. Under the Chair is an Altar, on both Sides of which there are stately Tombs of Brass and Marble, of incomparable Workmanship and Beauty. The Mausoleum of *Urban VIII.* on the Right Hand has two admirable Statues of white Marble, representing two Virtues, of such exquisite Beauty that there was a Necessity of covering their Nudities to prevent the like Scandal, which a certain *Spaniard* gave in whom a Statue of this sort kindled an unruly Passion. These two Tombs are not the only ones which adorn this Church, for there are many others altogether as superb; particularly, the Mausoleum of the Countess *Matilda*, and that of *Christina* Queen of *Sweden*, to whom the Popes granted Burial in *St. Peter's* Church, where, except the Successors of that Apostle, none can be interr'd. These two Princesses were of such high Birth, and had done so much for the Church, that they well deserv'd to be honour'd with this Distinction; for the first defended the Church, at the head of her Army, against the Emperor *Henry IV.* the other even abdicated her Crown, and adorn'd her Dominions, to embrace the *Roman* Religion. *Christina's* Tomb is nobly design'd, without being overcharg'd with Ornament; and there is her Picture in a great Medal of Brass which is perfectly well executed.

Tho' every Thing in *St. Peter's* Church is worthy of the particular Observation of a curious Traveller, I think nothing deserves it more than the noble Pictures of *Mosaic* Work wherewith the Altars are decorated, than which there can be nothing more complete; for it surpasses any Thing that was ever done by the Ancients. 'Tis but a few

Years that the Artists have arriv'd to the Perfection we now discover in Works of this kind. One of these Pictures, which is just finish'd, represents the Story of *Sta. Petronilla*, *St. Peter's* Sister, so excellently design'd, and so nicely colour'd and polish'd, that nothing in the Art of Man can out-do it. One would swear 'twas a Picture behind a Glass; yet it consists only of little Glass Squares, exactly cemented together by a certain Gum that is extremely astringent. 'Tis a Piece of Work of the more Value because it is Proof against the Injuries of Weather, and nothing can damage it. They design to remove out of this Church all the Pictures painted in Oil, which grow mouldy by Time and Moisture, and to put Pictures of *Mosaic* Work in their place. If this Project which is in a good forwardness, and carry'd on apace, be ever finish'd, *St. Peter's* Church will be possess'd of a Treasure the more precious because there will be none like it.

The subterraneous Parts of the Church are altogether as magnificent as the Superstructure; for Marble, and Pictures of the *Mosaic* kind are its Ornaments. 'Tis worth while to take the Pains to go up to the Top of this Church, which one ascends by a sloping Stair-case, without one Step that leads to the Dome; and by other Stairs, not so commodious, one rises to the Globe, which 'tis said will hold twenty Persons with ease. Upon *St. Peter's* Day the Church is illuminated from the Foundation to the Cross, by Lamps without number, which make a very fine Appearance.

All the other Churches of ROME are beautiful Piles, and 'tis certain that the least of 'em contains something that will entertain a curious Spectator. Those of 'em indeed that are the most worthy of Attention, are *St. Paul's* without ROME, *St. John's de Lateran*, *St. Mary Major's*, the Churches

ches of *Jesus*, *St. Ignatius*, *St. Philip de Neri*,
our Lady's of Victory, the Church of *St. Agnes*,
and the Noviciate of the *Jesuits*.

As to the Foundation of *St. Mary Major's*
Church, there is a Tradition that two Bride-
grooms of Quality, both very rich and very de-
vout, having pray'd to the Holy Virgin that she
would please to reveal to them for what good Pur-
pose they shou'd bestow their Wealth; the Mother
of God signify'd to them in a Dream, that she
would have them build a Church at the Place
which they wou'd find cover'd next Day with
Snow; a Thing the more extraordinary at that
Time, because it was the Month of *August*. But
to the End that this Revelation might be the more
authentic, the Holy Virgin imparted it the same
Night to the Pope *St. Liberus I.* who next Day
made a Procession round the City, accompany'd
by all the Clergy, and by *John* a Patrician, and a
Senator of *ROME*, and found that Spot of Ground
where now stands the Church of *St. Mary Major*,
cover'd with Snow. The Building was begun
that very Day, and at first the Church was call'd
the *Liberian* Church, and also the Church of *St.*
Mary of the *Manger*, because the Manger in
which our Saviour lay, was there deposited; and
at last it was call'd *St. Mary Major*, because 'tis
the biggest of those Churches in *ROME* that are
dedicated to the Holy Virgin.

I have been so long upon Churches that 'tis
high Time to shift the Scene. I am now going
to acquaint you of what has happen'd here since
I came, referring what I have farther to relate to
you concerning the Buildings of *ROME* to another
Opportunity.

The Conclave is ended; and we have at last
got a Pope: After tedious and warm Disputes
which had divided the sacred College for four

Months, they have elected Cardinal *Corfini*. The Cardinals could not determine whom to chuse for Head of the Church, till about a Week ago. Cardinal *Imperiali* was propos'd at first, and he wou'd certainly have been the Man upon account of his great Age and Merit, if the Cardinal *Bentivoglio*, the Minister of *Spain*, had not put the Negative upon him in the Name of their Catholic Majesties; nevertheless 'tis the Opinion of many People that the Cardinal had not such Order in his Pocket at that Time, tho' he had it at the Election of Pope *Conti*; because out of personal Pique to Cardinal *Imperiali* he had represented him to his Master as an Enemy to the House of *Bourbon*, and too much attach'd to the Emperor. Probably the Cardinal *Bentivoglio* thought that because their Catholic Majesties did, at his Solicitation, grant an Exclusion to Cardinal *Imperiali* that Time, it was to continue for ever; at least his unreasonable Grudge against his Eminence made him take that Handle. The Reason he bore him so much ill Will was this; *Bentivoglio* had a Brother, a Marquis, who, for certain Outrages which he had caus'd to be committed by his Bravoes, was arrested by Order of this very *Imperiali*, when he was Legate of the Holy See at *Ferrara*. Cardinal *Bentivoglio*, who was a proud haughty Man, took this as such an Affront to his Family that he cou'd never forget it; and as the *Italians* seldom lose an Opportunity of taking Revenge, he laid hold on this: So that Cardinal *Imperiali* came short of the *Tiara*, merely for having done an Act of Justice.

Cardinal *Imperiali* being thus set aside, *Corfini* was propos'd for Pope; but his Eminence fearing he shou'd be excluded by the *Germans*, pretended an Unwillingness to accept of the Pontificate, and desired his Brethren to cast their Eyes upon some other

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other Person. *Davia* was propos'd, and would undoubtedly have been in *St. Peter's* Chair, if Cardinal *de Bissi*, a *French* Man, had not excepted against him, on pretence that he was a *Jansenist*. 'Tis true, that Cardinal *Davia* was never a great Friend of the *Jesuits*, and that M. *Bissi* is a Man after their own Hearts: The Society, indeed, is accused of having put the *French* Cardinal upon it; but this is what I won't swear. Though, be it as it will, I think, if the Society were convinc'd that *Davia* was their Enemy, they did very wisely to set him aside. During this, Cardinal *Corfini*, who still kept the triple Crown in view, and had only declin'd it for fear of being oppos'd by the Imperial Cardinals, wrote to the Great Duke, and to the Grand Princess *Violante*, desiring the former to intercede for him directly with the Emperor, and the latter with the *Bavarian* Family; to the end that Family might do him good Offices at *Vienna*. His Wishes were accordingly answer'd; for the Great Duke earnestly desir'd the Emperor to consent to the Election of *Corfini*, and he obtain'd for Answer, that his Imperial Majesty would order his Cardinals not to oppose him. *Corfini* having this favourable Answer, engag'd his Friends to bring him again upon the Stage. And the Cardinal Chamberlain *Albano*, the Head of the Cardinals made by *Clement XI.* his Uncle, spoke for him to all of his Party, who accordingly gave their Votes for him; but Cardinal *Barberini* hearing that *Corfini* was going to be propos'd a second time, declar'd openly against him; and said, he wou'd never consent to his Election. The Chamberlain was in no great Pain for this Opposition; for he was much more apprehensive of the Imperialists, and particularly of the Cardinal *Cienfuegos*, who was very earnest for the Election of *Colonna*, or some other Subject of the Emperor.

The Chamberlain therefore went at Midnight to the Cardinal *Cienfuegos*, and propos'd the Choice of *Corfini* to him, and not finding him intirely for it, he threw himself at his Feet, and conjur'd him for God's sake not to oppose the said Cardinal's Advancement. ' You see, said he, that we cannot agree in the Choice of a Pope. Will you end your Days here? 'Tis now four Months that we have been shut up. What have you to say against *Corfini*? He is old, and according to the Course of Nature cannot live longer than the Time it will take us up to destroy the Factions that are among us. If you have a Notion that he is not in the Interests of the Emperor, you perceive that it can't be long in his Power to hurt him. Moreover, if you consent to his Advancement, he will be oblig'd to own his Obligation to the Emperor for the Pontificate, and consequently cannot but make him an Acknowledgement.' The Cardinal Chamberlain water'd his Discourse with a great many Tears, for the good Man can weep when he will. This mov'd *Cienfuegos*, who is the best natur'd Soul in the World, that he gave his Consent to the Election of *Corfini*. But then the *French* feign'd they wou'd not be for him any longer, and pretended to take Umbrage at the *Germans* espousing the Man whom they had before oppos'd. They stood out abundance of Intreaty, but at length they consented, saying, that since the *Germans* made the Pope, they wou'd name the Minister; which was granted them. They nominated Cardinal *Banchieri*, who had been Vice-Legat at *Avignon*, to be Secretary of State. The Cardinal *Cienfuegos*, who was puff'd up with the Thoughts of having made the Pope, did not so much as think of opposing the *French* in the Nomination of a Minister

nister who was intirely devoted to them. Many People of very good Sense, are of Opinion that the *Germans* were bubbled in this Affair, and that the *French* made both the Pope and the Minister. Whether 'twas so or not, I cannot say; the Intrigues of the Conclaves will never be rightly known, but in the Valley of *Jehosaphat*; yet it seems to me, that since we have been the Masters of *Italy*, we are even more hated there than the *French* ever were, and 'tis certain that they were hated there with a Vengeance. 'Tis very probable therefore that the *Italian* Cardinals had it not very much at Heart, to give us a Pope that was in our Interest. Be this as it will, even to the very Day of the new Pope's Exaltation, all the City of *ROME* thought the Cardinal *Cienfuegos* Master of the Conclave; which is so true, that among the Satires current during the Vacancy of the Holy see, the Cardinal was exhibited at a Window of the Conclave, taking Aim with a Fuzee, at the Holy Ghost, which was hovering about the Place, in Form of a Dove.

Cardinal *Corfini* was proclaim'd Pope on *Wednesday* the 12th of *July*, in the Morning. He took the Name of *Clement XII.* in Honour to the Memory of *Clement XI.* who made him a Cardinal. He is in the 78th Year of his Age. All good People are pleas'd at his Advancement, and since the *Romans* could not get a *Roman* for their Pope, they are not sorry that he was prefer'd to his Competitors. He was generous and noble, good-natur'd, mild and affable, while a Cardinal, and we may expect that he will not hide those Qualities now he is a Pope.

In the Afternoon of his Advancement to the Pontificate, *Clement XII.* receiv'd a Visit from the Pretender, and the Princess his Lady, who are here stil'd the *King* and *Queen* of *England*.

After he had convers'd a while with them, he went on Foot to the Chapel of Pope *Sixtus*, and plac'd himself on a Seat before the Altar, where he receiv'd the Adoration of the Cardinals, who came according to their Seniority, and kneeling down, kiss'd his Foot, and his Right-hand. The Pope embrac'd them one after the other, and gave them the *Pax* to kifs. 'Tis only upon that Day, and the Coronation-Day, that the Cardinals kiss the Pope's Foot; for afterwards, they only kiss his Hand. When this first Ceremony was over, the Pope was seated in his Chair of PROCESSION, which is a great Arm-chair, adorn'd with red Velvet, richly embroider'd with Gold; and then eight Men took him upon their Shoulders, and carry'd him through the great Stair-case to St. *Peter's* Church. When they came before the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament, the Pope was set down; and rising from his Chair, he went and kneel'd at a Desk prepar'd for the Purpose. After a short Prayer, he return'd to his Chair, and was carry'd towards the High-Altar, where he was seated in the Middle. There the Cardinals paid another Adoration to him, like that which they made to him in *Sixtus's* Chapel; and then, the Pope was carry'd into a Pew, near the Altar, where he put off his Mitre and Cope, and being put into a Sedan, return'd to his Apartment, where he quickly after receiv'd the Compliments of the Ambassadors, the *Roman* Princes, and of all the Quality of ROME; and in the Evening, there were illuminations and Bonfires throughout the City, accompany'd with a Discharge of the Cannon of the Castle of St. *Angelo*.

The same Rejoicings were continu'd next Day, which the Pope spent in giving Audiences, and naming his Ministers. Then it was, that at the Recommendation of the *French*, he appointed the Cardinal

Cardinal *Banchieri* Secretary of State. They say, that in the Evening, *Clement XII.* had a long Conversation with the Persons who had the greatest Share of his Confidence when he was a Cardinal, and ask'd them, what they said at ROME, about his Exaltation. One of them intreated to be excus'd from telling him, but the Pope injoyning him to declare the whole Truth to him, the Confident obey'd, and told the Pope that the *Romans* seem'd to approve of the Choice which the Cardinals had made; but that they were apprehensive they should have no better Treatment from the *Florentines* than they had from the *Beneventines*, under the last Pontificate. 'The *Romans*, said the Pope, are afraid then without a Cause; for I will have no respect of Persons, but will so govern, that if I don't win the Love of my Subjects while I live, they shall, at least, be sorry when I die.' Then turning about to his Nephew the Marquis *Neri Corsini*, now a Cardinal, whom he had made a Prelate but the Day before; 'I exhort you, Nephew, said he, to behave so as to offend no body. My Reign cannot be long. My Age and my Infirmities ought to put me upon thinking of the Grave much rather than of human Grandeur. Let you and I live then so, that our Name may not be hated when I am no more seen; and let us, if possible, so carry it to Mankind that I may be lamented after Death, and that you may not want Friends.' 'Twas with such Sentiments as these, that *Clement XII.* ascended the Throne of St. *Peter*.

The Ceremony of his Coronation was perform'd on the 16th of *July*, and I can assure you, that, setting aside the Number of Cardinals and Bishops who attended at it, there was nothing in it magnificent. The Pope vested in his *Pontificalibus*,

calibus, and preceded by the Sacred College, went in Proceſſion to *Sixtus's* Chapel, where he made a very ſhort Prayer, and then was carry'd thro' the grand Stair-caſe under St. *Peter's* Portico, where he was ſeated on a Throne, and admitted St. *Peter's* Chapter to kiſs his Foot. He was from thence carry'd into the Church, and put down at the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament, before which he made his Prayer kneeling, as did alſo the Cardinals. After this Prayer, he was carry'd to the Chapel of St. *Gregory* the Great, where he made another ſhort Prayer proſtrate before the Altar. Then he was plac'd in a Throne on the Right-ſide of the Altar, and the Cardinals ſeated themſelves upon Benches, on both ſides of the Chapel. While the Muſic was performing a *Tercet*, they put on their white Copes, embroider'd with Gold, and their Mitres of white Damask, and the Archbiſhops and Biſhops did the ſame. After this, they went all, both Cardinals and Prelates, to perform Homage to the Pope, with this Diſtinction that the Cardinals kiſs'd only the Hand of the Holy Father, but the Prelates kiſs'd his Hand and his Foot too. When this Ceremony was ended, the Pope cauſed the Crucifix to be elevated, and gave his firſt Bleſſing to the Standers-by, and the Populace, thereto annexing a plenary Indulgence *in articula mortis*. He afterwards deſcended from his Throne, put himſelf again in his Chair of Proceſſion, and was carry'd before the High-Altar. He was the only Perſon that had then the Mitre on his Head; for the Cardinals and Prelates held theirs in their Hands. While he was thus carry'd in Proceſſion, a Maſter of the Ceremonies went before him, burning Flax three Times, calling out aloud at each Time to him, *Sancte Pater, ſic tranſit Gloria Mundi*, i. e. *Holy Father, ſo paſſeth away the Glory of the World.*
 This

This Exhortation to the Remembrance of the Frailty of human Greatness, seem'd to me to touch the Pope's Heart, for he lifted up his Eyes to Heaven, and the very Tears trickled down his Cheeks. When he drew near the Altar, he fell on his Knees, and pray'd with a great deal of Devotion and Humility. He then receiv'd the Benediction of three of the eldest Cardinal Priests, and the first Cardinal Deacon presented him with a Pall; after which, he went up to the Altar, persum'd it with Incense, and then caused himself to be seated in his Throne, which was erected at the Bottom of the Church, facing the Altar. The Cardinals sat upon high Benches, on both Sides the Throne, in two Ranks, leading to the Altar. The Persons whom they here call the King and Queen of *England*, with the Princes their Sons, and their whole Court, were in a Gallery on the Right-hand of the Throne, and in another Gallery opposite to this, were the principal Ladies of *ROME*, and the most distinguished Foreigners. I was there in the Retinue of the Prince of *Waldeck*, who has been here these two Months.

From that Gallery, we saw the Cardinals, the Archbishops and the Bishops pay their Homage to the Pope; which was perform'd by kissing the Pope's Hand and Foot. Then the Pope tun'd High Mass, at which the Epistle and Gospel were sung, both in *Greek* and *Latin*, by a *Greek* Bishop, and a Cardinal Deacon. The Pope, after he had performed the Consecration, returned to his Throne, where a Cardinal assistant Priest, carry'd the consecrated Host to him, and the Chalice, of both of which the Pope took one half kneeling and bare-headed. He suck'd the divine Blood, according to a Custom, thro' a Golden Tube; and when the Cardinal assistant Priest had taken

taken the half that remain'd, both of the consecrated Host, and the Chalice, the Mass was ended. After the Office was over, the Pope, preceded by the Cardinals, Bishops and Prelates, was carry'd in grand Procession to the Gallery which is over the great Gate of the Church, fronting the great Square, where he was seated on a very high Throne, in order to be seen by the People; and after two Cardinal Deacons had taken off his Mitre, and put on his *Tiara*, kissing at the same Time both his Hand and Face, the Pope rose up, and gave his solemn Benediction standing, to the People that were crowd'd in St. *Peter's* Square and the Streets that led to it: At the same Time the Cannon of the Castle of St. *Angelo* were fir'd, and the Light-horse Carabineers and Guards made a discharge of their small Arms. Then the Pope descended from the Throne, and being again plac'd in his Chair, was carry'd in Procession to his Apartment, where he dismiss'd the Cardinals, who, I believe, wanted rest as well as the Holy Father, after a Ceremony which had lasted five Hours. At Night the Houses were all illuminated, and a fine Fire-work was play'd off at the Castle of St. *Angelo*.

Here give me Leave to make a Remark upon an Author, in whose Favour I have seen you prepossess'd, namely, Mr. *Misson*, who, in his Account of the Pope's Coronation, the Ceremony of which, he says, he copy'd out of the Ceremonial of ROME, describes this Act as the most magnificent and superb that can possibly be seen; for, according to him, the Pope's Throne is cover'd with precious Stones, tho' I assure you, that there cannot be a greater Mistake; for if, as I said once before, we except the many Cardinals, Bishops and Prelates, whose Presence renders the Ceremony august, nothing is more plain and simple.

St.

St. *Peter's* Church, indeed, is hung upon that Day with red Damask, lac'd with gold Tinsel; but 'tis the very same upon every grand Festival; nor is St. *Peter's* Throne, upon this Occasion, richer than ordinary; and I can't imagine where *Misson* cou'd see those Canopies cover'd with precious Stones. That Author really affected to impose on his Readers, and this is not the only Place where he has deviated from the Truth.

The first Pope, who caus'd himself to be crown'd, was *Damasus* II. in the Year 1048. And *Urban* V. was the first that us'd the Triple-Crown, commonly call'd the *Tiara*; and this he did, to shew that the Vicar of *Jesus Christ* has Pontifical, Imperial and Regal Power; and for the same Reason, St. *Peter* was anciently describ'd (as is still to be seen in the Palace of the *Vatican*) holding three Keys in his Right-hand.

Not many Days after the Coronation, the Pope quitted the *Vatican*, and took up his Residence in the Palace of *Monte-Cavallo*. The Holy Father march'd out with a Pomp which pleas'd the *Romans*, who are naturally fond of Pageantry; and they were the more delighted with this, because they had seen nothing like it during the Pontificate of the deceased Pope. He rode in a very splendid Coach, preceded by the *Roman* Nobility on Horseback, his Guards, and all his Household, which form'd a numerous Train. The Streets were full of People, who nevertheless discovered no Signs of Joy, as is usual when the Popes go abroad; for the *Romans*, when they saw *Clement* XII. remember'd that he was a *Flarentine*; and there needed nothing more to put them out of Conceit with him. I am, &c.



L E T T E R X X I X .

S I R,

Rome, Sept. 10, 1730.

IN this Letter, I shall run through the Palaces of ROME, as briefly as I travers'd the Churches in my former. I shall take Care to mention no Houses to you, but such as deserve the Name of Palaces; for you must know, that the Buildings which we *Ultramontaines* think much to call *Hôtels*, are here stiled *Palaces*.

I think that the Pope's two Palaces called the *Vatican* and *Monte-Cavallo* deserve to be mention'd before all the others: The first, for its Extent and Magnificence; the second, because the Popes give it a Preference to the other, from an Opinion here, that it stands in the most healthful Air in the City.

The *Vatican* is a Building extremely irregular, very great and very high, and so close to St. *Peter's* Church that it takes off a great deal of its Beauty. As to the Outside of it, I don't see any thing to be admired in this Building, except the Quantity of Brick and Stone that has been employ'd in it; but as to the Inside, 'tis quite otherwise; for one cannot help being astonish'd at the Grandeur of the Apartments, and the Beauty of the Pictures every where, in which the best Painters of *Italy* seem to have strove to display the utmost of their Art: *Raphael* especially has done Wonders here: His Master-piece is a Picture representing the History of *Attila*, a Piece which one cannot behold without being charm'd.

Sixtus's

Sixtus's Chapel of singular Beauty, on Account of its wonderful Paintings, and especially for that great Picture of the Day of Judgment, by *Michael Angelo Buonarota*, who, 'tis said, represented all the Persons of his Acquaintance so much to the Life that 'twas impossible to mistake them; and that he plac'd his Friends among the Elect, and those that he did not love, among the Damned; whereupon a Prelate, who was a Domestick of Pope *Sixtus IV.* then in *St. Peter's* Chair, finding himself among the Damned, complained of it to the Pope, and desir'd him to deliver him out of such bad Company; but the Holy Father told him, that his Power extended no farther than Purgatory; that he cou'd deliver Souls from thence, but not from Hell; and that therefore, since 'twas his Misfortune to be in such Company, there he must stay.

The *Vatican* Library, is, without Dispute, the finest and the greatest in the World. 'Tis full of MSS. in the *Hebrew, Arabic, Greek, Latin,* and other Languages. Pope *Sixtus V.* spar'd no Cost to enrich it with the best Books; and since his Death, it has been very much augmented by the *Heidelberg* Library, and that of *Christiana* Queen of *Sweden.* The former was brought hither, as I think I told you, after the Defeat of *Frederic* the Elector *Palatine* King of *Bohemia*, when *Heidelberg* submitted to the Power of the House of *Austria.* The latter was purchased by the Pope from that Queen's Heirs. The Building which contains this Library is worthy of the great *Sixtus V.* who caus'd it to be built from the very Foundation. 'Tis generally divided into two Parts, *viz.* the Public, and the Private. The first is three hundred Feet long, and sixty broad. The second consists of two great Rooms, into which

which the Admittance is not so easy as into the Gallery, because of the very scarce MSS. that are there contain'd. *Sixtus V.* caus'd the whole Library to be painted, both inside and Outside, in which he employ'd the most ingenious Artists of his Time. The Outside represents in different Figures, the Arts, the Sciences, and the Virtues. In the Inside, there are painted in divers Compartments, the most memorable Actions of *Sixtus V.* the holding of sixteen Councils, the most celebrated Libraries; and the Men, in short, ever since *Adam*, who have been most distinguish'd in the World for their Learning. In the Private Library, are painted the principal Actions of Pope *Sixtus V.* and the Doctors of the Church.

The last Pope *Benedict XIII.* was of a different Opinion from the Popes his Predecessors, with regard to the Palace of the *Vatican*. He thought it too fine for his Residence, as he did also the Palace of *Belvedere*, which is properly a House of Pleasure, tho' it joins to the *Vatican*. And as 'twas his Maxim, that a General ought to die in the Army; and a Bishop, if not at the Altar, at least near his Church; he was not willing to quit the Neighbourhood of *St. Peter*, and therefore, on the Backside of the Gardens of the Pontifical Palace, he caus'd a little House to be built, with some few Rooms in it that look'd into the Country, where all his Furniture was a few matted Chairs, all his Ornaments the Images of certain Saints, and all his Companions a Brother of his own Order, with whom he us'd to take the Air, and say his Breviary; and he cou'd go out of this Apartment whenever he pleas'd, without being seen.

I fancy, Sir, you will not be sorry if I shou'd make a Digression here, touching the Person of
this

this Pope, who was perhaps the most humble, and the most regular in his Morals, that ever fill'd the Papal Chair since St. *Peter*. Being born at *Rome*, of the illustrious Family of the *Ursini*, he enter'd very young into the Order of St. *Dominic*, and was made a Cardinal at twenty three Years of Age, by Pope *Clement X.* of the *Altieri* Family. He commonly resided, after he was a Cardinal, at *Benevento*, of which he was Archbishop. 'Twas there that he heard of the Death of his Predecessor *Innocent XIII.* of the Family of *Conti*. When he receiv'd the News, he had just given away all his Money to the Poor, so that he was fain to borrow of *Fini*, whom he afterwards made a Cardinal, the Sum of eight hundred Crowns, to enable him to repair to the Conclave at *ROME*. The Division of the Sacred College, who cou'd not agree in the Choice of a Pontiff, was the Cause of his Advancement. The Cardinals aim'd at placing the *Tiara* upon the Head of a Man who might wear it just long enough, either to dissipate, or to form their Cabals, and no longer. They were all convinc'd, that by chusing the Cardinal *Ursini*, they shou'd give a Holy Pope to the Church, but an indifferent Prince to the State; however, they thought to remedy this Deficiency, by planting such Ministers about the Pope, as they did not doubt wou'd make him do what they pleas'd. But they were egregiously mistaken; for the Cardinal *Ursini*, when he was advanc'd to the Pontificate, was resolv'd to be *Pope*; and he chose his own Ministers without consulting the Sacred College. One *Coscia*, a *Neapolitan* Clergyman, born of mean Parents, had for a long Time a great Ascendant over him. The Pope advanc'd him to the Purple, preferr'd him to the highest

highest Offices both in the Church and the State, and made him Archbishop of *Benevento*.

This new Creature bore greater Sway than ever any Cardinal Nephew had done, when *Nepotism* was in its Meridian. He was guilty of a thousand Oppressions. Nothing was to be seen, but Rapine and Injustice; and he converted all Things, even the most sacred, into Money. Every body groan'd; but it was to no Purpose to complain, for the Pope was so byass'd in his Favour that he turn'd a deaf Ear to all his Accusers. Even the Cardinals, sensible of the publick Misery, vigorously represented to the Pope the Grievances that happen'd under his Administration; but he wou'd not hear them, and imputed their Remonstrances to Envy. *Coscia* confirm'd him every Day too in this Sentiment. *They will accuse me of every Thing that is ill*, said he to the Holy Father, *but God is my Witness that I discharge my Duty; and they hate, and strive to blacken me, for no other Reason but because perhaps I am in this respect too strict*. I have been very well assur'd, that the Cardinal, when he made his Defence to the Pope, often shed Tears, which wrought so much on his good Nature that he wept too.

I know not whether I dare vouch the Truth of the following Story, which however is firmly believ'd by all the People of ROME. Certain Cardinals represented to the Pope one Day, that *Coscia* was not only guilty of innumerable Extortions, but that he led the most irregular Life in the World, and diverted himself every Day with Prostitutes. The Pope said, he wou'd inquire into the Matter, and punish *Coscia*, if what they alledg'd was true. Accordingly he tax'd him with it the very same Day, but *Coscia* easily brought himself off. He said, 'twas all Calumny; swore, with Tears in his Eyes, that he was innocent; and

and desir'd the Pope to hear him in Confession. The Pope agreed to it; he said what he pleas'd, and his Holiness almost took him for a Saint. But *Coscia*, fearing lest the Pope shou'd at length open his Eyes, thought to blind him the more by writing an anonymous Letter, which he caus'd to be deliver'd to him, by a trusty *Valet de Chambre*, importing in Substance as follows; ' Your Holiness being so prepossess'd in Favour of Cardinal *Coscia* that you will give Credit to nothing that is told you of his Debaucheries, 'tis thought proper to acquaint you, that this very Night, at Nine o'Clock, the Cardinal will have some Mistresses in his Chamber. Your Holiness may be an Eye-witness of the Intrigue, if you will but take the Trouble to repair to the Cardinal's Apartment, and peep thro' the Key-hole.' The Pope did not fail to go at the Time mention'd; but instead of seeing what he expected, the Cardinal, who imagined he would come, took Care to be on his Knees at Prayer, with his Beads in one Hand, and a Crucifix in the other, which he kiss'd with a great Air of Contrition. The Pope beholding the crafty Cardinal in this Posture, cry'd out to some body that was with him, *Do but see that holy Man, who has been represented to me in such a wicked Light! Would to God that all the Clergy were like him.* Then entring into the Cardinal's Chamber, *Dear Coscia*, said he, embracing him, *They have accus'd you to me as the greatest of Sinners, and I was so weak as to think you guilty; I ask your Pardon, and I pray God to forgive me the Injury I have done you.* He afterwards join'd with *Coscia* in reading the Litanies of the Holy Virgin; and he wanted no other Proof of his being a Saint. Thus was the honest Pope made the Dupe of the greatest of Hypocrites. But, to the Pope's Sorrow, this

was

was not all; Cardinal *Coscia* was not the only Man who abus'd his Credulity; for all that serv'd him being *Beneventines*, and as cunning as *Coscia*, whose Creatures they were, they try'd who shou'd bubble the Pope most; which made Cardinal *Buon-compagno* say, *That the Pope was like the Holy Sepulchre, in the Hands of the Turks.*

This good Pope never knew what Money was, nor the Value of it; but gave away all that he had, and especially to the Poor, for whose Relief he sold all the Presents he receiv'd. He cou'd never understand how a Piece of Gold cou'd be sometimes worth less than a Piece of Silver; and I have been told, that one Day, as he was selling some Presents he had receiv'd from the Emperor of *China*, to his unworthy *Beneventines*, one of 'em offer'd thirty Crowns for a Thing that was perhaps worth five hundred. Another came and offer'd a gold Crown piece. The Pope surpriz'd at the golden Proffer, said to him that had offer'd the thirty Crowns, 'I am sorry I can't let you have the Thing; you offer'd me only Silver, but here's one offers me Gold; what I sell, is for the Poor, and I will not wrong them.' Accordingly, he that held out the Gold Coin had the Preference; and thus did those Knaves juggle together to trick the Pope. They had one common Purse, and what they bought of the Holy Father, at their own Price, they sold afterwards in *ROME*, and shar'd the Profit.

At the Beginning of his Pontificate, the Governor of *ROME* having complain'd to him that *Pharao* and *Basset* prov'd the Ruin of a great many People, he answer'd him smartly, *Alas! Are not you the Governor? Send the Gamesters to the Gallies.* He never lov'd to talk of State Affairs, and wou'd never read the Relations given by Nuncios, who, he said, were only Newsmongers

and Spies, with whom he did not care to have any Concern. Nor wou'd he ever advance them to the Purple, but always put them back, tho' perhaps the Term of their Nunciature had been long expir'd.

This Holy Pope, for I really believe him a Saint, liv'd in the very midst of ROME, and of his Court, like a Hermit, always at Prayer, or employ'd in the Functions of the Priesthood. He was an Enemy to Luxury and Pageantry, wou'd never suffer a Clergyman to kneel at his Feet but always made him rise, and sit down by him; being as humble as 'twas possible for any mean Priest, and perhaps too humble for his Character. He went out every Day in a sorry Coach, with only a Pair of Horses, without Guards, without any Companion, as I said before, besides a Brother of his Order, viz. the *Dominican*, to the Rules of which he always adher'd, and without any Attendants but a couple of Footmen, and six of his *Swiss* Guards. If he happen'd to meet with any Carriage in a narrow Street, he bade his Coachman stop, saying, he did not desire to fall out with any body. So much is enough for *Benedict XIII.* who was a pious Pope, and wou'd have been a good Prince too, if his Ministers had been Men of Honour. I now return to the *Vatican*.

This Palace joins to the Castle of *St. Angelo*, which is the Citadel of ROME, by a cover'd Gallery which was made at a Time when the turbulent *Romans* not paying their due Obedience to the Popes, the latter thought proper to make themselves a Passage to it in case of a Revolution; but Thanks to God, this Precaution is no longer necessary; for the Popes are the Masters. The Castle of *St. Angelo* is for Prisoners of State, and in it is the Arsenal, which by the way

way, is in a very bad State. There are also kept the four Millions of *Roman Crowns* which Pope *Sixtus V.* deposited there, with an Injunction by a Bull at the same Time that they shou'd not be touch'd but to serve some pressing Exigency of the Church. It has the Name from the Appearance of an Angel to Pope *St. Gregory the Great*, putting up a Sword all over bloody, in its Scabbard, to denote that God had stay'd the Pestilence, in regard to the Prayers of *St. Gregory*, who, accompanied by all the Clergy and People of *ROME*, carry'd in Procession to *St. Peter's Church* two Images of the Virgin, the one painted by *St. Luke*, and kept in the Church of *St. Mary Major*, the other, which appear'd to *St. Galle*, and is worshipp'd in the Church of *St. Mary in Compitello*.

From the Castle of *St. Angelo* you will please to follow me to the Palace of *Monte-Cavallo*, which is travelling from one End of *ROME* to the other. *Gregory XIII.* began this Palace, and several of the succeeding Popes have carry'd it on. 'Tis much more spacious than magnificent, and yet none of the Apartments are good for much, except that of the Pope, who indeed is well lodg'd. *Paul V.* of the *Borghese* Family, who, next to *Sixtus V.* was the Pope that has most embellish'd *ROME*, has also most of all contributed to the Embellishment of the Palace of *Monte-Cavallo*. Here are excellent rich Cielings, made in the Time of his Pontificate. This vast Building forms a long Square with a great Court in the Middle, encompass'd with Piazza's, five hundred Paces in Length. The two cross Buildings, of which that at the farther End forms the main Body of the Building, are higher than those on the Sides. In the Front of the main Building, there's a *Mosaic Picture* of the Holy Virgin, with
the

the Infant *Jesus* in her Arms, as design'd by *Charles Maratti*, which is an admirable Piece. There are also fine Paintings in the Apartments, but they are not near so magnificent as those of the *Vatican*. The Furniture of this Palace, and indeed, of all the Pontifical Palaces, is far from being rich. The Hangings are of crimson *Damask*, with Lace and Fringe of gold Tinsel. The Seats are Benches of Wood, painted with the Arms of the reigning Pope, and varnish'd; and the Cardinals themselves have no other in the Apostolical Palace. From the Pope's Apartments there's one of the most agreeable Prospects that can be, over almost all *ROME*, and very far into the Country. The Air of *Monte-Cavallo* is said to be the best in *ROME*, and indeed, no other Reason cou'd induce the Popes to reside here rather than at the *Vatican*. The Gardens belonging to it are very much admir'd by the *Italians*, who never travell'd out of their Country, where Gardening is not in very great Perfection; but as for us *Ultramontains*, who know a little of what belongs to Gardens, we look upon those of this Country with very great Indifference.

The Capitol is a considerable Building, with Curiosities worthy a Traveller's Attention. It was built in the Pontificate of *Gregory XIII*. The Ascent to it is by a Stair-case of several Flights, adorn'd on both Sides with Ballustrades of Freestone, at the Bottom of which two Lions are plac'd, of a Kind of black Stone like Jet, which form two Fountains. At the Top of the Stair-Case, there are two great Horses representing *Castor* and *Pollux*, when they came Express to *ROME* with the News of the Victory gain'd over the *Tarquins*. In the Midst of the Area, which is form'd by three separate Piles of

Building, two whereof are as advanc'd Wings to the main Building that fronts the Ascent, there's an *Equestrian* Statue in Brass, of the Emperor *Marcus Aurelius Antoninus*, which is the most beautiful, and compleatest Piece that was perhaps ever made of the Kind. They say here, that the Republick of *Venice* offer'd some Years ago to pay as many *Sequins* for this Statue as cou'd be put into the Horse's Belly. If this be true, that Republick was undoubtedly more wealthy than it is at present. 'Tis certain, that the Capitol contains a considerable Treasure in ancient and modern Statues, in Basso Relievos, and in all Sorts of Fragments of Antiquity. The Structures are according to the Direction of *Michael Angelo*.

In the middlemost Pile of Buildings, which is much higher than the two others, the Senate of ROME meets, and there Justice is administer'd. There are two Flights of Steps up to the Gate which opens into the Hall of the Tribunal where they plead. Between the two Flights, there's a stately Fountain adorn'd with two antique Statues of Marble, lying on Pedestals, representing the *Nile* and the *Tiber*; and in a Niche over it, is the Statue of *Roma Triumphant*, a Work of *Porphyry*, an antique Marble of excellent Sculpture.

The Inside of these three Piles of Building contains fine Paintings, particularly the Rape of the *Sabines*; and among the modern Statues, the Connoisseurs esteem the brazen Statue of Pope *Urban VIII.* done by *Bernini*; the Colossal Statue of Pope *Leo X.* in Marble, done by *Lorenzetto* of *Florence*; those of *Alexander Farnese*, *Marcus Antoninus*, *Colonna*, *Gregory XIII.* *Paul III.* and many others, in short, which I don't mention, as
being

being of less Value, and which are not much minded here, because they are not done by the best Hands, but wou'd pass with us for Master-Pieces.

Being in the Neighbourhood of that great Square call'd *Campo-vaccino*, I cannot help giving you some Account of it; not that I pretend to particularize it, because I have not sufficient Learning. Here we see the admirable Ruins of the Magnificence of old ROME, which I cannot behold without pitying the Condition they are in at present. You wou'd have the same Concern as I have, were you in the Middle of a large Square, and to see nothing all round it but Ruins; to see on one Side the Walls of the ancient Capitol, on the other the *Constantine* Arch erected with so much Expence by the Senate and People of ROME, broken and half bury'd; beyond that, the Arch of *Titus*, in a Condition still worse; on your Left, the immense Ruins of the Temple of *Peace*; the Vestiges of the Temple of *Antoninus* and *Faustina*, on the Architrave of which is this vain Inscription, *Divo Antonino, Divæ Faustinae*; on your Right-hand the melancholy Ruins of the Temple of *Concord*, which, to judge of it by the eight Pillars that are still remaining, must have been very superb; it was built to fulfil a Vow made by the Dictator *Furius Camillus* for having reconcil'd the *Plebeians* and the *Patricians*. 'Twas in this Temple, according to *Varro*, that the Senate assembled to treat of the Affairs of the Republic. In short, here are so many other unfortunate Remnants of the Mistress of the Universe, as wou'd put you in Mind of the Instability of this World, and that all is Vanity. But what wou'd you say, if you shou'd go on till you come to the famous

Coliseum, which Time, the Destroyer of all Things, had spar'd, but was destroy'd by Men, and such too as were most concern'd in the Preservation of every Thing in ROME that was beautiful? And what wou'd you think, if you saw there was scarce enough remaining of this stately Edifice to give you an Idea of what it was once? 'Twas *Vespasian* that caus'd it to be built after the Model which was intended by *Augustus*. Its Form on the Outside is round, and 'tis built of a prodigious Height, intirely of great Free-Stones. The Court or Arena is oval. There were three distinct Rows of Seats in the Amphitheatre, the highest for the Senators, the second for the Knights, and the third for the common People. They say it contain'd eighty five thousand Spectators. It was dedicated by *Titus*, who upon that Occasion celebrated a great Feast, distributed large Sums to the common People, and enter'd five thousand wild Beasts of all Sorts into it in one Day. *Paul III.* and *Urban VIII.* caus'd the *Coliseum* to be demolish'd, and made use of the Stones for building the Palaces which are now inhabited by their Families.

Having entertain'd you sufficiently with the public Structures, let us now take a View of some of the private Palaces; but before I introduce you into them, I will give you my Thoughts of the Palaces of ROME in general. I don't deny that there are finer and greater Palaces here than elsewhere; but of these there are few; and as for the others, they are not worth so much Notice as is taken of 'em. Methinks, 'tis with the Buildings of ROME, as with those People whose Reputation being once well establish'd, we are apt to applaud in them what in others

others perhaps we shou'd censure. A great many Palaces are admir'd here, barely from the Prepossession that Architecture flourishes here more than any where else. Indeed, this was true enough heretofore, in the Time of a *Sixtus V.* a *Paul V.* and an *Urban VIII.* who had the Embellishment of ROME at Heart; but 'tis not so now, since the indolent Popes have nothing more of that Work upon their Hands. I can assure you, that they actually build now much better in *France* than they do in *Italy*, especially as to the Distribution of the Apartments, of which the *Italians* have no Notion. Most of the Apartments of ROME consist of a long Suite of Rooms, often very small ones, which have no Way out of 'em but the Door you enter at; and commonly the Rooms have no Light, nor Chimney, nor Place to set up a Bed, or Canopy; which is the Reason that those two Pieces of household Stuff are seldom fix'd where they shou'd be; mean time, Canopies are what the *Roman* Princes and Cardinals are very fond of, and many of 'em have no less than five or six; vain Ostentation, which makes those Gentlemen fancy they are giving Audience, when they are only receiving Visits! After all, one must not look for such Ornaments here as they have in *France*, and elsewhere. As to their Floors, they are only made of Bricks; they know nothing of Wainscotting; their Glazing is horrible; and most of their Cielings, tho' there are some very magnificent, are of Timber, so coarsly work'd that the Gilding employ'd on them serves only the more to expose their Deformity. The Furniture is almost every where the same; consisting either of red Damask, with an upper Border of Velvet, of the same Colour,

lour, adorn'd with Tinsel Lace and Fringe resembling Gold, or else of Pictures, which are, indeed, the most perfect of the Kind; but when I see five or six Rooms all together in a Row, full of Paintings, I fancy my self in some Picture-Shop at the Fair of *St. Germain*. Besides, these Pictures are in such sorry old-fashion'd Frames, that they disparage them. They have but few Looking-glasses, and those very small. As for porcelane and crystal Vessels, they are not much in Vogue; but, on the other Hand, here are beautiful Statues which I admire, and think very fine; but I shou'd be better pleas'd to see them in a Gallery, in a Salon, or in a Garden: For I don't think they look well in a Chamber. All the Furniture one sees here is antique, having been laid in, for most Part, by Popes that have been a long while in their Graves; and there's no House furnish'd in the modern Taste, except those of the Cardinals *del Giudici, Albano, Bolognetti* and *Carolus*.

'Tis time now to enter into some of the Palaces. That which they call here the *Farnese* Palace, is, in my Opinion, the most magnificent in ROME; *Michael Angelo* was the Architect. Most of the Stones of this Building were taken out of the *Coliseum* of the Emperor *Vespasian*, by Order of *Paul III.* who made no Scruple to destroy the proudest Monument of Antiquity for the Sake of furnishing his Nephews with a Palace. This Palace is two Stories high, and has a perfect Square before it, adorn'd with two stately Fountains, the Water of which continually spouts up fifteen Feet high, and then falls by two Sheets into a Shell or Cistern of oriental Granate, of a vast Bigness, and all of a Piece. The Entrance to this Palace is through

through a great Court, adorn'd within by *Dorick* Pillars; and this leads to a Square Court, the Buildings of which are supported by Arches, with great Galleries well cover'd over, where we see the famous Statues of *Hercules* and *Flora*, which are really worthy the Observation of the Curious. In a second Court, which is pretty much neglected, there is to be seen, in a wooden Case, the magnificent Groupe of white Marble, all of one Piece, representing the Fable of *Dircé*, fasten'd to a Bull, by *Zethus* and *Amphion*, the Sons of *Antiopa*, Wife of *Lycus* King of *Bæotia*, who, to take Revenge for their Mother, whom *Lycus* had divorc'd because she had suffer'd herself to be debauch'd by *Jupiter*, in the Form of a Satyr, were so barbarous as to murder *Lycus*, and to tie *Dircé* by the Hair of her Head to the Horns of a wild Bull, by which she was dragg'd about, 'till the Gods, pitying the State of this Princess, turn'd her into a Fountain. This great Machine was brought from *Rhodes* to *ROME* by Order of the Emperor *Antoninus Caracalla*, and was found under Ground in the very Place where were formerly the Baths of that Emperor, from whence *Paul III.* had it brought to the Palace of his Family, that it might serve as a Vista to the grand Gate; but it has not yet been plac'd there.

The great Stair-case which leads to the Apartments is adorn'd with several fine Statues. We enter first into a great Hall, where we have the History of *Alexander Farnese*, when he pass'd the *Scheld*, who is represented as crown'd by Victory, with *Flanders* and the *Scheld* chain'd to his Feet. There is also a Number of other fine antique Statues in several Niches, and upon several Pedestals. The first Chamber is painted in *Fresco* by *Salviati* and *Zucaro*. There we see

the Emperor *Charles V.* and *Francis I.* King of *France*, shaking each other by the Hand; the memorable Transactions of *Paul III.* and *Martin Luther* in Conference with that Pope's *Nuncio*. In the next Apartments there are a great many fine Bustos and Cielings, well painted and richly gilt. But the finest Piece of all in this Palace is the Gallery, which was painted throughout by *Annibal Carache*, whose skilful Hand has therein represented with very great Art the several Deities assisting at the Triumph of *Bacchus*. In fine, no cost has been spared in this Palace. I have been assured, that the Furniture of it was very magnificent formerly; but it is since all taken away, and the Palace serves to lodge the Minister of *Parma*. 'Tis pity that 'tis not finish'd, for in Truth it would be a fine Piece of Building; but, the Case is the very same with all *St. Peter's Miracles*, which is the Name they give to all the Palaces built by the Popes for their Families. The Popes are old Men when they come to the Pontificate, and Modesty, or Decency, hinders them from doing any thing for their Families, the first Year or two; so that they begin in the Decline of their Years to undertake vast Designs, which they don't live to finish; and 'tis seldom that their Nephews pursue what was begun by their Uncles, either because they don't care to make a Shew of the Wealth that was left them, or else because they have not Souls great enough for the Undertaking; for to be plain, those Nephews of the Popes are seldom good for much, and have had a poor Education. The Generality are Persons of a mean or base Extraction, who become Princes without any Merit but the Fortune of their Uncles, and are so intoxicated with their Grandeur that they are swallow'd

low'd up in Sloth, and think of nothing, not even of the Preservation of their growing Families; so that they quickly fall to decay, and as soon as their Spring is over, they are snatch'd off on a sudden by Winter.

Paul III. had a Project for building a Bridge over the *Tyber*, behind the *Farnese* Palace, in order to give it a Communication with the Garden of the little *Farnese* Palace, which is on the other Side of the River, in the Quarter call'd *Longara*; and if this Design had been executed, the Duke of *Parma* wou'd have had a much finer Palace at *ROME* than he has in his own Capital.

The *Barberini* Palace is in no respect inferior to the *Farnese*, and is larger, and without doubt, richer in Pictures, Statues and Tapestry. The Stair-case is very much taken Notice of, which runs up winding, and forms a great oval Well in the Middle, from the Bottom to the Cupola. The great Hall, which is a stately Room, is painted in *Fresco* by *Peter Cortona*, who has artfully represented the four Cardinal Virtues, and the Triumph of Glory, with their proper Figures and Ornaments, all to great Perfection. The Apartments to which this Hall leads, are very spacious, and really contain a vast Treasure in Pictures and Statues, of which, were I to give you all the Particulars, I shou'd never have done. That which very much disfigures this Palace is the Entrance to it, a Defect which however might easily be remedied, were they only to pull down two or three Outhouses which belong to it.

The Palace *Pamphili* in the Street *del Corso* will be, as to the Outside, the most magnificent in *ROME*, when the grand Front, which is now actually carrying up, is finish'd. The Prince *Pamphili* who is the Owner of it, is very well able to go through with it; for he is one of the

richest Nobleman in ready Money in ROME. His Brother the Cardinal, who dy'd a little while ago, left him four hundred thousand *Roman* Crowns in Specie. The Prince is a very good Œconomist, has no Children, and being not like to have any, because of the Variance betwixt him and his Wife, his Nephew the Duke *Carpinetti*, who is the last of the *Pamphili* Family, will be his Heir. The Prince and his Lady have been often parted; and thought they have been as often reconcil'd, either by their Kindred, or by the Popes, they are continually at Variance; nevertheless, I have been assured by People who know them perfectly well, that when they are asunder, they are very loving, and write to one another the most tender Letters; but that as soon as they come together, they hate one another as bad.

'Tis not long ago that the *Campagna di Roma*, was infested by Locusts (which are here call'd *Grilli*) to such a Degree that Pope *Benedict XIII.* curs'd them, and banish'd them to the Sea, in which it is pretended they were all drown'd. This Miracle being talk'd of some Days after in Presence of the Prince *Pamphili*, he made Answer that he did not believe it; for, said he, were it so, I shou'd be the most unhappy of Men! But, 'How is it possible for all the *Grilli* to be plung'd headlong into the Sea, and the *Campagna di Roma* to be deliver'd from them, and that I shou'd still keep the *Grillo* in my House?' He alluded hereby to his Wife, who is of the *Grillo* Family in *Genoa*.

If the Duke *Carpinetti* shou'd die without Issue, as 'tis believ'd will be the Case, from his having been married these four Years past to a Lady who never yet conceiv'd, the immense Estate of the *Pamphili* Family goes to the Family of the *Consable Colonna*, and really it will then be in better Hands.

Hands. You know that the *Colonna's* are the gayest People in ROME, and the most Illustrious next to the Princes of Sovereign Families, to many of whom they are related. They have the Honour to be of the same Stock as the Royal Family of *Prussia*. Since the *Ursins* Family is extinct, there's not one in ROME can equal the *Colonna's*. The Head of this Family is hereditary Constable; he is Prince *del Soglio* (of the Throne) and as such, in all publick Ceremonies, he sits at the Right-hand of the Pope's Throne, which is a Place that he yields to none but the Nephews of the reigning Pope. He is moreover Knight of the Golden Fleece, and the present Emperor declar'd him his perpetual Ambassador for presenting the Hackney, which is a Mark of the Tribute that the Kingdom of *Naples* owes to the Holy See.* The *Colonna's* are well-bred, affable and generous, and always liv'd with a Dignity suitable to their Birth. The present Cardinal, and the Constable his Nephew, are perhaps two of the finest Gentlemen in the World. They both dwell in the same Palace, and live in a Concord and Union, which is the more beautiful, because, 'tis what is seldom known among the Great. Their Palace is one of the most magnificent in ROME, as to the Inside of it; and 'tis pity but that it had another Front. It owes its rise to none but its Owners, without being oblig'd for it to any of St. *Peter's* Successors. Instead of giving you the Particulars of every Room, I need only tell you that they are all richly furnish'd. It has Cabinets, Pictures and Statues,

* The last Hackney that was presented on the Part of the House of *Austria*, was deliver'd by the Prince of *Santa Croce*, whom the Emperor appointed for that Ceremony; because *Spain* having conquer'd the Kingdom of *Naples*, the Constable was not willing to concern himself in the Affair, before it was finally decided. This was in the Year 1734.

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that are of an extraordinary Beauty. The Gallery is truly Royal, and has Beauties that are not to be found in that of *Versailles*, which is admir'd by all *Europe*: Such are four Pillars of antique yellow Marble, two of which support an Arch at each End, whereby there's an Entrance to the Salon, which is at the End of the Gallery. This might be said to be a compleat Gallery, if one of the Salons at the End of it was not raised five or six Steps, whereas the other is level with the Apartment and the Gallery. The Roof of this fine Piece of Building is painted, and represents the Victory gain'd in the Time of *Pius V.* over the *Turks* at *Lepanto*, by the Valour of *Mark Anthony Colonna*. These Paintings are by different Hands, and not all of the same Beauty. As to the Pictures and Statues that adorn the Walls which are fac'd with Marble, 'tis impossible to see any thing more compleat; and this is a Truth even confessed by *Frenchmen*. I never saw a finer Show than this Gallery makes, when illuminated on the Eve and Festival of *St. Peter*, which is the Time of the Constable's presenting the Hackney to the Pope.

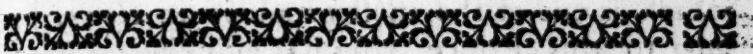
This Ceremony was perform'd not many Days ago; but as it cou'd not be on *St. Peter's* Festival, by Reason of the Vacancy of *St. Peter's* See, it was done at the Church of *Our Lady del Popoli*, on the Day of the Festival of that Church. The Pope went thither with a great Train, the Cardinals *Olivieri* and *Banchieri*, the one Secretary of the Briefs, and the other Secretary of State, sitting over against him in his Coach. When he came to the Gate of the Church, he was put into his Procession Chair, and carried towards the Altar, where he tun'd the Vespers which were continu'd by the Musick. During this, *Don Philip Corsini*, the Pope's grand Nephew, and all the Nobility
that

that accompany'd the Holy Father, set out on Horseback from the Church, and went to the Constable's Palace. They were attended by a Detachment from the hundred *Swiss* Guards, Light-horse and Carabineers. Don *Philip Corsini* complimented the Constable in the Name of *Clement XII.* and told him, that he came to conduct him to an Audience of his Holiness. A Detachment of Light-horse began the March; then came all the Feudatory Nobility of the Kingdom of *Naples*: The Princes march'd alone, according to their Rank, being preceded by their Gentlemen and Officers on Horseback, and follow'd by the Hackney, which is a white Horse carrying a Saddle of red Velvet, in form of a Pannel, with the Housing of the same Stuff, richly embroider'd with Silver, trailing on the Ground: A Purse of red Velvet was hung about his Neck, wherein was the Bill of Exchange for seven thousand Ducats, which is the Tribute that the Kingdom of *Naples* pays to the Holy See. Immediately after the Hackney, came the Constable, between two Files of the hundred *Swiss*, preceded by thirty-six Footmen, and surrounded by sixteen Pages, all of his own Livery. Don *Philip Corsini* was on his Right-hand, and M. *Acquaviva*, the *Major Domo* (who has been a Cardinal ever since 1733.) on his Left. The feudatory Prelates follow'd him, drest in short purple Mantles, and riding on Mules, two a Breast. The March was clos'd by fifteen of the Constable's magnificent Coaches, four of which were drawn by six Horses. When the Constable came to the Church, he alighted, and met the Pope who was just then going out of it in his Procession Chair. The Ambassador kneeling before him, said to him, ' That the Emperor ' *Charles VI.* King of the *Two Sicilies*, his Master, ' had charg'd him to deliver to his Holiness,

the

' the Tribute of the Hackney, and the seven
 ' thousand Ducats, which his Imperial and Royal
 ' Majesty ow'd to the Holy See, for the Kingdom
 ' of *Naples*. ' This Compliment must be made
 in the *Spanish* Tongue, to which the Pope makes
 Answer in *Latin*; *Clement XII.* said, ' We ac-
 ' cept the Tribute and the Present which our
 ' well-beloved Son *Charles VI.* Emperor and King
 ' of the *Sicilies* owes to us; and we give to him,
 ' and his August Spouse *Elizabeth* the Empress,
 ' to his Kingdoms and Dominions, and to all his
 ' Subjects in general, our apostolical Benediction,
 ' in the Name of the Father, &c. ' When the
 Pope had said this, the Ambassador, who was all
 the while on his Knees, rose up, and an apostoli-
 cal Notary who was present, immediately made
 an Entry of this Function in the apostolical Re-
 gister, according to Custom. This done, *Clement*
XII. went out of the Church, and return'd with
 a great Train to the Palace of *Monte-cavallo*. The
 Constable came out in a Moment after, accom-
 pany'd by the Emperor's Ambassador, the Cardinal
Cienfuegos, who rode in the Constable's chief
 Coach, the Constable sitting on his Left-hand.
 The Footmen of the Cardinal, and of the Amba-
 sador, walk'd in a Body together, without any
 Distinction, but the Coaches follow'd alternatively,
viz. one Coach of the Cardinal's, and one of the
 Constable's. His Eminency had ten, which were
 each drawn by only a Pair of Horses. Thus they
 arriv'd at the Constable's Palace which they found
 illuminated with Flambeaux of white Wax. All
 the Nobility of *Rome* came in a few Moments
 after, with all the Cardinals. They were plenti-
 fully regal'd with Refreshments, and a fine Fire-
 work was play'd off, which was erected in the
 Court-yard in such a Manner that it fronted
 alike both the Palace and the Street. Next Day
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the Constable and the Cardinal took another Tour with a great Train thro' the principal Streets of *Rome*; and in the Evening, the Ambassador's Palace was illuminated, where the Sacred College, and all the Nobility appear'd, as they did the Night before; and there was another Fire-work: Thus the Ceremony ended, and 'tis also Time for me to conclude my Letter, by assuring you that I am ever, &c.



LETTER XXX.

S I R,

Rome, Dec. 5, 1730.

TH O' I am heartily weary of entertaining you with Palaces, yet I can't forbear giving you some Account of the Palace of the Prince *Borghese*. There's an admirable Court-yard, and the Buildings round it are of an elegant and agreeable Contrivance. They are two Rows of Arches, one above the other, supported by ninety-six Columns of Granate, which form Corridors or Galleries, so that one may walk all round under Shelter. The Summer Apartment, which is level with the Court, is fit to lodge a Monarch. 'Tis adorned with the choicest Paintings, and several of the Rooms have the Pleasure of Fountains in them always playing into Basons of Porphyry, or other precious Stones, of which one is a compleat Piece of Work of massy Silver. The Furniture is not answerable to all this Magnificence, it being all as old as the Time of *Paul V.* who was of the *Borghese* Family, and tho' no more than an Advocate at first, rais'd his Family from the mean State it was in at *Sienna*.

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The Eldest of this Family has a Revenue of one hundred and sixteen thousand Crowns, and as he lives, is in no Manner of Danger of becoming a Bankrupt. There is not a Family in *Rome* for which St. *Peter* has done more than this. The Prince's Palace in the City, is, as I have told you, a stately Building. There are fine Stables belonging to it, and there's a second Palace fronting the first which serves in common for the Domestics. Almost all the Houses of that Ward, which is one of the most populous in *Rome*, belong to this Prince, who has also several magnificent Country Houses, particularly that of *Mondragone*, near *Frescati*, built by Pope *Paul V.* and the Garden near the Gate *Pinciano*, made by Cardinal *Scipio Borghese*, one of that Pope's Nephews. Before the Art of Gardening was introduc'd into *Germany* and *France*, the Gardens of *Italy* were reckon'd the finest in the World; but now-adays, 'tis otherwise, and unless (as is partly observ'd before) a Man is an *Italian*, and never pass'd the *Alps*, he will look with Contempt upon all the Gardens which the *Romans* call *wonderful, charming, and astonishing*. Nevertheless, I wou'd not have you think that I find no Beauty at all in their Gardens; I admire the continual Verdure of their Holyoaks, Firs, Pines and Laurels of which the Walks are form'd, tho' they are gloomy and melancholy. I am amaz'd at the Magnificence of those who made those Gardens, and am pleas'd to find by what they have done, that they had the Taste of Noblemen, and that indeed they have not come short of the most excellent Works in their Time. But then I am sorry to see how little Care their Nephews take of these Things, how they suffer them to run to *Ruin*, and how little they know to make a good

Use of the Estates left them by Providence. Thanks to the Foundations of *Paul V.* and Cardinal *Scipio*, the Houses and Gardens of the Prince *Borghese* are kept in better Order than those of the other *Roman* Nobility ; yet for all this, they are not near so neat, and so well trimm'd as the Gardens of *France*, *Holland*, and the *Ultramontane* Countries.

Mondragone stands upon an Eminence, and fronts the City. 'Tis a large Building, after the Model of the Palace of *Monte-cavallo*. The Apartments are spacious, but very sordidly furnish'd. The House at the Vineyard *Pinciano* is only magnificent on Account of the rare Sculptures with which 'tis adorn'd. 'Tis almost intirely cover'd on the Outside with stately Basso Relievos, of antique Marble, among which, 'tis a Pleasure to see *Curtius* on Horseback, throwing himself and Horse headlong into the Gulph, to deliver his Country from the Pestilence. The Statue of *Belisarius*, in the Attitude of a poor Man begging Alms, is so well made that it raises Compassion. The Apartments, tho' very ill furnish'd, are adorn'd with fine Pictures and Statues: Among the latter, you would admire *David* holding his Sling, cut in Marble by Signior *Bernini*; the Groupe representing *Daphne* beginning to be metamorphos'd into a Laurel, at the Nick of Time when the God of Day is going to embrace her; the ancient Statue of *Seneca* expiring in the Bath, which is of antique black Marble, representing the Philosopher up to the Middle of his Legs in a Cistern, or Vessel of *African* Stone, of modern Workmanship; the famous Statue of the *Gladiator* in a fighting Posture, the Work of *Agassias* the *Ephesian*, as the *Greek* Inscription denotes, which is at the Foot of the Statue; and in fine, the fair *Hermaphrodite* lying on a Matraß, all of Marble,

of

of curious Workmanship. 'Tis said that this Statue was discover'd under the Foundations of the Front of the Church of our Lady of *Victoria*, at the Time that Cardinal *Scipio Borghese* caus'd it to be erected; and really 'tis so curious a Piece that it wou'd have been pity it had not been found and brought again to Light. Were I to tell you of all the other Statues of the Prince *Borghese* I shou'd never have done; for no King in the World has so many, or so fine; and he may boast of being the Owner of a Treasure that is inestimable.

I beg Leave to take a present Farewel of every Thing relating to Buildings and Statues, and must acquaint you after what Manner *Clement XII.* has taken Possession of the Church of St. *John de Lateran*. This Ceremony was perform'd on Sunday the 19th of *November* last. The Pope went in the Morning with his usual Train from the Palace of *Monte-Cavallo* to that of the *Vatican*. At half an Hour past eighteen o'Clock, as they call it here, which with us is about half an Hour past One in the Afternoon, the Cavalcade began. Two Trumpets and four Light Horsemen of the Guard led the Way, follow'd by several close Carriages cover'd with Tapistery embroider'd with the Arms of the Cardinals to whom they belong'd: Then came the Cardinals Mace-bearers, with their Maces of solid Silver. These were follow'd by their Eminences Gentlemen and Chaplains, by the Legate of *Bologna*, and the *Roman* Princes, all very forrily mounted, and dress'd in black Coats and Cloaks. Four of the Pope's Equerries in red Robes, his Holiness's Taylor, and two Boys of the Wardrobe, in Robes of red Serge went before two Portmanteaus trim'd with red Velvet lac'd with Gold, which were carry'd on the Backs of Mules, in form of a Litter. The Grooms in Surtouts of red Serge, two and two, leading

leading the Hackneys of the Tribute for *Naples*. The Pope's Mules with Caparisons of red Velvet, with Lace and Fringe of Gold. Three Litters cover'd with red Velvet trimm'd with gold Lace. The Master of the Pope's Stables follow'd by two Prickers. At some Distance from thence came the *Roman* Nobility, walking without Distinction of Rank, all dress'd in black Coats and Mantles, with great Perukes, and their Hats off. Then came five of the Pope's Mace-bearers, in long-sleev'd purple Gowns with black Velvet Lace, bearing their Maces of solid Silver, and follow'd by fourteen Drummers on Foot, in Sur-touts of red Sattin with yellow and red Lace, bearing the Arms of the fourteen Quarters, or Wards of the City of *Rome*. Four of the Pope's Trumpeters dress'd in Red with gold Lace. The Valets of the Apostolical Chamber in red Robes. The Valets *de Chambre* call'd *Camerieri extra muros*. The Commissary and Fiscal of the Chamber in purple Robes. The Cōsistorial Advocates dress'd in Black. The Chaplains of the Commonalty in red Robes. The Valets of the Privy-chamber, and the Chamberlains of Honour in purple Robes. The four last carry'd on long Poles the four Cardinal's Hats that are vacant. Then came forty Officers of the Senate and People of *Rome*, in Gowns of black Velvet, and wearing Caps of the same Stuff: These were follow'd by the Clerks of the Chamber, the Auditors of the Rota, by the Master of the sacred Palace walking on the Left of the Dean, by the Auditors of the Rota, and by fourteen Marshals wearing white-sattin Waistcoats under Gowns of purple Mohair and Caps of black Velvet. Then came the Governor of *Rome* in his Camail and Rochet, the Princes *del Soglio* in black Coats and Cloaks, two Masters

Masters of the Ceremonies preceding the Pope's Cross-bearer who carry'd the Image of our Saviour turn'd towards the Holy Father, and walk'd between two Ushers bearing red Wands. Then the Holy Father appear'd in a Litter, like a *Phaeton*, lin'd with red Velvet embroider'd and lac'd with Gold, carry'd by two white Mules. Twenty-four Pages in an antique Dress of white Sattin, with a great many red and silver'd Ribbands, and black Cloaks lin'd with white and silver Mohair, and inrich'd with broad gold Lace, encompass'd the Litter, as did the Footmen, the Scavengers and the Launce-prefadoes, in scarlet Cloaths trimm'd with Gold. Immediately before the Litter the Captain of the hundred *Swiss* rode on Horseback, arm'd with a Cuirass of Iron, and his Helmet, at the Head of two Files of the hundred *Swiss* arm'd with Cuirasses like himself. His Holiness who was in the Middle wore a white Cassock. He had a Rochet on, and over it a Stole of red Sattin embroider'd with Gold, the Camail or short Mantle of red Velvet lin'd with Ermin, a Cap of the same Stuff, and over that a red Hat. Next to the Litter came the Almoner, the Gentleman Carver, the Secretary, and the Physician. At some small Distance follow'd fourteen Cardinals riding on Mules, who were dress'd in purple Habits, and had their Cowls flapp'd over their Eyes, with their red Hats. They were follow'd by Signior *Neri Corsini*, a Nephew of *Clement XII.* at the Head of the Patriarchs, Archbishops, assistant Bishops, Apostolical Prothonotaries, the Auditor of the Chamber, the Treasurer, the Recorders of the Signature, and the other domestic Prelates, all clad in their Rochets and Camails of Purple. The March was clos'd by the Light-horse and Carabineers. The former had at their Head the

Marquis

Marquis *Bartholomew Corfini*, and the Duke *Strozzi* (both Nephews of the Holy Father) who shone in gilt Cuirasses, and had over them Surtouts of red Grogram, or Mohair, embroider'd with Gold. They had on their Hats great Plumes of white Feathers, and their Pages carry'd their Spears and Helmets before them. The Light-horse had over their Cloaths, which are not of the same Pattern, Surtouts of red Cloth with gold Lace; their Hats were adorn'd with large Plumes of white and red Feathers, and for their Arms they bore Lances, at the End of which are little Standards of red and blew Taffeta, such as I have seen carry'd by the *Spahis*.

All this Cavalcade pass'd thro' the Capitol, the Court whereof was hung with Tapistry of red Damask lac'd with gold Tinsel. The Marquis *Frangipani*, a Roman Senator, receiv'd the Pope, and presented him the Keys of the Capitol, after making a short Speech to him, which the Pope answer'd by a Benediction. At *Campo-Vaccino*, thro' which the Train pass'd, the Pope found near the *Farnese* Vineyard a triumphal Arch which the Duke of *Parma*, as Feudatory of the Holy See, is oblig'd to erect every Time that the new Popes take Possession of the *Lateran* Church. From the Capitol to the said Church, which is a very considerable Distance, the streets were hung with Tapistry furnish'd by the *Jews*, who had brought out a great many moth-eaten Rags for the Purpose.

When the Pope alighted from his Litter, he was receiv'd at the Gate of *St. John de Lateran*, by the Cardinal *Picus de Mirandola*, Arch-priest of the said Church, who presented the Holy Father with the Cross to kiss, and being preceded by the Capter of *St. John de Lateran*, conducted him to the Throne which was erected on the
Right-

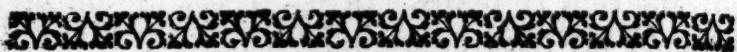
Right-side of the great Gate. The Pope being there seated, array'd himself in his *Pontificalibus*, and put on the Mitre, after which he admitted the Chapter to kiss his Foot. Then the Cardinal Arch-priest harangu'd him in the Name of the Chapter, and presented him the Keys of the Church, one of which was of Gold, the other of Silver, in a silver gilt Bason adorn'd with Flowers. During this, the Cardinals put on their Copes and their Mitres. Then the Pope rising from his Throne, advanc'd towards the great Gate of the Church. The Cardinal Arch-priest perfum'd him with Incense thrice, and presented the Sprinkler to him, which the Pope dipp'd into the Holy Water, and therewith sprinkled the Clergy and Laity. Then he seated himself in his Procession Chair, and was carry'd thro' the Body of the Church to the High Altar, the Members of the Chapter holding a Canopy over his Head. The Pope kneeling before the Holy Sacrament, made a short Prayer, and went and plac'd himself upon a Throne erected at the Bottom of the Choir facing the Entrance. There he receiv'd the usual Obeisance of the Cardinals, Bishops, Prelates and other Clergy, and then gave his solemn Benediction to the Standers-by, being assisted in this Ceremony by two Cardinal-Deacons, who put on his Mitre and took it off just as the Service requir'd. Then his Holiness descended from the Throne, and being seated in his Procession Chair, was carry'd to the *Lateran* Palace. During this, the Musick play'd Anthems, and the Cardinal Arch-priest read several Prayers. When the Pope arrived at the great Pew fronting the spacious Square that opens towards the City of ROME, he ascended a very high Throne, and gave his Benediction twice to all the Christian People. Then he saw some slight Medals scatter'd among the Populace, which
were

were struck with his own Die. After this, he was carry'd in a Sedan to his Coach, in which he took with him the Cardinals *Banchieri* and *Olivieri*, and thus he return'd to the Palace of *Monte-Cavallo*, attended by his usual Train.

This Cavalcade and Ceremony, after all that can be said, appear more magnificent in the Descriptions or Prints that are engrav'd of 'em, than they are in reality. If I may presume to say so, it has an Air of Masquerade which I don't think suitable to the Court of the Vicar of JESUS CHRIST. All the Laity dress'd in Black, and most of the Clergy, in purple mounted upon Mules, all this, I say, forms a very dismal Pomp. Most of the Cardinals and Prelates are ancient, and to see them on Horseback, is not to see them at an Advantage. Carpets of different colours were hung out at all the Windows, as is the custom here upon all solemn Festivals, either in Processions or in public Entries. But in my Opinion, all this Tapisstry, instead of adorning the Houses, makes them look like Brokers Shops. The Carpets which are hung out in *France* and the *Netherlands* upon such Solemnities have an Air much more Majestic.

The Models after which the triumphal Arch was erected were very fine; but as it was executed in Paper and Pastboard, a great Rain which had fallen for some Days before had almost spoil'd it. Besides this, the Order of the Procession was very ill observ'd; for there were sometimes Intervals of half a Quarter of an Hour. And when the Pope went out of the *Lateran* Church, there was so great a Stop of Coaches that he was above an Hour getting along. 'Tis said, there will speedily be a Promotion of Cardinals; if so, I shall not fail to let you know what passes at that ceremony. But at present I shall add no more, and
I question

I question whether you will hear from me again before Lent. I am, &c.



LETTER XXXI.

S I R,

Rome, March 10, 1731.

I WAS some Days ago at an Audience of the Holy Father. I might have had it sooner, but I thought fit to give Way to those that were more importunate for it; for *Clement XII.* has been continually teaz'd upon that Score from the very Day of his Exaltation. The Form of demanding Audiences is the same here as at other Courts, and I assure you, the Difficulty of obtaining it is every whit as great; so that in this Point, all Countries, and all courts are alike.

Having made my Application to Signior *Acquaviva*, the *Major Domo*, who officiated as Head-Chamberlain, in the room of Signior * *Doria*, then indisposed, he gave the Pope Notice that I attended, and he order'd me to be immediately admitted. I left my Hat and Sword at the Door, according to custom. I found the Pope sitting under a Canopy, in an elbow Chair ascended by three Steps, with his right Foot resting on a cushion of red Velvet. As I enter'd the chamber, Signior *Acquaviva* bid me kneel, which I did, and the Pope gave me his Blessing. I then rose up, and approach'd him as far as half the Length of the Chamber, when I kneel'd again, and receiv'd the Pope's Blessing a second Time. Then I arose again, and coming up close to the Pope, I kneel'd again, and receiv'd a third Blessing, all which

* He is now a Cardinal and Archbishop of *Benevento*.

Blessings really did not cost his Holiness much Trouble; for they consisted in no more than making a Sign of the Cross, without speaking one Word. The Pope who is talkative, but eloquent, ask'd me many Questions, and recollected that he had known me when he was only a Cardinal. He was extremely gracious, and I had reason to be satisfy'd with my Audience so long as I had no Favour to ask. But the Moment that I put myself in the Number of Petitioners, I saw the Pope's Countenance change; his Smiles were turn'd into Frowns, and I cou'd easily perceive that he had rather have my Room than my Company. But being appriz'd before-hand that his Holiness was always uneasy at receiving Petitions, I proceeded without omitting a Word of what I had to say to him. In going out of the Chamber, I went backward, kneeling three Times by the Way as I had done at the Entrance, and the Pope at each Time gave me his Blessing, which was all that I got by my Audience; but I am preparing to desire another very soon; for they say, the honest Pope loves to be importun'd, and therefore I will gratify him in his own Way.

Indeed all that go to the Audience of the Holy Father fare no better than I did, unless they are Princes, and even the Catholics must all kiss the Pope's Toe. The Prince Regent of *Waldeck* who was here not long ago, went to an Audience of his Holiness, and was receiv'd in the same manner as the Princes of *Brunswic* had been formerly: He waited some Moments in the Antichamber, and without being oblig'd to leave his Sword and Hat, as those of his Retinue were, he was introduc'd by the *Major Domo* to the Pope who receiv'd him seated on his Throne. The Prince did not kneel as he enter'd, nor did the Pope who ask'd him several Questions, and was inform'd that he was a

Lutheran, give him his Blessing: before he withdrew, the Prince desired the Pope, that he would give him leave to introduce his Retinue to him; when one of his Gentlemen, scrupulous to the last Degree, neither kneel'd, nor kiss'd the Pope's Foot. At *Geneva* indeed he deserv'd to have his Statue erected, tho' here his Politeness was call'd in question; but as for the Prince of *Waldeck*, all *ROME* was charm'd with his obliging and polite Behaviour: He spent four or five Months here, and liv'd handsomly. He apply'd himself to the Knowledge of Antiques, and made a Collection of Stones finely cut, which, tho' not so large as some are, is not the worse chosen; for he has discover'd a very great Taste and Skill in Curiosities, and happy would it be for *Germany* if all its Princes were like him.

The Prince of *Waldeck* leads me to give you an Account of those unfortunate Princes who are here call'd the King and Queen of *England*. Perhaps you will not dislike to know what they are doing, and on what Foot they stand here. That unfortunate Prince, which is a Title I think no body can envy him, lives a very melancholy Life; and I question whether the Pension which the Pope allows him of 12000 Crowns, is enough to make him easy under his Afflictions: He lodges in the Palace of the Marquis *Monti*, and has a great Number of Domesticks, but few in his Service that are Persons of Quality. My Lord *Dunbar* is the chief Man at his Court, since Mr. *Hayes*, to whom the Pretender gave the Title of my Lord *Inverness*, retir'd to *Avignon*: This Gentleman is intrusted with the Education of the young Princes, who are here stil'd the Prince of *Wales*, and the Duke of *York*, and as lovely Children they both are as one shall see.

The

The King, or the Pretender, it matters not, is complimented with the Stile of *Majesty* by the Pope; and by all that have Access to him. He never goes to an Audience of the Holy Father in public, but always by the Back-stairs; and the Pope not only gives him an Arm-chair, but all the Honours are paid to him that are due to a King who keeps *incognito*. When the Cardinals visit him he gives them the *Tabouret*, or little Stool; but the Imperial Cardinals never go to see him, nor did they think fit to do it, even at the Time when the Emperor seem'd to be more embroil'd with the King of *Great Britain* than ever; whereas the *French* Cardinals go to him every Day, and are always with him, notwithstanding the strict Alliance between the King their Master, and the King of *Great Britain*. When the eldest Prince, who is here stil'd the Prince of *Wales*, goes to wait on the Pope, he is treated as the presumptive Heir of a Crown; he has a Chair set for him with a Back to it, and takes Place of the Cardinals. As to the younger Son, the pretended Duke of *York*, his Rank is not yet settled, nor has he yet made a Visit to the Pope.

The Pretender is of a middling Stature, but a mere Skeleton; and if I may venture to say it, has nothing in his Looks of an Impostor: He is prodigiously like the Pictures I have seen of the late King *James II.* his Father, only his Aspect is something more melancholy; but he is so far from it in his natural Temper, that he is a Lover of Pleasures, and would indulge himself in Gallantry, if he was not so strictly watch'd by the Priests; for if the scandalous Chronicle does not belye him, Mrs. *Hayes*, alias Lady *Inverness*, had for a while the Honour of obliging him. If one may guess at the Heart by external Appearances, he is sincerely attach'd to the Religion which he professes, yet

without being such a Bigot as some will have him to be; for he causes his Children to be educated by Protestants, and every *Sunday* a Church of *England* Minister preaches in *English* in the Protestant Chapel of his Palace: He is extremely reserv'd at first to those with whom he is not acquainted, but it wears off by Degrees, and when once he knows the People he is very courteous and civil to them. I have the Honour to be often at his Table, and I am bound to acknowledge his Favours to me.

His Table, which is commonly laid for a dozen Guests, is serv'd with what is grand and delicate. The Queen eats at her own little Table. People are seated at the King's Table without any Distinction of Rank, and he sits himself between the two Princes his Sons: He talks a great deal at his Meals, but the Tone of his Voice is not the most agreeable: His Conversation runs generally upon common Topicks, and falls very naturally upon his Misfortunes. All this Prince's Time is regularly divided; he rises early, devotes the Morning to his Business, hears Mass before Noon, when he goes to Dinner, and after sitting an Hour and half, or two Hours at Table, takes a Nap; and then unless it be a Saint's Day, when he goes to Vespers, he walks out for the Air in some Garden or other without ROME, where he exercises himself on Horseback, or else diverts himself at Mall with his Sons, and his Gentlemen. In the Evening he returns to his Palace, and receives Visits from the Cardinals; at Ten o'Clock he goes to Supper, and at Midnight to Bed. During the Carnival he was almost every Day at the Opera, where his Box being very large, he used to sup with the Gentlemen and Ladies of his Court.

The Queen his Wife is a Princess, who deserves in reality to be a Queen, and tho' not a sparkling Beauty,

Beauty, it may be said that her Person is infinitely charming; she has indeed the Character of a most accomplish'd Lady, and never was there a better natur'd Person with more Humility; she is friendly, compassionate, charitable, her Piety is exemplary, and in truth, she leads the Life of a Saint, without affecting the Shew of ceremonial Devotion; for she has nothing more at heart than to do good, and her Love of one sublime Virtue is incredible; for tho' she is heartily attach'd to her own Religion, she has no Rancour against those who differ from her in Opinion, but would fain reclaim them by her good Example and good Nature. Were she Mistress of a Kingdom, she would certainly make it her Rule to discharge the Duties of her Rank as became it; and indeed, Nature has given her great Advantages to acquit herself worthily in such a Sphere; for she has a wonderful quick Comprehension, an admirable Memory, and she speaks *Polish, High-Dutch, French, Italian, and English* so well, that 'tis not easy to distinguish which of those Languages is most familiar to her. I own to you, that of all the Princesses whom ever I had the Honour to approach, I don't know one more deserving of the Veneration of the Public. I should be glad to see her happy; and if that Respect and Duty from which I shall never depart, did not bind me so strongly to the King and Queen of *Great Britain*, I could wish to see her wear the Crown of the three Kingdoms.

You know that this Princess is Daughter to Prince *James Sobieski*, and by consequence Cousin German to the Emperor, and the Queen of *Spain*, and Niece to the Elector Palatine, and the Queen of *Spain*, Widow of *Charles II.* yet all this did not protect her from being arrested at *Innsbruck*, when she pass'd that Way to *Italy*, to be married to the Pretender; she was kept in very close Custody,

and the Manner of her Deliverance shews the Superiority of her Genius. The Pretender sent Mr. *Gaydon*, then a Major in the Service of *France*, to try if he could procure her Liberty; the said Officer went to *Inspruck*, accompany'd by Mr. *Wogan*, an *English* Gentleman, and one *Misset*, an *Irishman*, who carry'd his Wife with him. They arriv'd accordingly at *Inspruck* with a great Retinue, and there they pass'd for People of Consequence: They contriv'd so that their Coach Wheels broke at the Gate of the City, to give them a Pretence for staying in the Town till their Coach was repair'd: They introduc'd themselves into all Assemblies, and found out a Nun whom they brib'd to deliver Letters to the Princess. Having fixed on the Day for carrying her off, and even appointed the Hour, which was Eleven at Night, they got a young Woman of the Princess's Stature to pass thro' the Guards in the Antichamber, and to lie in the Prisoner's Bed, who for two Days had pretended to be sick. The Princess put on the Girl's Cloaths, and in that Disguise went out of her Apartment, pass'd thro' her Guards, and made up towards *Misset*, who gave a whistle opposite to the Convent, as had been agreed on before-hand, that she might know whom to apply to. The Princess was conducted to an Inn, and as it had snow'd a great deal, and was very dirty and dark, she happen'd to step into a Slough; one of her Shoes stuck so fast in the Mud, that she was oblig'd to leave it behind her, and to walk only with one Shoe on to the Inn. From thence, without giving herself Time to change her Stockings, she went, wet and draggled as she was, into a Coach, where Mrs. *Misset* and Mr. *Gaydon* had the Honour to sit with her. *Wogan* rode by the Side of the Coach, and *Misset* stay'd two Hours longer at *Inspruck*, to see whether any Discovery was made of the Princess's

cess's Flight. The Silence of the Guard was such that he believ'd they knew nothing of the Matter, so that he rode after the Princess, but kept two Post-Stages behind, in order to watch if they were not pursued, which was a very good Precaution; for early next Day it was found out that the Princess had made her Escape; and the Commandant at *Innsbruck* immediately sent off Messengers to all the great Roads, with Orders to all the Officers of the Country to apprehend the Fugitive. *Misset* being overtaken by one of those Messengers, he travell'd a little way with him, and resolv'd either to make him drunk, or to knock him on the Head. Having provided himself before-hand with a certain intoxicating Drug which immediately bereaves People of their Senses, and throws them into a profound Sleep, he gave some of it to the Messenger; and when he found him doz'd, he took away his Dispatches, and went and overtook the Princess, who, after travelling three Days and three Nights successively, without Rest, was got into the Dominions of the Holy See.

Arriving at *Bologna*, she there found my Lord *Dunbar*, vested with a Proxy from the Pretender then in *Spain*, to marry her, which Ceremony was accordingly perform'd there without much Pomp, and the Princess set out in a few Days for *Rome*. My Lady *Marr*, accompany'd by all the *English* of both Sexes that were at *ROME* of the Pretender's Party, went in that Prince's Coaches to meet the Princess; and the Cardinals, the *Roman* Princes, and all the Nobility likewise sent their Coaches. Thus did the Princess make her public Entry into *Rome*, where she was receiv'd with great Marks of Respect; and there she was not long after joined by her Husband*.

* This Princess, who was born July 6. 1702. O. S. died Jan. 7. 1735.

While I am speaking of the Pretender, I ought not to omit acquainting you of a certain Prophecy in every body's Mouth here, which was said to be found among the Papers of the late Pope, importing, that in the Year 1734. the Pretender should be in the peaceable Possession of the Throne of *Great Britain*; but I would not give much Money for his Hopes†. Be this as it will, the Prophecy is as follows.

*Dum Marcus cantabit Hallelujah,
Et Antonius Veni Creator,
Et Joannes Baptista cœnabit,
Tunc regnabit, et triumphabit Rex in Anglia
Jacobus III.*

i. e.

*When Easter falls on St. Mark's Day,
And Whitsunday on St. Anthony's of Padua,
And when St. John the Baptist's is a Sacrament Day,
Then King James III. shall reign and triumph in
England.*

Thanks to God, the Carnival is ended; I say Thanks to God, because it was to me very tiresome, tho' it lasted here, according to an established Custom, but a Week. During all that Time, from Two o'Clock in the Afternoon till Sun-set, all the Streets were full of Masquers, some on foot, and some in open Chaises: The former say a thousand silly Things, and the latter throw Messin in one another's Eyes by Handfuls; but the best on't is, that either by their Cloaths, or their Equipage, every body is known. Besides, the Pageantry of the *Romans* is always the same, even in the Masque-

† As the Baron above three Years since durst not venture much Money on the fulfilling of this Prophecy, we may now say it is not worth a Farthing.

rades; they dress up their Domestics like Harlequins, and make them follow them with their faces bare. They thus take the Air gravely in open Chariots made like Gondolas. Their Horses are adorn'd with Plumes of Feathers, and loaded with little Bells like ours in the Sled Races. In the Evening the Coaches range themselves in two Rows in the Street *del Corso*, which is besides pretty narrow, and there they see the Race of Bards, which are five or six Horses, that are suffer'd to run loose without a Rider, from the Gate *del Popoli* to a Place beyond the *Venetian* Palace. The poor Beasts gallop thro' the Shouts and Cries of the Populace, and are often crippled by striking themselves against the Coaches. The first of these Horses that reaches the Goal wins a Prize for his Master, which generally consists of a Piece of Cloth of Gold, and at Sun-set every Body retires. Mean time a *Roman* will tell you, that the Carnival of ROME is the finest in the World.

But the Thing of which they brag most, and which they believe is no where to be parallell'd for Magnificence, is their Balls, of which you shall now be Judge. Several Gentlemen having clubb'd this Winter for the Hire of the Palace *Barberini*, near the Mount of Piety, and caus'd it to be furnish'd by the *Jew* Brokers; when the Day was fix'd for the Ball, they invited all the Ladies; and as to the Gentlemen, they had the Liberty of appearing there mask'd, provided they made themselves known at the Door: All the Rooms were small, and but poorly lighted; there were several Pieces of Dancing to the Musick of five or six Violins: The Room designed for the principal Nobility was encompass'd with Forms, and the Place for the Dancers was an oval Nook rail'd in. A Gentleman of the Company that gave the Ball stood

at the Entrance of the Oval; they gave him the Title of Master of the Hall, and 'twas he that call'd out the Dancers. All the Ladies were mask'd at this Ball, which was call'd a Feast, but I know not why; for there were Glasses indeed, but there was nothing to eat or drink. The Ladies were all very gay, and some of them in Court-Dresses. I have been twice at these pretended Entertainments, but was so tir'd, and in such Danger of being press'd to Death, that I don't care to go again; for which reason the *Romans* say, I have not an elegant Taste.

Neither am I very well reconcil'd to their Plays, of which indeed here are none all the Year, except during the Carnival; but then we had two Opera-Theatres, and four or five for Comedy. Of all these Theatres there's but one that's good for any thing, and that's the Ladies Theatre, commonly call'd the Theatre of *Aliberti*, because 'twas built by Order of one Count *Aliberti*. The Room is excessively large, so that the Voices are lost in it; it has seven Rows of Boxes, so low and little, that it makes the Room look like a Henroost; the Pit will hold 900 Persons with Ease. The Stage is spacious, very high, and finely decorated; but they don't shift the Scenes with that Dexterity as they do at our Play-houses, yet, when the whole is put together, the Place is not to be despised: The Habits of the three principal Actors are magnificent, but those of the rest are horrible. Their Voices are good, and so are their Instruments for the most part; but their Dancers are too bad to behold, and you can't imagine any thing more hideous: The Women are in the Disguise of Men, out of a ridiculous Scruple, if I may venture to call it so, which they have here, that Women should not be seen at the Theatres. This is the Reason

that

that the Operas of ROME are vastly inferior to the other Operas of *Italy*. There is not perhaps a more ridiculous Sight than to see these Creatures, who are but half Men, play the Parts of Women; yet, tho' they have neither Air nor Gracefulness, they are applauded here as much as the best Actresses are elsewhere. Tho' I am passionately fond of the *Italian* Music, yet I own to you that I am disgusted with their Operas, when I see those Eunuchs play the Part of a *Roland*, a *Hercules*, or some such Hero; and I have not Patience to see no more than half a dozen Actors, no Machines, and no Dances, except in the Interludes. In my Opinion, such an Opera rather deserves the Name of a Concert; good Voices here are very scarce, and there are actually but five or six Men, and three Women, that have the Reputation of singing well. The Case is the very same with the Composers; they have just lost one of the ablest Men of that Class; viz. *Leonard Vinci*, who, they say, was poison'd at *Naples*; but there are still remaining M. *Hafs*, commonly call'd the *Saxon*, and *Signior Purpora*, of whom the former is a *German* who married the famous *Signiora Faustina*.

While I am giving you an Account of the Pleasures of ROME, I ought not to omit the Inundations of the Square of *Navona*, which are perform'd on the four *Sundays* in the Month of *August*. Two Thirds of the Square being then laid under Water, it forms a Lake, in which the Coaches make a Ring. The adjacent Windows are full of Spectators, and the Fronts of the Houses are crowded by the Populace, who make hideous Shouts and Outcries, when a Coach happens to take in a little Water, or when one overturns, which sometimes is the Case. The oddest Thing of all to my Mind is, that while the People

were

were intent upon seeing the Coaches pass, and playing a thousand Pranks, a Jesuit mounted upon a Rail at the other End of the Square, bawl'd out in vain for an Audience of Penitents; and tho' very few, if any body, heard him, yet he went on haranguing, and 'twas not his Fault that every body did not forsake all to hear him. About twenty Paces from the Preacher was a Mountebank, who, by the comical Jests and Actions of his *Merry-Andrew*, drew a much greater Audience to him than the Jesuit had.

Are not these now very enchanting Pleasures? Yet a *Roman*, who never pass'd the *Ponte Mole*, as there are a great many who have not, will tell you there's none like those of *Rome*. But I affirm that the *Romans* don't know what Diversion is; for in those Parties of Pleasure where reigns the greatest Freedom, there's always an Air of Constraint which one does not see elsewhere: Nor does a free Deportment become them, insomuch that when they assume such a Carriage, they naturally forget Politeness, which besides is not what they are much used to, for they know how to be respectful, much more than to be polite. The Way to be acquainted with them thoroughly is to visit them at their Country-Seats, where they are more frank, less ceremonious, and more sociable, and where they live much better than they do at *Rome*, at least they feed better; and I will even venture to say, that they there spend high, but they get not the Credit by such Living which they ought, because they don't set it off to the best Advantage; and if I am not too much prejudiced, it seems to me that they grudge the Expence. The most sumptuous Article of their Repasts is Desarts, and they have excellent Cooks and Butlers; but as for us *Ultramontains*,

montains, we are not quite so well used to their Method of Cookery.

I know not whether 'tis the Depravity of my Taste, or the Want of Discernment; but I cannot conceive what Motives, except Devotion or Curiosity, can bring any Man to *Rome*, than which there is hardly a more melancholy City in the World: Yet I know some Foreigners, and in particular certain *Englishmen*, who are fond of *Rome* to a Degree of Enthusiasm. I strive to think as they do, and wou'd fain persuade myself that the Life which they lead here is agreeable; but I can't be of that Opinion, nor can I accustom myself to take up Manners and Customs so contrary to ours. At my Age, 'tis a hard Matter to fall into a new Taste and Fashion of Living: Those of *Rome* don't agree with me, and I foresee they never will; yet if by Chance I should meet with any Pastime here, I promise you I'll revoke my Complaints, and give you an Account of my Pleasures, as I do of my Chagrin.

The People here rise late, and go to Bed late; the first Thing which they do is to drink Chocolate, then they hear Mass in their domestic Chapel, of which almost every House has one: They afterwards make some Visits, return home at Dinner-time, undress, and dine frugally with their Families. After their Meal they get between the Sheets, and sleep for an Hour or two; and after that, loiter away as much in doing nothing at all; but then they dress, and go to the Ring which is without the Gate *del Popoli*; from thence to the *Ponte Mole* there's a Walk which is very forrily pav'd, between two Walls and some pitiful Houses; and there's no Air, but Dust enough to choak one. When the Sun is upon its Decline, the *Beau Monde* repairs to the Square,

or Place d'*Espagne*, where I think I have already told you how they amuse themselves. From the Square they go and make their Visits of Ceremony: At Two o'Clock at Night, which in the long Days of Summer is about Ten with us, they fall into *Assemblies*. These may be divided into three Classes, the great Companies for Gaming, the private Companies where they also play, and the Societies in which they only converse. Neither of the three are very numerous, which is owing to the Difference between the Princesses and the Ladies, and to the Fondness of all the Ladies to have Company at their own Houses.

The Assemblies that are most frequented by Foreigners are those of *Mesdames Corfini*, the Pope's Nieces, the Duke of *Santo Buono*, and the Countess of *Bolognetti*. These are the three Houses at ROME where there is most Company, and where Foreigners are most civilly entertain'd. The Duke has a Concert at his House every *Friday*, at which are present all the People of Distinction at ROME. *Madame de Bolognetti* has a grand Assembly every *Sunday*, which begins with a great Levee of Women, for the most part well dress'd, who lend their Ears to two or three prating Abbess, lolling carelessly on the Backs of their Chairs. A Foreigner enters and salutes the Company respectfully, but no Lady gives heed to him, except *Madame Bolognetti*, a fine young Lady, who is the only one that rises; and she does her best to entertain the poor Stranger in *French*, which she talks very prettily. Many other Ladies both understand, and speak this Language; but whether it is owing to Timoroufness or Ill-nature, they don't care to talk it, which is so true, that I remember the first Time I travell'd hither, I one Day accosted a very amiable Lady in the *French* Tongue, because then I did not understand

understand the *Italian*; but she answer'd me in good *French*, Sir, *I neither speak nor understand the French Language*. She then turn'd about, and in a Moment I saw a well-looking Abbé come in, who talk'd with her in private all the Evening, and probably in such a Language as she understood.

After the Levee they fall to Play, but 'tis at such Games as we *Ultramontains* know no more of than Magic; viz. such as *Tarot*, *Pazzica*, *Premiere*, and *Milchiades*. As to the last of these, I take it to be like the Languages, which 'tis difficult to be Master of, unless People begin to learn them when they are young. It would take up a Man's whole Life to learn to know the Cards, whereof at one Game they play with 99, which are painted too with very extraordinary Figures of Popes, Devils, &c. and it often happens, that the Devil takes up the Pope. During the Conclave they play at *Pharao*, but the Pope has prohibited all Games of Hazard, which was an Injury to many Houses that subsisted by the Money for the Cards.

The private Assemblies differ only from the public ones in that they have not so much Company. There is generally the Mistress of the House, and a dozen *Petits-colets*, who really are the *Petit-Maitres* of this Place, supposing them to be *Italians*; for you are not to imagine that these Gentlemen will suffer a poor *Ultramontain* Abbé to put in a Word, because they think he has neither Sense nor Merit. As this is a Country of Priests, you shall see ten Sparks of the Band to one of the Sword. 'Tis true, that the Abbé wears the same Habit as the Gentlemen of the Gown, and as all others do who are not able to lay out much Money in Cloaths; so that when you see a *Petit-colet* come out of any

suspicious Places, you must beware of Mistakes, for they are not always Priests, nor even Clergymen.

The third Class of Assemblies, where there is no Gaming, is generally at the House of some Prince; there I spend my Evenings with great Pleasure and Freedom; yet 'tis at one of the chief Houses of ROME, and really the Conversation is held in one of the finest Apartments in the World. I enter a very spacious magnificent Room, illuminated by a couple of Wax Candles, so that if Custom had not taught me the Way, I shou'd be at a Loss where to salute the Master and Mistress of the House: These two little Candles are plac'd in great Candlesticks of Silver upon old-fashion'd Stands of the same Metal. A Fountain of solid Silver, from which the Water spouts with a soft Murmur, invites me agreeably to Slumber; and it seems as if those in the Room were afraid to awake me, for they do nothing but whisper, and not a Mortal stirs from the Spot in which his good or ill Fortune plac'd him, because it wou'd be a Crime even to move a Chair; so that unless one had a speaking Trumpet, a Man must be content to converse with his next Neighbour. The Moment one enters the Room, two Pages in a black Livery attend us with Ice upon Salvers, but I don't accept it every time 'tis offer'd; for if I did, my Stomach wou'd have long ago been congeal'd like the frozen Ocean. This profound Silence, this murmuring Fountain, all these Cardinals, Prelates and Abbots, dress'd in Black; the two Wax Candles giving a dismal Light: All this, I say, together, makes the Assembly look like Mutes posted to watch a Corpse, and I assure you that a Church-yard itself does not put me more in mind of Mortality. Nevertheless it sometimes happens that

one or other of the Company raises his Voice, and relates the News of the Day. This is generally confin'd to what is done within the City; for what was said by the Pope, the contrary Effect of some Medicine, or else some Cardinal or Prelate, the Heat or Cold of the Weather, and the Age of the Moon, are the common Topics. And after having thoroughly canvass'd these momentous Subjects till Midnight, all the Company retires with their Heads as empty as their Stomachs.

Can you think, Sir, after what I have told you, that a Foreigner passes his Time here well? No, truly, ROME is a City that a young Gentleman indeed ought absolutely to see, for here he will conceive a perfect Notion of Architecture, establish himself in a Taste for Painting and Sculpture, and acquire a true Idea of the Magnificence of old ROME: But when he has digested all this, I would advise him to be gone, since there is nothing more for him to learn, and he is in Danger of forgetting every thing. There is not so much as one good Fencing Master, and scarce a Master of the Languages that understands the *Italian*; and those who are Dabblers in this Way are generally Foreigners, who have neither Accent nor Method. All that a young Gentleman can learn here is Architecture, and the Canon Law; for as to Ecclesiastical History, there are few People that are Masters of it in its Purity.

A Gentleman that lives beyond the Mountains will here be apt to forget the good Manners he may have contracted in *France*, or elsewhere; for, I say it again, the Generality of the *Romans* know nothing more than Ceremony, because they are ignorant of good Manners, and there's scarce one of them in a thousand that has the
Air

Air of a Man of Quality: To be a Judge of this, one must see them at Table, and in what a very slovenly Manner they behave at their Meals, which is owing to their eating generally alone; for they then loll so much at Table that when they dine in Company, they are at a Loss what to do. They are not only nasty in their manner of eating, but in their Cloaths; for I believe there is not above one out of thirty that puts on fresh Linen every Day. I remember that in 1719. when I was in *France*, a Reformed Colonel, who, tho' an *Italian*, was in the *French Service*, often came to me in a Morning, and seeing me dress myself, told me one Day that he observ'd I follow'd the *French Fashion* strictly: I ask'd him, In what? He made Answer, in my changing my Shirt every Day. Nevertheless I wou'd not have you think that this Slovenliness is general, for there are People as much perfum'd here as elsewhere; and you may take my Word for it, that a *Petit-Maitre* at *ROME* is as great a Fop as the pertest *French Petit-Maitre*. Indeed they are more rare here than elsewhere, because no young Sparks are admitted to the Assemblies before they are twenty Years of Age.

But as for what remains of the Character of the *Romans*, I must tell you ingenuously that I think the Notion we on the other Side of the Mountains have of them comes far short of it. There are good People in all Countries, and I know some *Romans* of as strict Probity as the honestest *Teutonics*. I know others that are not so honest; but is not the Case the same every-where, and is there one Country upon the Face of the Earth where all the People are virtuous? The *Italians* are in general accus'd of being jealous, but I really think it wrong; for there's no Nation where the Ladies have

have more Freedom than here. 'Tis possible that some of the Leaven of the antient Jealousy may still remain among the Citizens; but as to the People of Quality, I don't think them any more liable to that Imputation than our People are: I wish I cou'd say as much in their Vindication as to their being too much given to Niggardliness; but the Fact is too well known, and 'tis the original Sin of almost all the *Italians*, particularly of the *Romans*, from the highest to the lowest; and 'tis undoubtedly this avaricious Temper which makes them so sober as they are; for I think I took Notice to you, that when they are at other Folks Tables, they are intemperate enough; yet I never saw the better Sort drunk, and the common People but very seldom. They are accus'd also of being revengeful, which may be true enough; but really they are cry'd out against upon that Score much more than they deserve; for I have known some that have receiv'd Affronts so good natur'd as to forget them. 'Tis true, that the Populace are very apt to make use of the *Stillette*, but this is owing to the too great Indulgence of Justice. A Man convicted of Murther for the first Time is condemn'd to the Gallies; tho' in some Cases indeed he is only banish'd from the City, and the Ecclesiastical State, and then after two or three Years Absence, he pays 50 Crowns, and returns to *Rome*. They who have committed a Murder, and are not apprehended, generally compound the Matter with the Government by paying a certain Sum of Money. If Justice was no stricter in our Part of the World, and if our Churches were Sanctuaries, as they are here, we shou'd have more Crimes perhaps committed among us than there are at *Rome*, where, when all is said and done, we don't hear of Robberies, nor of Murders committed for the sake of Robberies; and tho' there are.

are no Lanthorns nor Watchmen, nor Patrolls here in the Night, I shou'd make no Scruple to go from one End of the City to the other with my Purse in my Hand. What I shou'd be most afraid of wou'd be the being assassinated by Mistake; but even Murders of this Kind are much oftner committed among the Dregs of the People than among Persons of Breeding; for since I have been here, I have not heard of such an Accident to any Person of Note.

I happen'd not long ago to be one Evening at a House not far from my Quarters, so that I went home alone, and on Foot; it might be about Eleven o'Clock, 'twas a fine Moon-light Night, and there were a great many People stirring in the Streets. I pass'd thro' the Street *del Corso*, and just as I came to the Square of *Colonna*, near the House of Cardinal *Imperiali*, I saw two Men coming towards me, one at a little Distance behind the other: As the former brush'd close by me, I heard a Pistol go off, and saw the poor Man fall down dead at my Feet: The Shot came from the Man that was behind, with whom, it seems, he had a Quarrel at Gaming; but no body troubled their Heads to apprehend the Criminal, so that he went very quietly to take Shelter in a Church, where I saw him some Days after; at length he is got abroad, and if he can but make up the Sum of 50 Crowns, he will be sure of his Pardon, after three Years Exile. But 'tis really an abominable Case that sacred Places set apart to keep the Holocaust without Spot or Blemish, shou'd serve as a Place of Retreat for a Miscreant that comes in reeking with his Neighbour's Blood. This is an Abuse which every body confesses, but they are loth to violate antient Privileges. In the last Pope's Time, *Alberoni* propos'd to the other Cardinals in a Congregation to solicit the Pope to

take

take away the Franchises from the Churches ; but his Proposal was rejected, whereupon he said with Indignation, ' Since 'tis so, I heartily wish that some Villain wou'd take it into his Head to murder some one of you, and fly for Refuge to the Church of which I am Protector ; I assure you, that were the whole Sacred College to demand him of me, instead of delivering him up to Justice, I wou'd do all in my Power to promote his Escape. ' 'Tis said that *Clement XII.* has a Mind to take away those Franchises with regard to Assassins ; but I question whether he will have the Courage to venture at it, because it brings so much Grist to the Fryars Mills, the Privileges of whose Convents procure them the Respect of the better Sort of People, and the Homage of the Mob.

Notwithstanding the Disorders that happen here, and the Abuses that are so establish'd, yet there is not a City in the World where God is better serv'd, and where Charity to the Poor is more put in Practice. For this Purpose there's a great Number of Hospitals, among which that for Pilgrims is worth seeing. Hundreds of Pilgrims of all Nations are admitted into it almost every Day, who are there lodg'd and taken care of for three Days, and then dismiss'd with Money in their Pockets. Towards the Latter-end of the Holy Week, these Pilgrims are serv'd, the Men by the Cardinals, and the Women by the Princesses and Ladies of *Rome*.

Divine Service is perform'd with very great Pomp in all the Churches, but particularly in the Pope's Chapel. Were I to give you an Account of all the Ceremonies therein observ'd, it wou'd take me up another Day. I will, in due Time and Place, give you a Narrative of the Ceremonies of the Holy Week, which tho' I was present

sent at once before, during the Pontificate of *Clement XI*, I am very desirous of seeing again, that I may be the better enabled to relate them to you hereafter. I am, &c.



LETTER XXXII.

S I R,

Rome, June 15, 1731.

TH^{O'} the first Promotion of Cardinals by *Clement XII*, was made the Close of the last Year, yet I had so many other Matters to entertain you with that I deferr'd giving you an Account of that Ceremony till now. This Promotion was made in Favour of thee *Nuncios* (who, by the Way, never quit their Nunciatures but for the Sake of being made Cardinals) I mean the *Nuncios* in *Germany*, *France* and *Spain*, and *Signior Ruspoli*, the Pope's Kinsman. The latter might have had the Hat during the Pontificate of *Benedict XIII.* his Father having obtain'd it for him of Cardinal *Coscia*, on the Promise of thirty-thousand Crowns; but being appriz'd of the Bargain which his Father had made with *Coscia*, he went to *Corfini* then a Cardinal and now Pope, who was his Father's Friend and Kinsman, and having told him what had pass'd betwixt his Father and *Coscia*, intreated him to frustrate the Contract, saying, that he wou'd never accept of a Hat, unless he had it from the Pope's mere Good-will. Cardinal *Corfini* being charm'd with the generous Temper of young *Ruspoli*, took Care to vacate the Bargain, and now that he is seated in *St. Peter's Throne*, he has preferr'd *Ruspoli* over

over the Heads of many Prelates, which have grown grey in the Service of the Holy See.

This Promotion was made at *Monte-Cavallo*. The Pope had declar'd in a private Consistory, that he was resolv'd to make five Cardinals, viz. the three *Nuncios* abovemention'd, Signior *Ruspoli*, and a Fifth, whom he reserv'd in *Petto*. The Cardinal Secretary of State, for want of a Cardinal Nephew, immediately dispatch'd Couriers to the *Nuncios* to carry them the News of their Promotion, and likewise sent to acquaint *Ruspoli* of what had pass'd. This Prelate, who waited for the good News in the Apartment of the Cardinal Secretary of State, went immediately up the Back-stairs to the Pope, and thank'd him for the Favour he had just done him, and then return'd to his Palace where he receiv'd the Compliments of all the Nobility. In the Afternoon he went and paid a Visit to Signior *Neri Corsini*, *Clement XIIth's* Nephew, the Man whom the Holy Father had reserv'd in *Petto*. On the *Thursday* following there was a public Consistory in which the new Cardinal, who till that Day had, according to the Ceremonial, been oblig'd to keep his Chamber, and to be dress'd in Purple, receiv'd the Hat from the Pope's own Hand. His Eminency repair'd in the Morning to the Chapel of *Monte-Cavallo*, while the Cardinals were assembled in the Chamber of the Consistory. He was join'd in the Chapel by these Cardinals, viz. *Barberini*, who represented the Dean of the Sacred College, *Ottoboni* the great Chancellor, *Albano* the Chamberlain, and *Cienfuegos* Treasurer of the Chapel. Their Eminencies after great Compliments led their new Collegue towards the Altar, and gave him the usual Oath of Fidelity to the Holy See. They return'd from thence into the Hall of the Consistory, and the new Cardinal was left

left alone in the Chapel, with his *Caudataire* or Train-bearer, and a Master of the Ceremonies. During this, the Cardinals went and made their Obedience to the Pope, by kissing his Hand; after which two of the Cardinals' Deacons went to fetch Cardinal *Ruspoli*, and introduc'd him into the Hall of the Consistory. As he enter'd within the Bar, he made a low Bow to the Pope, who was seated at the other End on his Throne; he made a second Obeisance, in the Middle of the Hall, and a third at the Foot of the Throne; after which he fell on his Knees, and kiss'd both the Foot and Hand of the Holy Father who rais'd him from the Ground and embrac'd him. The new Cardinal went afterwards and embrac'd his Collegues, according to the Order of their Seniority, and then return'd and fell on his Knees again to the Pope. A Master of the Ceremonies drew the Cowl over his Head, and the Pope put on his Hat, which was taken off in a Moment by the Master of the Ceremonies. The new Cardinal now kiss'd the Holy Father's Foot and Hand a second Time; and the Pope rising from his Throne retired to his Chamber, whither *Ruspoli* follow'd him, and after having thank'd him for the Honour he had done him, went and rejoin'd the Cardinals in the Hall of the Consistory. This done, they went in Procession with the Pope's Music playing before them to the Chapel, where *Te Deum* was sung, after which the Cardinals went into the great Room that is before the Chapel, call'd the *Royal Hall*. There they form'd a Circle, where the new Cardinal thank'd his Collegues for the Honour they had done him by admitting him for a Brother, and then they all retir'd. When *Ruspoli* came Home he there found a Gentleman of the Pope's Privy-chamber, who brought him the Hat which the Pope had just before

fore put upon his Head, in a silver Bason. When Dinner was over, the new Cardinal repair'd with a great Train to St. *Peter's* Church, after which he went and paid his Respects to the Pretender to the Crown of *England*, and to the Princess his Wife; he also made a Visit to the Cardinal Dean; and on the Days following he visited the whole Sacred College without regard to their Rank.

A Week after the public Consistory the Pope held a private one, in which he both shut and open'd the Mouth of Cardinal *Ruspoli*. At the former Ceremony, the new Cardinal kneeling at the Holy Father's Feet, his Holiness laid two Fingers on the Cardinal's Mouth, and strictly enjoin'd him not to reveal to any body what should pass in the Consistories at which he shou'd be present. This closing up of the Mouth formerly depriv'd the Cardinals of either speaking or voting, whenever it happen'd that they enter'd the conclave before the Pope had open'd their Mouths; which might sometimes be the Case, because the Popes generally left an Interval of some Days between the ceremony of shutting the Mouth, and that of opening it. But *Pius V.* declar'd by a Bull which he publish'd the 26th of *January* 1571, that the shutting of the Mouth being a mere ceremony, it should not exclude the new Cardinals from giving their Votes or speaking.

Cardinal *Ruspoli* being now upon his Legs before the Pope went and took his Place among the Cardinals: At the same Time the Holy Father pronounc'd the Words *extra omnes*, which are repeated by a Master of the Ceremonies, and oblige all but the Cardinals to turn out. Then the secret consistory was held, after which the Doors were set open, and every body re-enter'd the Room. The new Cardinal went again and threw himself at the Pope's Feet, who open'd his Mouth,

by giving him the Power both of Voting and Speaking. At the same Time he nominated the Church of which he was to bear the Title; and this he did by putting on his Finger a gold Ring adorn'd with an oriental Saphir, for which the Cardinal according to a Custom establish'd by Gregory XV. is to pay five hundred Crowns of Gold to the College *de propaganda fide*. With that the Ceremony ended. In the Evening the Palaces of the Cardinals, the Princes and the foreign Ministers, and those likewise of the other Persons of Quality, were illuminated as they had been on the Day of the Promotion.

There are as I have observ'd two Sorts of Consistories, the one Public, the other Secret, and they are both notify'd to the Cardinals by two of the Pope's Ushers, who receive the Order directly from the Holy Father himself. These Ushers give previous Notice also of all the public Chapels to be held, of all Processions, Cavalcades and other Ceremonies. They wear Gowns of purple Cloth, and carry a black Wand. They speak to the Cardinals on the Knee, in these Terms, *Eminentissime Domine, Crastina die, hora, &c. in Palatio Apostolico erit Consistorium secretum* (or) *fiat Processio*. They have this Privilege, that the Cardinals must not let them wait a Moment, but are oblig'd to admit them in what Plight soever they are, to receive their Messages standing, and to veil their Bonnet to them. These Ushers have the Privilege also, that when they find a Cardinal at Table, they may carry off the best Dish, unless the Cardinal chuses rather to give 'em a couple of Pistoles.

This consistory is in a proper Sense the Pope's Council of State, wherein he deliberates secretly with the Cardinals on the most important Affairs of the Holy See. After the Pope has therein

given

given a particular Audience to each Cardinal, the Bishops are therein nominated to vacant Sees, and the Palls conferr'd upon the Archbishops. Every thing that has been treated of in the consistorial Congregations, is there determin'd, as is in short every thing whatsoever relating to the Welfare of the Church, both in Spirituals and Temporals: And this is what is call'd the Secret Consistory. In the Public consistory, the Pope receives the Ambassadors that come from Tributary Countries, and delivers the Hat to the new Cardinals. The Pope has the Power of assembling the consistory as often as he thinks fit, and on that Day all other congregations are suspended. In this public Consistory, the Pope's Throne is rais'd much higher than ordinary, and the Cardinals sit on high Benches with their Train-bearers plac'd at their Feet. The Constable *Colonna*, in Quality of first Prince of the Throne, stands on the Right-hand of it, which is a Post of Honour that he yields to none but the Pope's Nephews. The Ambassador of *Bologna*, and the conservators of ROME, in Robes of gold Tissue, are plac'd on both sides of the Throne, about which are also the Pope's great Officers. The Holy Father is supported by two Cardinals, one on the Right, the other on the Left of the Throne, sitting on Stools.

When the Pope declares he has a Cardinal in *Petto*, tho' he names him not, he is always sure to be a Cardinal, and walks even at the Head of all those that are to receive the Hat before him. When it happens that the Pope dies ere he has declar'd him in public, 'tis sufficient if the Holy Father leaves a Note behind him, wherein he says, that the Person whom he declar'd a Cardinal in *Petto*, is such a one, or if two Cardinals attest that they heard the deceased

Pope say who was the Man that he had nominated in *Petto*.

The Dignity of a Cardinal is look'd upon here as the greatest Thing in the World. There are no Cabals nor Intrigues of any kind which the Prelates of this Court don't form to obtain it, and a Family at ROME never thinks its Fortune made, if it has not some Cardinal of its own Name. This is so true, that one of the first Princes in ROME, who did not want a Hat in his Family, for the Sake of illustrating it, did nevertheless, during the Pontificate of *Benedict XIII.* purchase one for his Son, of the Cardinal *Coscia*, at the Price of eighty thousand Crowns. But 'tis mere Ambition only that can make a Man wish to be a Cardinal; for the Life which those purple Gentry lead is, as 'tis here said, the most melancholy in the World; every thing they do at Home is by Compass and Measure; they are continually under Uneasiness and Constraint, oblig'd almost every Day to be present at Chapels, Congregations and Consistories, must give and receive Visits of Ceremony, assist at the Festivals of the Church, at the taking of Habits, granting of Audiences; in short, a Cardinal who minds his Profession, has not an Hour in the Day that he can call his own. 'Tis true, that an infinite deal of Respect is paid to them, but what signify such empty Honours, attended with a perpetual constraint, to a rational Man, who is moreover a Nobleman by Birth, and does not forget that he is but a Man? I am sure there are above four Cardinals to whom their Grandeur is a Burden.

When a Cardinal goes abroad with a great Train, which is here call'd in *Fiocchi*, he must have three Coaches. That in which he rides himself goes foremost, preceded by all his Livery Servants and a Footman carrying an Umbrella under

his

his Arm. All that meet him, tho' they are Princes, must stop for him; and when two Cardinals meet one another riding out after this Manner in State, they must both stop their Coaches, and compliment each other, and then the oldest passes on first. When the Cardinals thus ride out with this Ceremony, they are dress'd in long Robes of Scarlet, except in Time of *Lent*, when they are of purple. Their common Dress is that of an Abbat, with a red Bonnet and Stockings; and 'tis in this Habit they make their familiar Visits, without any Retinue, and with the Curtains of their Coach drawn. The best way of seeing them, after a Person has been once introduc'd to them, is to attend in their Train, when they go to any public Function, or to make any Visit of Ceremony. The Cardinal when he takes Coach, salutes those who are to ride with him. The most honourable Place in it is by the Side of the Cardinal, the second upon a seat in the Boot of the Coach, next to his Eminency, and so of the rest.

As to the vehement Out-cry in our Part of the World against the Luxury of the Cardinals, I really think it unjust; for I can't see wherein it consists. Their Household is not over and above numerous. Their Domestics are generally a *Maitre de Chambre*, an Officer who they say is tantamount to the great Chamberlain of our Electors; a Cupbearer; a Trainbearer; one or two Gentlemen; two or three Priests; as many *Valets de Chambre*; eight or ten Lackeys; three Coachmen; eight Horses and three Coaches. Their Furniture is red Damask very plain. They keep so frugal a Table, that they commonly allow their Cook but one or two Testoons a Day to defray the Expence of it, exclusive of the Bread, Wine and Fruit; for they always eat alone. None but the Car-

dinal Ministers keep an open Table at any Time; and of these not one does it at present but the Cardinal *de Polignac* the Minister * of *France*: For the Cardinal *Cienfugos*, the Emperor's Ambassador, has retrenched his Table, by Reason of his great Age; as has the Cardinal † *Bentivoglio*, on Account of his Infirmities.

I can't help thinking there's much more Reason to exclaim against the ridiculous Pretension of the Cardinals to an Equality with crown'd Heads, and to take Place of Sovereigns, tho' a Cardinal is often but an ordinary Man at first, only rais'd to the Purple by good Fortune, and the Favour of the Pope; of which we having living Instances in two Creatures of the last Pontificate, the Cardinals *Fini* and *Coscia*. That such Cardinals shou'd presume to have the Precedency of an Elector of *Bavaria*, or of *Cologne*, of a Duke of *Lorain*, and in short of every Prince whatsoever, is what, notwithstanding all my Respect to the Sacred College, I must own to be an Absurdity. That these Cardinals have conceiv'd such a high Opinion of their Dignity, is owing to the excessive Complaisance of the Princes of *Italy*, who everywhere give them the upper Hand; and a Cardinal takes so much State upon himself, that he refuses the Precedency in his own House, to a Sovereign Prince of *Italy*. Our Princes on the other Side of the Mountains are perhaps as staunch Catholics, and as much devoted to the Holy See as the *Italian* Princes are, yet they don't pay this Homage to the Cardinals. And indeed, what Reason is there for it? We have seen Cardinals in the Service of Sovereigns; and I dare affirm,

* His Eminency is return'd to *France*, and succeeded in his Embassy by the Duke of *St. Aignan*.

† The Death of this Cardinal has been already mention'd. His Successor is *M. Ratto* Bishop of *Cordova*.

there are very few of 'em that would refuse to be Pensioners to an Elector of the Empire.

When one Cardinal makes a Visit to another, the latter receives the Visitant at the Coach-door, and conducts him into the Chamber of Audience, where they both place themselves in Arm-chairs, under a Canopy; and after having been a few Minutes by themselves, the Gentlemen of the Cardinal that receives the Visit, bring them Ice, Chocolate and Sweetmeats. When the Stranger goes away the other waits on him to the coach, lends him a Hand to put him into it, and even shuts the Coach-door. They give one another the Title of Eminency, but in all their Interviews there's a great Air of constraint.

The complete Number of Cardinals is Seventy. They are the Pope's Counsellors in ordinary, and have the Right of electing him. They are distinguish'd into three Orders, *viz.* Six Cardinal Bishops, fifty Priests, and fourteen Deacons. Their Number was fix'd by Pope *Sixtus* the Vth. The first Cardinal Bishop is stil'd Dean of the Sacred College. He that is so now is Cardinal *Pignatelli*, Archbishop of *Naples*. This Dean, the first Cardinal Priest, and the first Cardinal Deacon, are stil'd *Chiefs of the Order*; and as such they have the Prerogative of giving Audience to Ambassadors, and to the Magistrates of the Ecclesiastical State, during the Vacancy of the Holy See: *Innocent* the IVth, while the council was held at *Lyons*, made a Rule that the Cardinals Hat should be red, to denote that they were always ready to shed their Blood for the Liberties of the Church. *Boniface* the VIIIth. order'd that they shou'd wear scarlet Robes. *Paul* III. requir'd that their Bonnets shou'd be of the same colour; and *Urban* the VIIIth, granted them the Title of Eminency, which before that was only given to the Ecclesiastical

astical Electors of the Empire, and to the Grand Master of *Malta*. The Council of *Trent* own'd it to be the Right of all Nations, to put in for the Dignity of Cardinal; but those who push for it with the greatest Success, are the Kindred of the reigning Pope, the *Nuncios* in *Germany*, *France* and *Spain*, the Auditors of the Rota, the Clerks of the Chamber; and in fine, many of the Pope's Great Officers.

There are few Examples in History of Cardinals that have quitted the Hat. The first that had a Mind to do it, was the Cardinal *Ardicino*; but Pope *Innocent VIII.* refused to consent to it, at the Remonstrance of the Cardinals, who represented to him that the Church ought by no Means to be depriv'd of so good a Subject. Some time after this Cardinal *Borgia* resign'd his Dignity to *Alexander VI.* The Cardinal *Henry* of *Portugal* quitted his too, for the Sake of succeeding to his Brother* the King *Don Sebastian*. After him, *Ferdinand de Medicis*, upon the Death of his Brother *Francis de Medicis* without Issue Male, preferr'd the Sovereignty of *Tuscany* to the red Hat, which he restor'd to Pope *Sixtus V.* There are also several Instances of Persons who have preferr'd an austere Retirement to the vain Grandeur of the Purple, particularly Cardinal *Maurice* of *Savoy*, *Ferdinand* and *Vincent Gonzague*, *Francis* of *Lorraine*, *Camillus Pamphili*, *John Casimir* of *Poland*; and *Gabriel Filippuci* of *Macerata*, so lately as in the Pontificate of *Clement XI.* This Resignation of the Hat cannot be made without the Pope's consent to it; and when this is done, the Cardinal who renounces it must pay the Officers of the Apostolical Palace the same Sum as his Heirs would be oblig'd to pay if he was dead.

* *Henry* was Son to King *Emanuel*, and *Sebastian* was Grandson of *John III.* Brother to the Cardinal *Henry*.

There

There being a Hat vacant by the Exaltation of every Pope, they commonly honour one or other of that Pope's Family with it who advanc'd them to the purple; which is what they here call *Restitution*; and when they omit this Piece of Respect, they are accus'd of Ingratitude. *Clement XII.* has not yet made this *Restitution* to the *Albano* * Family, tho' he has promoted half a score Cardinals. He thought it was more natural to confer that Dignity on his Kindred and Friends; and at the last Promotion which he made, he contented himself with making an Apology to the *Albani*, because he did not restore their Hat to them for that time, assuring them, that he would take care to satisfy them at the very next Promotion. The *Albani* were oblig'd to set a good Face on a bad Game; but I would not give them much for the Hat they are like to have of *Clement XII.* for you are to take Notice, that the Pope is fourscore Years of Age, that he is afflicted with the Gout and other Ailments; that there is not one Hat vacant, and yet the Holy Father hopes to live to make another Promotion, and then to satisfy the *Albani*.

The Pope pretends to the Prerogative of deposing the Cardinals, but they deny it. Be this as it will, there's hardly an Instance that the Popes ever exercis'd this Act of Authority. *Clement XI.* had an Intention indeed to have depriv'd Cardinal *Alberoni* of his Hat, because when the Cardinal was the Minister of *Spain*, he employ'd that Money against the Emperor, which the Pope had permitted him to levy upon the Clergy for the War against the *Turks*. But *Clement XI.* met with so much Opposition from the Sacred College that he could not accomplish it, and dy'd.

* He did it however in the Year 1733.

Whether *Clement XII.* will succeed better, and whether he will ever be able to deprive *Coscia* of his Hat, which is what he seems to be very much set upon, I know not; for he too is thwarted under-hand by a great many of the Cardinals, who, as unworthy as Cardinal *Coscia* is of the Purple, are not willing that he shou'd serve as an Example for the future. The Pope is also too old to see the Issue of this Process, which tho' it has been fifteen Months depending, is not yet very far advanc'd. Cardinal *Coscia* is retir'd to *Naples*. He has been very much blam'd for quitting *ROME*, and People who know the Tricks of this Court, have assur'd me that he might have stay'd here safe enough. As for my own part, if I had been the unfortunate Cardinal *Coscia*, I would have retir'd, but not in the Manner that he did. Moreover I promise you that were I in the Case that he is now, they should cite me long enough before I wou'd be seen at *ROME*; and I think, whoever advis'd him to the contrary was in the wrong. *

You

* Since these Letters were wrote, he is actually return'd, and hitherto he is come but poorly off. Tho' his Fate be not yet intirely determin'd, 'tis certain that he will not be degraded. A Sentence has been pass'd upon him, and ratify'd, whereby he is declar'd excommunicate, and out of a Possibility of being absolv'd, but by the Pope, even in *articulo mortis*; he is also to be confin'd in a Fortrefs, depriv'd of the Power of Speaking or Voting, &c. But as *omnia venalia Romæ*, even more now than in *Jugurtha's* Time, the Cardinal *del Giudici*, who is a Friend of his Eminency *Coscia*, gave him to understand that the Pope was resolv'd to treat him as a Grand *Vizier* in Disgrace; that he must absolutely refund, and that all his Sins should be blotted out. Consequently his Eminency submitted to implore his Holiness's Clemency, on Condition of paying well for it; and in fine, his Pardon has been tax'd at thirty thousand Ducats. He has clamour'd against it not a little; but the Holy Father wou'd not bate an Ace of it, and the Cardinal was forc'd to acquiesce; however, as he always watches for the Death of the Pope, he

desir'd.

You know that immediately after the Death of Pope *Benedict XIII.* the Populace ran to *Coscia's* Palace, plunder'd it, and wou'd have torn the Cardinal Limb from Limb if he had not escap'd by a Back-door, after which he disguised himself and left the City. He ought not to have come back again, or else he should have got a safe Conduct from his Collegues, whereby he might have been sure of a Permission to retire to his Archbishoprick of *Benevento*, after the Election of the new Pope; but he did not take this Precaution. He came and assisted at the conclave, and afterwards went to live in his Palace. The new Pope threaten'd him with the Castle of *St. Angelo*, whereupon he was frighten'd, and march'd out of the Country, which is charg'd upon him as a crime, because a Bull of *Innocent X.* of the *Pamphili* Family, publish'd the 19th of *February*, 1646, enjoins, that no Cardinal shall depart out of the Dominions of the Holy See, without Leave of the Pope; with this Clause moreover, that the Cardinal who disobey's it shall be summon'd three Times in the Space of fifteen Months, *viz.* once at the End of each six Months, and the last Time at the End of three Months after the second Ci-

desir'd to pay it at several Terms; and upon depositing ten thousand Crowns down he immediately receiv'd Absolution, his Guards were taken off, and he had Liberty granted him to walk about in the Castle of *St. Angelo*, and to converse there with his Brother the Bishop of *Targa*. He pleads Poverty, and shuffles off his Payments from one time to another, in constant Expectation that the Gout will rise into the Pope's Stomach, and take him out of his Way. At length, in 1734, he paid down ten thousand Crowns more. But a Collector of Taxes, from whom he formerly receiv'd a great Present to procure him an Acquittance from the Chamber to which he ow'd seventy thousand Crowns, dy'd lately Insolvent, and without making good the Fraud; and as *Cæsar*, they say, *loses nothing*, the Chamber comes upon Cardinal *Coscia*, who is condemn'd to pay this Debt, and the Pope won't hear any Talk of compounding it.

tation; and if then the Cardinal be still obstinate and does not return, he shall be depriv'd of the Hat. *Coscia* has as yet been cited but once, and does not seem inclin'd to return, tho' his Acquaintance don't stick to affirm that he will. Mean time, he has been depriv'd of the Archbishoprick of *Benevento*, which the Pope has conferr'd on * *M. Doria*, the first Gentleman of his Bed-chamber; a Thing so unusal that Cardinal *Coscia* complain'd of it bitterly, tho' to no Manner of Purpose. I question whether the Cardinal will ever come hither again, even tho' the Pope were to give him his Passport; and really, what happen'd to *M. Targa*, his Brother, is enough to deter him; for this Prelate coming to *Venice*, after he had been at *Vienna* solliciting the Emperor's Protection for himself and his Brother in vain, the Pope order'd him to return to *ROME*, which, after having desir'd and obtain'd Promise of a Safeguard for his Person, he did accordingly, and took up his Lodging in a convent. But two Days after this, the Pope sent him an Order to remove to another, and not to stir out of it without his Leave. *Targa* yields Obedience, and the Monks to whose Guard he was committed watch him narrowly; yet for all this, there came certain Soldiers one Night, who carry'd him off to the Castle of *St. Angelo*; which seems to be the very Safeguard that the Pope intended by his Promise; for there he is closely confin'd, and can speak to no body. These severe Acts of Justice are frequent in the Pontificate of *Clement XII.* who taking a

* He afterwards created him a Cardinal; but he dy'd at *Benevento* in 1733. No body after his Death wou'd accept of this Benefice, till the Pope gave it to the Abbat *Conti*, a *Roman*, who only took it upon Condition that his Holiness wou'd give him a red Hat to boot; which he did accordingly, at the last Promotion of Cardinals.

Fancy to undo every thing that was done by his Predecessor, on Pretence that the said Pope alienated the Rights of the Holy See, we hear of nothing but Writs and Attachments. The wisest Men, or, if you will, the greatest criminals, get out of the Way, while others suffer themselves to be arrested, as did Signior *Sardini* who was impeach'd of having put the late Pope upon making a Treaty with the King of *Sardinia*, by which the Holy Father granted that Prince the Nomination to all the Bishopricks and Benefices in his Kingdom. This Prelate was arrested in his House in the Night-time, and committed to the Castle of *St. Angelo*, where he is kept a Prisoner of State. * Not many Days before he was arrested, all his Papers were seiz'd, which he desir'd to have again for the Vindication of his Conduct, but they were refus'd. Some Days ago the Pope sent to tell him, that he had his Leave to justify himself if he could; to which *Sardini* made Answer, that he had nothing to say, that the Pope shou'd be his Judge, and Cardinal *Corsini* his Holiness's Nephew should be his Advocate: But all this has stood him in no stead; he is still in Prison, and 'tis said, that the Pope will either behead or pardon him.

Some time ago Cardinal *Ottoboni* made Interest for one *Nocera*, a canon, who was in Trouble also upon *Sardini*'s Account, and he desir'd the Pope that he would please to call in the Writ issued

* It was publish'd in the News Papers of 1732, that this Gentleman was sentenced to be beheaded, but that his Holiness had commuted that Sentence to ten Years Imprisonment. It was afterwards said in the public News, that the Pope had shorten'd it, first, to seven Years, and then to three Years Imprisonment. At length the Pope was for removing him to *Perousa*, or elsewhere, but the Prelate wou'd not go, and said, if he could not have his entire Liberty, he would live and die in the Castle of *St. Angelo*.

for attaching the Person of *Nocera* who was retir'd to a Sanctuary at *Albano*. The Pope made Answer to the Cardinal, that he was sorry he cou'd not grant him his Request, but that he would not charge his conscience with the Sin of having suffer'd Iniquity to pass with Impunity. ' We are old, *said the Holy Father*; and our ' Age tells us that it can't be long before we ' shall appear at God's Tribunal; therefore we ' are desirous of so behaving that we may hope ' there to find Mercy; but this is what we dare ' not expect; if we don't let Justice take its ' course. Who knows, my dear Cardinal, whether we shall live till To-morrow? Your Holiness, *reply'd the Cardinal*, ought not to think ' of dying so soon: For God generally grants to ' great Princes two Stages of Life, one wherein ' to display their Justice, and the other their ' Mercy. He has permitted your Holiness to finish ' the career of Justice, and 'tis to be hop'd, that ' he will also permit you to run that of Mercy.'

I will conclude my long Letter with a very curious Anecdote which I had from Cardinal *Imperiali*, who has had the Purple so long that he is actually grown Grey in it. As he was talking one Day of the Bull of *Innocent X.* which forbids the Cardinals from departing the Ecclesiastical State without the Pope's Leave, he told me that *Innocent X.* fulminated this Bull by reason of the Elopement of Cardinal *Astalli*, his Kinsman, when he went to deprive him of his Hat. What gave Occasion to all the Rout was this; after the *Portuguese* had shook off the Yoke of the *Spaniards*, and restor'd the *Braganza* Family to the Throne, the King of *Spain*, who always took the Title of King of *Portugal*, pretended that 'twas his Right to nominate to the Bishopricks and Benefices that became vacant in *Portugal*.
The

The Pope was at that Time in so much Subjection to the *Spaniards* that this Plea of their Monarch perplex'd him sadly. At last he thought of extricating himself out of this Difficulty, by referring it to a Consistory to nominate to the *Portuguese* Bishopricks, and he resolv'd to assemble one with all Speed for that Purpose. He imparted his Design to no Person but the Cardinal Secretary of State, and the Cardinal *Astalli*, whom he enjoin'd not to speak of it upon Pain of Death. The Evening when the Consistory was to be summon'd for the next Day, the Ambassador of *Spain* made such an earnest Application for an Audience of him that he durst not refuse it. The Minister therein told him that he was inform'd of his Design, and at the same time protested against every thing that shou'd be done in the said Consistory, contrary to the Pretensions of the King his Master. The Pope, very much incens'd that his Secret had taken Wind, suspected that he had been betray'd by his Secretary of State, and he reproach'd him for it bitterly, threatening him with the Loss of his Head. The Minister swore that he had not reveal'd it to the *Spaniard*, and he said moreover, that if the Ambassador knew of his Holiness's Secret, it cou'd only be from Cardinal *Astalli*. He desir'd but twenty-four Hours of the Pope to prove his Innocence, and to find out where the Guilt lay. For this End he sent for one of the *Spanish* Ambassador's *Valets de Chambre*, and promis'd him five hundred Pistoles, if, after he put his Master to Bed, he wou'd search his Pockets, and take out a Letter which he said he knew there was in one of them, written in the very Hand of Cardinal *Astalli*. The *Valet de Chambre* cou'd not stand the Temptation, but carry'd the fatal Letter to the Cardinal Secretary of State, and he made Haste with it to
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the Pope, whose Wrath was then wholly turn'd against *Astalli*, to such a Degree that he forbade him his Palace, and actually intended to have him arrested the very next Day, but *Astalli* disappointed him of that Pleasure, escap'd the same Night in a *Felucca* from ROME, and sail'd for *Sicily*. Then it was that *Innocent X.* issued the Bull in Question. He caus'd *Astalli* to be summon'd, who indeed return'd to the Dominions of the Holy See; but he stay'd in a little frontier Town of the Kingdom of *Naples*, where he was accompany'd by a Guard of two thousand *Spaniards* who remain'd with him as long as the Pope liv'd, after whose Death, *Astalli* return'd to ROME. I have the Honour to be, &c.



L E T T E R XXXIII.

S I R,

Rome, Sep. 5. 1731.

GIVE me Leave to tell you, that I think the Approbation with which you honour my Narratives favours more of Compliment than Sincerity; for all the Merit they can challenge, is, that they are written with an unaffected Simplicity. I tell you Things just as I find them, or as they are reported to me; if I accuse wrongfully, 'tis owing to my Misinformation or my Credulity; for I do my best, and set about it heartily, and you can't desire any thing more. You wish to know the Ceremonies of the Holy Week; I will now relate them to you as they pass'd this Year.

On

On *Palm* Sunday, the Pope distributed Palms in the Chapel of *Monte-Cavallo* to all the Cardinals and others that were present.

Upon the last Wednesday in *Lent*, the Cardinals went after Dinner to the Pope's Chapel, where they were present at Vespers and the *Tenebræ* sung by the Popes Voices, without being accompany'd by Instruments. 'Tis perhaps one of the finest Pieces of Music that was ever compos'd, and 'tis so much valued here that the Master of the Chapel dares not to give Copies of it, nor the others to transcribe it, on Pain of Excommunication.

The Pope being somewhat indispos'd upon *Holy Thursday*, Cardinal *Barberini* officiated for him. The Cardinals repair'd in the Morning to the *Vatican* in *Sixtus's* Chapel, and assisted at High Mass, after which the Cardinal *Barberini*, preceded by the Bishops and Cardinals, all in Mitres and white Copes, carry'd the Holy Sacrament in Procession, under a Canopy held up by eight Archbishops, into *Paul's* Chapel which was finely illuminated. There our Lord's Body was deposited, after which the Cardinals went into a Hall where they found thirteen Priests of divers Nations, dress'd in white woollen Robes, with square Caps of the same, all sitting on a high Bench in form of a Gradatory. Cardinal *Barberini* who sat on a Throne erected at the End of the Hall, took off his Cope, and having put on the Chasuble, he pronounc'd some Collects which were answer'd by the Music. He then put off the Chasuble, took a white Napkin, and went and wash'd the Feet of the Priests, in a silver gilt Basen which was carry'd by the Masters of the Ceremonies. Having wip'd their Feet dry, he kiss'd them, and distributed to each Priest, by the Hands of the Apostolical Treasurer, two Medals of Gold and
one

one of Silver. Then he reascended the Throne, and having again put on the Chasuble, he struck up the *Pater-noster*, and the Music finish'd it: This done, he went with the Cardinals his Brethren into a separate Room where he resum'd his ordinary Habit. On the other Hand, the thirteen Priests were led by a Master of the Ceremonies into a Hall where they seated themselves at a Table which was elegantly serv'd. The Pope's Chamberlains of Honour waited on them, and if the Pope had been well he wou'd have done the same himself. The Cardinals din'd also together, and their Dinner, which was one of the most sumptuous, is always provided at the Expence of their Eminences out of certain Monies coming to them from the Rota and the Datory. The Priests Table is defray'd by the Apostolical Chamber, and the Service of both Tables is order'd by the Pope's *Major Domo*. The Cardinal's Beaufet is very neat; I have seen some that are more magnificent, but never one that is better dispos'd. The Cardinals always take their own Liquor with 'em; which, 'tis said, has been their Practice ever since the Catastrophe that happen'd to Pope *Alexander VI.* and his Son *Cæsar Borgia*, Duke de *Valentinois*, when the latter, for the Sake of having the Debris of the Cardinal *Adrian de Cornetto*, order'd Wine that was poison'd to be serv'd up at a Supper where the Pope was to be present, together with the said Cardinal for whom he intended the poisonous Draught. But *Cornetto* had the good Luck to escape the Snare, and only the Pope and *Cæsar* suffer'd by it: For being both thirsty when they came into the Supper-Room, and calling for a Glas of Wine at the very Instant when the Person who was let into the Secret was gone out of the Room, another fill'd them out each a

Bumper

Bumper of the Wine that was prepar'd, which kill'd the Pope, but *Cæsar* having caus'd himself to be wrapp'd up in the Skin of a Mule recover'd.

After Dinner, the Cardinals return'd to *Sixtus's* Chapel, where they assisted at the *Tenebræ* and the *Miserere*. This Day's Ceremony of washing Feet is a Custom of ancient Standing among the Catholic Princes. We find in the History of *France*, that *Robert the Pious*, he that was call'd King of his Morals, as well as of his Subjects, constantly kept two hundred poor Men in his Retinue, and often wash'd their Feet, particularly upon Holy *Thursday*. So at *Vienna*, *Versailles*, in *Spain*, and at several other Courts, the Empress, the Queens, and other Sovereign Princeesses, wash the Feet of thirteen Women upon the same Day.

Upon Good *Friday* in the Morning, the Cardinals were again present at Divine Service in *Sixtus's* Chapel; after which, they din'd together, but they had nothing besides Roots; and one of the Pope's Chaplains read the Lecture. After their Repast, they again assisted at the *Miserere*, and then they all went down into *St. Peter's* Church, where having form'd a Semicircle before the High Altar, they kneel'd down upon Cushions of purple Cloth, and in that Manner reverenc'd the Reliques which were held forth to them from a high Balcony. These were the Spear with which our Saviour's Side was pierc'd, the Holy Handkerchief, and a great Piece of the Cross on which he was crucify'd.

On *Saturday* the Cardinals assisted at Divine Service, in the Chapel of *Monte-Cavallo*.

Upon *Sunday*, which was the first Day of *Easter*, the Pope dress'd in his *Pontificalibus* was carry'd in his processional Chair to his Chapel, where he struck up the High Mass which was sung

fung to the End by a Cardinal Priest. Then the Pope was carry'd to the Box or Gallery facing the Great Square, where a Cardinal Deacon read the Bull *In Cæna Domini* with an audible Voice, after which the Pope fulminated the Apostolical Censures against Heretics, by throwing down a lighted Flambeau into the Square. After this, the Holy Father, while the Cannon were fir'd from the Castles of *Monte-Cavallo*, and *St. Angelo*, gave his Benediction twice to the Populace, who were on their Knees in the Square, and in the Streets that led to the Palace. The Blessing which the Pope gives that Day is solemn, and extends to the whole Christian World. I forgot to tell you, that upon Holy *Thursday* and Good *Friday*, while the Church is in Mourning for the Saviour of the World, the Pope's Chapel is stripp'd of all Ornaments, the Throne of the Holy Father is without a Canopy, and the Pope neither gives so much as one Blessing, nor admits any body to kiss his Foot or his Hand.

Since I am treating of Ceremonies, I will give you an Account of those that are observed at the Fabrication and Distribution of the *Agnus Dei's* of white Wax, which on one Side represent the Saviour of the World, in the Form of a Lamb (bearing the Standard of the Cross) according to the Attribute that was given him by his Forerunner *St. John the Baptist*. This of *Agnus Dei* is an old Custom in the Church. *St. Augustin* makes mention of it in his 118th Epistle. *Baronius* assures us, in his 8th Volume, that 'twas the Custom in his Time, upon the *Quasimodo Sundays*, to distribute among the People *Agnus Dei's* consecrated by the Pope. And Cardinal *Bellarmino* says, that in 798, Pope *Leo III.* gave an *Agnus Dei* to the Emperor *Charlemain*, which was set in a gold Frame adorn'd with precious Stones.

Stones.* All the Popes consecrate *Agnus Dei's* in the first Year of their Pontificate; and they perform the same Ceremony in the Jubilee Year, and every seven Years reckoning from the first Year of their Exaltation. *Clement XII.* performed the Ceremony on the *Wednesday* after *Easter*, in the great Hall of his Apartment at *Monte-Cavallo* which was then hung with red Damask adorned with gold Lace. The Pope's Throne was at one End of the Hall, with an Altar on his right Hand; and between the Throne and the Altar, there was a Pew for the Pretender and his Family. Opposite to the Throne, there was a great Gallery, with Steps to it, for the Ambassador of *Venice*, the Ladies, and other Persons of Distinction. Under that Gallery was an Amphitheatre for the Spectators of the second Class. Within the Rails, which were cover'd with red Damask, there was a square Pit, and in the Middle of it four large Cisterns of solid Silver, full of Water,

* The Origin of this Ceremony, if we may believe *Father Sirmond* and *Ciccarelli*, was this, It comes from a Custom they had at *Rome*, of distributing to the People upon every *Whitsunday* the Remainder of the Paschal Wax-taper which was consecrated on *Holy Saturday*. The Vulgar who are always superstitious, appropriated several Virtues to this consecrated Wax, particularly that 'twas a Preservative against the Delusions of the Devil, and the Injuries of Lightning, &c. and they us'd to burn little Pieces of this Wax in their Houses. There being not enough left of the Paschal Wax-taper to satisfy the Cravings of the People, the Arch-deacon took it into his Head to take some other Wax, which he sprinkled with Oil, bless'd it, and made little Bits of it in the Form of a Lamb, and then distributed them to the People. Afterwards they only flatted those Pieces of Wax, and impress'd 'em with the Stamp of a Lamb bearing the Standard of the Cross. They believe that none but such as are in Orders have the Power to touch them, and they are cover'd neatly with embroider'd Stuff to be given to the Laity. There is nothing by which the Monks more successfully impose upon the Credulous; for to such they distribute *Agnus Dei's* that were never on t'other Side of the *Alps*.

placed

placed on Pedestals of Wood, silvered and gilt, admirably carv'd by *Bernini*. When the Pope, accompanied by ten Cardinals, whom he had invited to this Ceremony, was entered into the Hall and seated on his Throne, two Chamberlains of Honour placed a Cistern before him of the same Kind as the four that were in the Hall. The Pope who had a Mitre upon his Head, of silver Brocade, and a Cope of the same, struck up the *Veni Spiritus Sancte* which the Music carry'd on. Afterwards the Holy Father read some Collects, and blessed the Water that was in the Cistern before him, into which he poured Holy Oil, and Holy Chrism. Then came four Cardinals with silver Ladles, who dipp'd them into the Holy Water, and carry'd it to mix with the Water that was in the four Cisterns. This done, the Pope and the Cardinals put on great white Aprons, and the Cardinals sate two and two upon Joint-Stools at each Cistern, while two other Cardinals supported the Pope. The *Chamberlains of Honour*, and the Prelates of the Household, brought the *Agnus Dei's* in wooden Tubs, wash'd with Silver, and as fast as they threw them into the Cisterns fill'd with Holy Water, the Pope and the Cardinals fish'd them up again with great Skimmers of Silver, and put them into other Tubs which the Prelates deliver'd to the Sextons. This lasted near two Hours, till the Pope being quite fatigued, rose up, read some more Collects, and then retired. The same Ceremony was repeated next Day, and in these two Days they made threescore thousand *Agnus Dei's*, which they say cost the Chamber twelve thousand Crowns.

Upon *Quasimodo Sunday*, the Pope distributed the *Agnus's* with very great Ceremony in the Chapel of *Monte-Cavallo*. He was carry'd in his Processional Chair from his Apartment to the Chapel.

Chapel, where being seated on his Throne, and the *Agnus Dei* having been perform'd by the Music, one of the Apostolical Sub-Deacons, carrying the *Agnus's* in a silver Bason, preceded by the Cross, and by the Acolytes or Assistants at Mass, bearing Wax Candles in great silver Candlesticks, and the Censer, enter'd the Chapel, and kneeling down, said to the Pope with a loud Voice, *Pater Sancte, isti sunt Agni novelli qui annuntiaverint nobis Alleluja; modo venerunt ad fontes, repleti sunt charitate; Alleluja.* To which the Choir answered, *Deo gratias, Alleluja.* Then the Sub-deacon rose, and went and kneel'd down in the Middle of the Chapel where he repeated the same Words as before. He did the same Thing at the Foot of the Pope's Throne, to whom he presented a Bason full of *Agnus Dei's*, in little Packets, wrapp'd up in Cotton, which the Holy Father distributed to the Cardinals, and all the Standers-by, who receiv'd them on their Knees. I got my Share of them, and only wait for an Opportunity to send some to you.

There's a Sort of People here who carry their Pretensions very high. These are the *Roman Princes*, who for most Part are only beholden for this Princely Dignity to the Happiness of their Families in having one of them a Pope; for many of them are scarce so much as Gentlemen. They are complimented with the Stile of Excellency, but this Title extends only to the First-born of the Family. They require a vast deal of Homage from their Domesticks, and all affect to have Canopies and Chambers of Audience in their Palaces. They expect that a Gentleman should come to their Houses without sending Word beforehand, and wait in their Antichamber till they are pleas'd to see him. You will think

that

that they must be very necessitous Gentlemen who will submit to this Rule, and that their Excellencies Antichambers are only frequented by their own Domestics. When they receive Visits from one another in Ceremony, they seat themselves under a Canopy like the Cardinals; then they go abroad in State, and have two Coaches to follow their Body-Coach, in which his Excellency sits forward by himself, and his Gentlemen ride backward, and at the Boots of the Coach: a Footman carries an Umbrella before them, as is done before the Cardinals, which is a Signal of Respect that requires all Coaches, except those of the Cardinals or Priests, to give them the Way, and even to stop while they pass by.

The Princesses formerly did not use to give the Right Hand to the Ladies of Quality at their own Houses, but since the Honours annex'd to *Nepotism* have been abolish'd, they have been oblig'd to humble themselves, and to treat the Ladies as their Equals; yet for all this they correspond together very little. Heretofore too the Pope's Nieces did not give Precedence to any body, not even to the Princesses, and all Ladies in general were oblig'd to be in a full Dress when they paid them a Visit; nor did the Nieces go to any body's House, but enjoy'd all the Honours of Sovereigns. But all this is over now, for the Nieces of the present Pope not only give the Right Hand to Ladies of the lowest Rank, but also return their Visits. Indeed the Princesses *Corfini* are extraordinary civil and complaisant to every body; and even at this Day, tho' the Pope has declar'd their Husbands Princes and Dukes, they are content to pass with the Title of Marchionesses, and have set up no Canopies. The Nobility are vastly pleas'd with their Carriage, but the Princes are much disgusted at it,

and

and think that by such Behaviour they disparage their Dignity.

Some Days ago an *Englishman*, one *Thirems*, who has been a long time in the Service of the Great Duke of *Tuscany*, and is very much attach'd to the *Corfini* Family, said to the Pope with whom he is very free, that the Behaviour of the *Corfini* Ladies was very much applauded by the Nobility, but as much dislik'd by the Princes. 'What,' said the Pope, do the Princes think that my Nephews and Nieces were not of as good Blood when they had only the Title of Marquisses and Marchionesses, as they are now they have the Title of Prince? I would have them know, that tho' I have declar'd my Nephews Princes and Dukes, it was rather to conform to an old Custom than with any Design to ennoble them.'

I would pardon the *Roman* Princes all their Vanity if they enjoy'd any solid Prerogatives; but at their Estates they are no more than plain Gentlemen, and whenever the Pope pleases he sends the *Sbirri* to arrest them, as well as the meanest of his Subjects. The Thing which puffs up this Gentry to such a Degree is, that Gentlemen of good Families make no scruple to wait on them, the Poverty among the Nobility being very great, and there being but a very indifferent Chance for Gentlemen of the Sword, because the greatest Part of the *Roman* Gentry are so much degenerated from their Ancestors that they have no Taste for Arms; while their Fondness for *Rome*, and the Notion they have that there is not such a delightful Place in the World, hinders them from going abroad, and puts them under a Necessity of being Slaves to People who are very often their Inferiors in Birth.

Nor do the *Roman* Princes distinguish themselves either by their Air, or their Manner of Living. They have a great Number of Footmen indeed, some no less than two dozen; but they live very meanly, so that not one of them keeps an open Table, or has any thing to treat with but Ice, and at most a Dish of Chocolate. The Evening is the Time to converse with them, for as soon as the *Angelus* has sounded, all Ceremonies at ROME are over, the Abbots and Priests go in the Lay Habit to the Cardinals, and all Compliments at meeting are set aside.

The Princes and the Cardinals give their Domestic servants such sorry Wages that their Livery Servants are continually mumping. The first Time one comes to a House the Domestic accost you for something to drink, which is what they call *Lucky Handsel*; they mump again at New-Years Tide, and in the Month of *August*, which is what they call *la Ferra Gusta*, and again when the Mistress of the House is brought to bed of a Son; in short they find out so many Pretences that they are perpetually teasing People for Money.

The Princesses have the Privilege of being lighted to the public Spectacles by eight Flambeaus of white Wax; but I have known some of them, who for saving their Wax never burnt any till they came within four or five hundred Paces of the Theatre, when they stopp'd to give their Lacqueys Time to light their Flambeaus, in order that they might arrive at the Opera in Pomp. And when they went out they stopp'd at the very same Place for the Lacqueys to put out their Flambeaus, from which Place all the Light the Princesses had to go home by was no more than a couple of little dark Lanthorns, which

which are here made use of commonly. This way of going with eight Flambeaus puts me in mind of a certain *English* Dutcheſs, who having travell'd in that manner at ROME, would fain have introduc'd the Faſhion at *Paris* too, but ſhe was forbid to make that Parade there, becauſe ſhe firſt two or three times that ſhe went abroad with ſo much Splendor, every body fell on their Knees, and thought the Holy Sacrament was carrying to ſome ſick Perſon.

Moſt of the Ladies as well as Princeſſes have very magnificent Coaches, but ſeldom make uſe of them. The Marquis *Sudarini*, who has lately match'd his Son, has made his Daughter-in-law a Preſent of a Coach for which he gave 7000 *Roman* Crowns, and there are many others that coſt more Money; but theſe Coaches are terrible Machines, and 'tis as much as a pair of Horſes can do to drag them along: Beſides, theſe ſtately portable Houſes have an Attendance on them which is by no means ſuitable; they are generally accompany'd by half a Score, or a dozen ſhabby Footmen, who with the Swords that they wear look more like Catchpoles than Footmen. Their Liveries in general are Scare-crows, and I do not think that there are any in the whole World more fantaſtical: The Lacqueys are for the moſt part old, dirty, unſhapeable Fellows, becauſe when once a poor Wretch has a Livery put upon his Back he never throws it off, and does not ſo much as attain to the Honour of being a *Valet de Chambre*. When he is paſt his Service his Maſter *jubilées* him, that is to ſay, puts him upon Half-pay, and he ſerves no longer. The Appearance or Neatneſs of a Servant are Things that are not regarded here; and provided they have but the Number, what matters it, ſay they, how they look?

This Maggot of keeping so many Lacqueys has infected even the Citizens; they who are in such mean Circumstances that they cannot afford to maintain them the whole Year round, covenant with them only for *Sundays* and *Saints Days*. Thus a Journeyman Shoemaker, or a Chimney-sweeper, who has but that very Day put a Scrub Livery on his Back, and that often borrow'd of a Tallyman, shall walk gravely before young Master, or pretty Miss, to and from Church, with his greasy Hair turn'd up behind his Ears, and a long Sword by his Side. For it would be reckon'd indecent here to see a Woman or a Miss go abroad alone, and the most abandon'd Prostitutes are always attended with a Matron.

The Funerals of Persons of Quality are perform'd here with very great Pomp; all the Dead are carried to Interment with their Faces bare. I saw the Funerals of Cardinal *Buoncompagni*, Archbishop of *Bologna*, and the Prince *Ruspoli*. The former was carried by Night in one of his Coaches to the Church of *St. Andrew de Laval*, which was hung all over with Black. Next Day the Corpse was laid upon a Bed of State in the Middle of the Nave of the Church, dress'd in the Sacerdotal Vestments, with the Head turn'd towards the Choir, and the Cardinals Hat at the Feet: Four *Valets de Chambre* stood at the Corners of the Bed, and each held a Banner of black Taffeta, with the Arms of the Deceas'd: There were an hundred great Tapers or Torches of white Wax in large Iron Candlesticks round the Bed: The High Mass was sung with Music, and the whole Sacred College was present: When the Cardinals enter'd the Church they made a short Prayer to the Holy Sacrament on their Knees; after which they went

and kneeled at the Feet of the Deceased, where they said a *Pater*, and the Prayer *Absolve Domine*, &c. and then taking the Holy Water Brush, they sprinkled it on the Corpse: The Cardinals retir'd after the Mass, but the Corpse lay expos'd till the Evening, when the Priests Vestments were taken off of the Deceased, and he was put into a Leaden Coffin, which was inclos'd in another of Cypress Wood, and then let down into the Grave. The Prince *Ruspoli's* Corpse was expos'd in the Church of St. *Lawrence Lucini*, which had been his Parish Church, in the same manner as the Cardinal *de Buoncompagno* was, but none of the Cardinals, nor any of the Deceased's Kindred assisted at the Office; for the *Italians* say 'tis barbarous to oblige Relations to attend each other's Funerals, as is the Fashion with us.

But tho' they do not attend at the Funerals, yet they wear Mourning much more regularly, and longer than we do. A Woman's Mourning is black from Head to Foot, so that one does not see the least Bit of Linnen they have, which is not a very favourable Circumstance to those of a brown Complexion. The Pope's Nieces never wear Mourning, not even for their nearest Relations, for the *Romans* reckon it so great a Happiness for a Family to have a Pope of it, that they say nothing ought to afflict the Kindred of a Pope.

They bury People here twenty-four Hours after they are dead, and sometimes sooner. 'Tis surprizing to see how quick they dress their Churches, whether for Funerals or Festivals, which it must be allow'd is always done with extraordinary Magnificence and Elegance. Most of the Churches have their own Suits of Hangings. Upon solemn Festivals they are commonly

hung with Crimson Damask, with a Border of Velvet of the same Colour adorn'd throughout with Lace and Fringe of Gold. All these Festivals of the Church are celebrated with very great Pomp and Bustle; all the Houses of the adjacent Quarters are illuminated in the Eve of the Festival, as well as in the Night itself, which always concludes with a Fire-work play'd off in the most spacious Part of the Quarter where it is celebrated, at the Expence of the Parishioners. The *Romans* have a singular Taste for all Holidays, and are great Admirers of Spectacles: They are at least as meer Cockneys as the *Parisians*, and every little Novelty makes them run to it as if they had never seen the like in their Lives, tho' all that they see is but the same Thing over again: They erect a Firework in the Twinkling of an Eye; these are very high Machines made of Reeds cover'd with Paper, which makes a very great Shew at little Expence: There's scarce a Week that passes in the Summer-time, but they have one or two of these Fireworks.

The Tribunal of the *Rota* is, next to the Congregations of the Cardinals, the chief Tribunal in ROME, if not of the whole World; for its Authority extends over all the Kingdoms and Dominions that acknowledge the Holy See. It consists of a dozen Prelates, who have the Title of Auditors; viz. one *German*, one *French*, two *Spaniards*, one *Bolognese*, one *Ferrarese*, one *Venetian*, one *Tuscan*, one *Milanese*, and three *Romans*. They have four Notaries under them, and the oldest Auditor is President; they meet twice a Week in the Palace where the Pope resides. Appeals in all Catholic Countries for Causes relating to Benefices are made to the Tribunal of the *Rota*.

The Governor of ROME is always a Prelate, and commonly an Archbishop *in partibus*; his Post gives him the Rank immediately after the Cardinals, and he challenges Precedency of the Ambassadors of crown'd Heads*; tho' I cannot positively say whether these yield it to him, because I never yet saw them appear at any public ceremony. This Governor is the Sovereign Judge of criminal causes, and takes cognisance of all civil Causes that require a speedy Issue: He has under him a Lieutenant and an Auditor civil, a Lieutenant and two Judges Criminal, with a Multitude of Subaltern Officers; and the Provost, who is call'd the *Barrigello*, with 300 Serjeants or *Sbirri*. When he goes abroad he is attended by his Guards, who are ten or a dozen old Halbardiers, more ragged than any that you ever saw; he causes his Horses to wear Tufts of black Feathers; for you must know that there are four Sorts of Plumes, the Cardinals who are Princes by Birth, or the Ambassadors, have them of Red and Gold; those of the Cardinals who are not Princes are plain Red; the Princes have theirs of Gold colour: The Governor of ROME, and the other Prelates, as the *Major Domo*, cause their Horses to wear black ones: The Governor always goes abroad with two Coaches, and has an Umbrella carried before him as the Cardinals have: He goes twice a Week to an Audience of the Holy Father to give him an account of what passes, but particularly to make a Report of the condemn'd Malefactors; and he must never be absent from ROME: One of the noblest Prerogatives belonging to his Office is, that he never quits it but to be made a Cardinal.

Another Magistrate of Note at ROME is the *Senator*: The *Romans* pretend that he represents

* He is the Pope's Vice-chamberlain.

the ancient Senate of ROME; if so, 'tis but a poor Epitome of it. He lives in the Capitol, and must always be born out of ROME. He holds his Office by Patent from the Pope, and has it for his Life. He has under him several Subaltern Officers; two Lieutenants Civil, fil'd Collaterals; a Judge intituled Captain of the Appeals; a Lieutenant criminal, or *Fiscal*, who passes Sentences of Death; and he has a Right to take cognisance of all Causes Civil and Criminal that happen to arise between the Citizens and Inhabitants of ROME: For this End he has also under him 30 Notaries or Commissaries, and the Prisons of the Capitol are at his Disposal: When he appears at any public ceremony he is dress'd in a long Robe of Gold Brocade lin'd with red Taffeta, and a Cap of black Velvet: He has a Seat to himself in the Pope's Chapel, and goes, like the Governor of ROME, twice a Week to give an Account to the Pope and the Cardinal Nephew of what has passed at his Bar; he is then dress'd in a long Simar, or Robe of Velvet, or black Mohair. When he enters into his Office he takes an Oath to the Pope, and his Holiness gives him the Staff of Command, which is a Sceptre of Ivory; he is afterwards conducted with great ceremony to the Capitol, guarded by all the Nobility of ROME on Horseback, and by all the Militia of the city.

Their manner of executing criminals is very singular. They have but two Sorts of Punishments here, viz. the *Strappa Corda*, and the Gibbet. The first, tho' 'tis not mortal, seems to my Mind more terrible than Death itself; the Malefactor being ty'd with his two Hands together to a Rope, by which he is hoisted 15 or 16 Feet from the Ground, and then let fall on a sudden, so that he generally becomes a Cripple for Life. When a Man is to be hang'd they talk of

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it a Week beforehand, as if it was the finest Holiday in the World: The Night before the Execution several Prelates, Princes, and others of Quality admitted into the confraternity of comforters, repair at Midnight to the Prison. When they come near the Dungeon they make a great Noise, and with a loud Voice ask the Goaler, *Where is such a one?* naming the criminal that is to be condemn'd. *Here he is,* says the Man, loud enough to be heard by the criminal. *Open the Doors to us,* say the Comforters, *he is in a bad State there,* we will remove him to a Place where he shall be better. The Turnkey opens the Dungeon, and lets in the Comforters, who exhort the criminal to go along with them, and being guarded by a Company of the *Sbirri* they put him in the middle, and carry him thro' several Galleries and Turnings towards the Door of a Chapel, before which is hung a Piece of black Cloth. Just as the criminal is preparing to enter it, the Fiscal calling him by his Name says to him, *You---there is your Sentence,* and at the same time throws him a Paper in which the Sentence is written: The criminal reads it, or else one of the Comforters does that Office for him: That very Moment the *Sbirri* withdraw, and the comforters remain alone with the criminal: Then the cloth hung before the Chapel Door is lifted up, and the Patient is led to an Altar at the End of it with a crucifix upon it in the middle of six lighted Wax Candles, where the Question is put to him *if he is willing to confess*: If he says yes, as very few *Italians* die willingly without Confession, a confessor is allotted him who gives him the best Advice that he can.

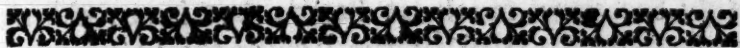
The *Italians* generally make their *Exit* like good Christians, but 'tis with very great Reluctance. A Man who was condemn'd to die some Years ago for the crime which brought down Fire from

Heaven upon *Sodom*, would not hear any Talk of Confession; upon which Cardinal *Banchieri*, at that Time only a Prelate, being one of his comforters, and exhorting him to beg of God to pardon his Sins; *What*, said the criminal to him, *would you have me die for a Crime of which you Priests are all guilty to a Man? I don't know*, said the Cardinal, *of any Priests that are so unhappy as to commit such a Crime; but if there are, they don't plead guilty in the Face of Justice.* Another Malefactor being very loth to die, a comforter said to him that Kings and Popes must all submit to Death. *True*, reply'd the Convict, *but they are not all hanged.*

After a criminal has confess'd, he receives the Sacraments, and the comforters continue with him till the next Day. At Ten o'clock, which is the Hour of Execution, he is convey'd in a Cart to the Gallows, to which he rides backwards, attended by two Priests, and two Comforters. When they are come to the fatal Place, they set him down out of the Cart before a Chapel to say his Prayers, and then they make him walk backwards to the Foot of the Ladder, which he also mounts with his Back to it, when the Hangman, who is at the Top of it, fastens the Rope about his Neck, and then leans with all his Weight upon his Shoulders to put him out of his Pain. After he is expir'd, Masses are said in all the Churches, and even in the Pope's Chapel, for the Repose of his Soul; and for this End a Collection is made, to which the poorest People contribute something; at length, after he has hung four or five Hours, he is bury'd like another Man.

You'll excuse me, Sir, for concluding my Letter with such a dismal Subject: The Post is just going off, and I have many other Letters to write,

so that I hope you won't take ill that I add no more to this. I am, &c.



L E T T E R XXXVI.

S I R,

Rome, October 10, 1731.

THIS being in all Appearance the last Letter I shall write to you from ROME, I shall now give you the best Answer I can to the Questions you put to me in your last.

You desire, *Sir*, that I should give you a faithful Character of the Holy Father, but do you consider well what it is you require? Is it likely that such a private Man as I, who only see the Pope thro' a Perspective in all his Glory and Grandeur, should be able to paint him? No, *Sir*, the Successors of *St. Peter* are not like other Princes; None but such of their Domestics as are their most intire Confidants can know them thoroughly; and these either out of their Zeal or Policy paint them always, if not as they are, at least as they ought to be. You will tell me that in all Courts 'tis the same Case, and that notwithstanding this one may judge of Princes by their Actions. 'Tis very true, yet this gives us but an imperfect Idea of Princes, who often do Good or Harm without meaning either.

To judge by outward Appearances *Clement XII.* may be rank'd among the greatest Popes that ever the Church had: He had always, even before he was Pope, the Reputation of an honest Man, and all his Pride is to merit that Character: He is rigid, and if I may venture to say it, sometimes blunt in his Answers: His earnest Application to the retrieving of the Finances, which were very much disorder'

disorder'd by the Ministers of *Benedict XIII.* renders him an Œconomist, perhaps more than suits with his Dignity: He has the Interests of the Holy See very much at heart; but is accus'd of being more troubled for the Loss of the Dutchy of *Parma*, (which they give out here was devolv'd to the Holy See by the Death of the Duke *Francis Farnese*) than for the Disturbances owing to the Affair of the Constitution in *France*: He is a great Admirer of Persons of Quality, but he does them little good: His good Husbandry extends even to his Nephews, whom he has loaded with Honours and Titles, but he has hitherto given them very little Money. When he was a Cardinal, his House was open to every body; he liv'd magnificently, and it was expected he would rather be a prodigal Pope than a *saving* one: He was civil and affable, but not very ready to do Services; for if he made his Friends welcome, he thought that was enough; Business was what took up little of his Time, and he bent his Thoughts more to noble Living than to Affairs of State. And the *Romans*, who had other Reasons not to be pleas'd with his Election, said he rose to the Pontificate from a Game at Picquet.

Since he is become a Pope, he is quite another sort of a Man: He is desirous to know every thing that passes, and is fond of being his own Minister. But 'tis his Misfortune that his Memory begins to fail him, and he is almost blind; besides which, as he never was employ'd in State Affairs, he knows them not so much by Experience as Theory: Yet for all this it were to be wish'd for the sake of the Ecclesiastical State that he had been chose Pope in the place of *Benedict XIII.* but 'tis the Unhappiness of this Country that its Princes are commonly more harrafs'd with their bodily Infirmities than with the Cares of Government: 'Tis

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pity that the Pope is so old, for he has the very Qualities that constitute a great Prince. Notwithstanding his great Age he has had the good Luck to make ten Cardinals tho' he has not been sixteen Months in the Pontificate; but his last Promotion of five Cardinals was not generally approv'd of. Among other coarse *Pasquinades* that were utter'd upon that occasion, this Inscription was affix'd to several Gates of the Pontifical Palace, *Nostra Signora fa una bella Promozione, quattro Matti ed un Minchione*, i. e. Our Lord has made a fine Promotion, four Madmen and one Fool. Those five Cardinals were Signior *Guadagno*, the Pope's Nephew, formerly a barefooted *Carmelite*; Signior *Doria Maestro di Camera*, Archbishop of *Benevento*; Signior *Gentil*, a *Datary*, who had been formerly *Secretary of the Congregation of the Bishops, and the Regular Clergy*, a Post which tho' the very next Step to a Cardinal's Cap the Pope had made him resign it for the Office of a *Datary*, which is but a mean Commission; Signior *Ferraro*, and Signior *Bichi*, both Nuncios in *Portugal*.

The last is noted for the Broils that he occasion'd between the Holy See and the Court of *Lisbon*: The King of *Portugal* being disgusted with this Nuncio for having defrauded him of the customs, by entring Goods upon his own Account, which he sold afterwards to the Prejudice of the *Portuguese* Merchants, and being moreover exasperated with this Prelate for assuming more Authority to himself than his Predecessors had ever done, demanded of *Clement XI.* to recall him; and upon that Pope's Death he repeated his Instances to *Innocent XIII.* who at length consented to his Demand; But then the King, for what cause I know not, alter'd his Mind, and declared he was not willing that *Bichi* should leave his court till the Term of his Nunciature was expired. And

as the Pope had nominated M. *Ferrayo* to relieve *Bichi*, and was obstinate for the Return of the latter to ROME, the King order'd his Ambassador to demand of the Pope for what Reason he recall'd *Bichi*; and in case the Holy Father should declare that it was to punish his Nuncio, he enjoin'd him to say that this Minister was intirely innocent of the Matters laid to his Charge in *Portugal*; but that if on the contrary the Pope should give him to understand that he recall'd *Bichi*, to give him such an Office in the Apostolical Palace as might secure him a Cardinal's Hat, he the Ambassador should then make Answer that his *Portuguese* Majesty was of Opinion, the Dignity of Nuncio at his Court ought to procure the Purple for all those who resided with him in that Quality, and that therefore his Majesty would never suffer M. *Bichi* to depart from *Lisbon* till he was declared a Cardinal.

The Pope exclaimed against the King's new Demand, repeated his Orders to *Bichi* to return to ROME, and sent away M. *Ferrayo* for *Portugal*. But the King would not let *Bichi* go out of the Kingdom, nor *Ferrayo* come into it, and *Bichi* himself refus'd to obey the Holy Father, who threaten'd him with Excommunication; but the Prelate being sure of the King's Protection, did not much value the Apostolical censures. The King in short continu'd to solicit the Hat for him strenuously, but *Innocent XIII.* would not hear it mention'd, alledging that it was not proper for him, who in Quality of Cardinal Protector of *Portugal* had impeach'd *Bichi* at the Holy See, to advance him to the Purple. *Benedict XIII.* who was of a Beneficent and pacific Disposition, no sooner came to the Pontificate but he wrote a Letter with his own Hand to the King of *Portugal* wherein he promis'd him the Hat for *Bichi*. The Sacred

Sacred College, when they were inform'd of the Pope's Intentions, made smart Remonstrances to him, and every Cardinal in particular represented to him how unworthy *Bichi* was of the Purple. Cardinal *Corfini*, the present Pope, was the Man that declar'd himself against that Prelate with the greatest Warmth; for he told the Pope that, notwithstanding his Respect for his Holiness, he would never consent that *Bichi*, that dishonourable, that faithless Man, (which were the Epithets wherewith he honour'd him) should be one of his Brethren. In a Word, the whole Sacred College shew'd so much Disgust at the Thoughts of this Promotion that the Pope was oblig'd to revoke the Promise he had made to the King of *Portugal*. That Monarch, incensed to see himself made a Jest of by the Priests, recall'd his Ambassador and Envoy then at ROME, and order'd his Subjects to leave that City, and to have nothing more to do with the Holy See. And the Pope in his Turn recall'd *Ferrayo*, who still continued in *Spain*, on the Frontier of *Portugal*, and summon'd *Bichi* to *Rome*, whither at last he was determin'd to return.

During this, *Benedict XIII.* dy'd and *Clement XII.* succeeding him, *Bichi*, who is his Kinsman, went to *Sienna*, the Place of his Birth. There it was that he heard of his Promotion, which was made on the 24th of *September* last, but not without strong Debates in the Sacred College. A great Number of the Cardinals put the Holy Father in Mind that he was formerly the most zealous Stickler against *Bichi*: And in the Consistory wherein the Pope propos'd him, a Cardinal gave his Opinion that the Prelate might be admitted into the Sacred College in Quality of a Penitent. The Pope happening to say, that he knew of no other Way to come to an Accommodation with the
King

King of *Portugal* than by making *Bichi* a Cardinal; one of the Cardinals made answer, 'I question whether the promoting of *Bichi* will set us to Rights with *Portugal*; but let it happen as it may, 'twill be at the worst but one Hat more ill bestow'd.'

The *Romans* actually pine for an Accommodation with *Portugal*; for the Ambassadors of that Crown have always expended great Sums here, especially since the Accession of the present King, who has caus'd a great deal of Money to be laid out here in Statues, Pictures, and other Things of Value. 'Tis reckon'd upon the whole that the Absence of the *Portuguese* is a Loss to the City of *Rome* of above a Million of *Roman* Crowns in a Year.

The Pope's Nephews are like their Uncle, Men of great Sincerity, Honour and Probity; but whether 'tis owing to the Indolence of their Tempers, or to their Want of Interest with their Uncle, they serve no Body, and know not the Pleasure of doing Good. The Cardinal who should naturally have the most Credit is he that has the least. He is penurious to the last Degree.* Before he was made a Cardinal and Minister, People conceiv'd a high Idea of him; they believ'd that a Person who had travell'd so much as he had done, and who had been many Years employ'd by the Great Duke in *France*, and at the Congress of *Cambray*, must needs be well versed in Business; therefore they apply this Verse to him,

* When he was at the Congress at *Cambray*, he had a Fancy to regulate every Plenipotentiary's Household, and indeed, that was all he did there. One Day he took it into his Head to give his Oeconomical Rules at my Lord *Whitworth's*; but he did not find my Lady very complaisant; for said she, *M. le Marquis*, We make use of the *Italians* to regulate our Concerts; but as for the Table, pray give us leave to consult the *French*.

Tel brille au second rang, qui s' eclipse au premier.

i. e.

*He shines so much in the second Class, as eclipses him
in the First.*

Every body allows he is an upright Man; but they don't look upon him as a Minister. He is so reserved that 'tis quite disgusting, and when he grants any Favour, he does it in so strange a Manner that they who receive it are sorry they were beholden to him. I question whether he will have very many Humble Servants left when his Uncle dies.

In the same Consistory wherein the Pope made *Bichi* a Cardinal, the Holy Father talk'd a great deal about the Succession of *Parma*. He complain'd in general Terms of the Emperor, for arrogating to himself those Prerogatives relating to the Dominions of *Parma* which were only due to the Holy See. He acquainted the Sacred College of every thing that he had done for maintaining the Rights of the Church; he said, that as soon as he was informed that the Dutcheff of *Parma* was really not with Child, he ordered his *Nuncio* at *Parma* to take Possession of the Dominions that were devolv'd to the Holy See by the Extinction of the Male Line of the *Farnese* Family; that his *Nuncio* had executed his Orders; but that *Stampa* the Emperors General and Commissary had caus'd an Edict to be publish'd, whereby, in the Name of the Emperor, he forbid all the Subjects of *Parma* from owning any other Sovereign but him to whom his Imperial Majesty shou'd give the Investiture of the Dutchy. The Pope said, he was sorry when he
heard

heard *Stampa* had taken that Step, but that he expected from the Emperor's Justice and Piety that he would not approve of the conduct of his General, and that he would not do any thing contrary to the incontestable claim of the Holy See, to the Dominions of the *Farnese* Family. The Cardinals returned a very modest Answer to the Pope, thanking him for the Endeavours he had us'd to maintain the Rights of the Holy See, and praying him to continue them. The Cardinals *Cienfuegos* and *Bentivoglio* being inform'd of all the complaints which the Pope intended to make in this Consistory took care not to be there. These Gentlemen are extremely angry with the Emperor; 'What, said they, to have no more 'Respect for the Pope and the Holy See, to invade the Estates of the Church, and dispose of 'them as he pleases, are these Actions becoming 'an Emperor, Protector of the Catholic Faith?' Really to hear how they talk, one wou'd think the Emperor had actually taken all they had from 'em; tho' I am perswaded that if he would but give them the Dutchy of *Parma* they wou'd consent to his being a *Jansenist*.

You desire, Sir, to be inform'd of the Reception that is given here to Ambassadors. I shou'd have done this long before you desired it, if I had seen any Ambassador go to an Audience of the Pope, besides the *Maltese*, who has not so grand a Reception here as the Ambassadors of Crown'd Heads. 'Twas on the second *Sunday* in *Lent*, in the Afternoon, that the Ambassador of *Malta*, who has resided here six Years in Quality of Ambassador of that Order, made his Entry as Tributary Ambassador Extraordinary. This Minister repairing without any Retinue to the Vineyard of Pope *Julius*, without the Gate *del Popoli*, was complimented there on the Part of the Pope,

Pope, by the *Major Domo*, and the oldest Prelate, and on the Part of the Cardinals and principal Nobility by their Gentlemen. After this, the cavalcade was made with more Order than is commonly observ'd here at public ceremonies. First came the several Coaches and six of the Cardinals, Princes, and other Persons of Distinction, following one another without Observation of the respective Ranks of their Owners. Then came two of the Ambassador's Grooms on Horseback, who were follow'd by four cover'd Waggon, and a couple of Field Carriages, cover'd with Tapestry that was embroider'd with his Excellency's Coat of Arms. Next came the Ambassador's Master of the Horse, follow'd by six led Horses, two Trumpets, with the Lackeys, *Valets de Chambre*, Pages and Gentlemen belonging to the Ambassador, all on Horseback. These were follow'd by the chief Lackey of the Cardinals riding upon Mules, and carrying their Master's red-Hats flung over their Shoulders; and after these came the Cardinals Gentlemen, who were follow'd by a Detachment of Light-horse. The Chamberlains of Honour follow'd riding upon Mules. The Knights of *Malta* on Horseback rode just before the Ambassador, who was supported by the *Major Domo*, and Signior *Colonna* the oldest Prelate. His Excellency was preceded by twelve running Footmen in his Livery, and he walked in the Middle of a couple of Files of the hundred *Switzers* of the Pope's Guard. Three of the Ambassador's Coaches and Six clos'd the March. The whole Train pass'd thro' the chief Streets of ROME, and accompany'd the Ambassador to his Palace, where his Excellency treated all the Company with Refreshments.

On the Day of Audience, the Ambassador went in his Equipage to the Palace of *Monte-Cavallo*, attended

attended by the Coaches of the Cardinals and the Nobility. He was receiv'd at the Top of the Stairs by the *Major Domo*, who conducted him into that call'd the Prince's Apartment. The Ambassador having waited there a little Time, two Masters of the Ceremonies came to acquaint him that his Holiness was ready to admit him to an Audience in the consistory then sitting. The Ambassador went thither, conducted by the Masters of the ceremonies; and Signior *Acquaviva* the *Major Domo* received him at the Entrance of the Hall of the consistory, and conducted him to the Entrance of the Court fronting the Pope. The Ambassador fell on his Knees, and made a profound Obeisance to the Pope, who gave him his Blessing. Then he fell on his Knees again in the Middle of the Court, and the third Time at the Pope's Feet, to whom he made his Speech kneeling. In this Posture he also delivered the Letter from the Grand Master to the Holy Father, who gave it to a Preiate, ordering him to read it. The Ambassador arose, and having crossed the court, saluting the Cardinals on the Right and Left, he fell on his Knees at the Entrance of the court, opposite to the Holy Father. There he heard the Grand Master's Letter read, and afterwards a very long Speech in *Latin*, which an Abbat, who was a Knight of *Malta*, made in the Name of the Order upon his Knees. The Prelate had no sooner read the Letter but he answer'd the Speech in *Latin*. The Ambassador who was still on his Knees arose, after the Prelate had ended his Speech, went and kneel'd again at the Pope's Feet, which he kiss'd, and then presented to his Holiness the Knights of *Malta* who had accompany'd him to the Audience, and who all kiss'd the Holy Father's Feet. The Pope rising from his Seat retired to his Apartment; but the

the Ambassador stay'd in the Hall of the consistory till all the Cardinals were gone out. He then returned to his Palace, where he gave a grand Repast to the Knights of his Order. The next and the following Days, he made his Visits of ceremony to the Cardinals. Their Eminencies don't give Precedence to the Ambassadors, but bating that only, they treat them as their Equals.

I have been assured that the Ambassadors Extraordinary of Kings are lodged three Days in the Pontifical Palace, during which they have the Honour to dine once with the Holy Father. If I continue here till the Arrival of the Duke of St. Aignan, the Ambassador of *France*, who is every Day expected, I will give you an Account how he is receiv'd; for tho' these ceremonies are printed here, I shall be willing to have ocular Demonstration of the Things that I write to you.

Of all the public Functions at this Place, there is none more august, and more solemn, than the Procession with the Holy Sacrament, when 'tis carry'd by the Pope. Upon *Corpus Christi* Day, the Holy Father was plac'd in an Arm-chair, without a Back to it, with a Desk before him, upon which he laid the Pyx that contained the Holy Sacrament. His Cope, which was very long, and very wide, so cover'd the Desk and the chair that the Pope seem'd to be kneeling. His Head was uncover'd, and in this Posture he was carry'd by eight Men. In my whole Life, I never saw any thing more Exemplary than the Countenance of the Pope during the ceremony, his Face being the very Picture of contrition and Devotion. The Procession set out from St. *Peter's* Church, attended by all the Fraternities, the Monastick Orders, the *Roman* Nobility, the conservators of *ROME*, the Governor of *ROME*, the Chapter of St. *Peter*, and all the Prelates

Prelates and Bishops. Three *Tiara's*, and as many Mitres, adorn'd with Pearls and Diamonds, were carry'd before the Holy Father. The Pope was environ'd with the hundred *Swiss* of his Guards all in Armour, and by the Officers of his Chamber; and the Proceſſion was clos'd by the Light-horſe and Cuiraffiers on Horſeback. The Colonnade of St. *Peter*, and the Streets, were hung with Tapeſtry, and cover'd with canvas to keep off the Heat of the Sun. As the Pope paſſed by the Houſe where the Family of the *Stuarts* liv'd, he gave to thoſe Princes the Bleſſing of the Holy Sacrament. The Holy Father's Nieces were in a neighbouring Houſe, but they did not receive that Honour, it being reſerved only for Sovereigns.

You ſeem, Sir, to be ſo much prejudiced againſt the Holy Office of the Inquiſition that I muſt endeavour to convince you of the miſtaken Notion which I preſume to ſay you have conceived upon that Head. Honeſt People have no more Reaſon to dread this Tribunal, than any of the other Courts of Juſtice. They tell a thouſand Stories of it in our Part of the World, and eſpecially among the *Proteſtants*, which are abſolute Falſehoods. Be but an honeſt Man; ſpeak of God and the Saints with all due Reſpect, or at leaſt don't offer to inſult them; give no public Scandal; and you have nothing to fear from the Holy Office. To ſpeak the Truth, will not a Man in all the chriſtian Countries, that is notoriously impious in Word or Deed, will he not be taken to Task by the Conſiſtories, and by the Law? I own, for my Part, that I don't ſee wherein that Barbarity and that Inhumanity conſiſts which the Holy Office is charg'd with in *Proteſtant* Countries; on the contrary, it ſeems to me to be the mildeſt Tribunal in the World. Let me be guilty of the
greateſt

greatest Injuries to God and Religion, in Thought, Word or Deed; if I do but go and confess my Crimes to the Holy Office, and tell them I repent of my Wickedness and Folly, the Father Commissary will represent the Horror of my Sins to me, will exhort me for the Salvation of my Soul, to behave and think better for the future, and at last will absolve me. Where now is that *Protestant* Tribunal which is content with a voluntary Confession? Instead of absolving the Penitent, don't they condemn him to Imprisonment and bodily Pains?

For these sixteen Months that I have been at ROME I have not heard of any one's being arrested by the Holy Office; on the contrary, I have seen Acts of Clemency perform'd by this Tribunal so much run down, which perhaps the Consistory of *Geneva* would never have done. I had not long been here, but there came one *Pallas*, a Native of *Toulon*, and Captain in *France*, who brought a young Woman with him, whom he said he had ravish'd; he desir'd a License of the Vicar to marry her, which was granted. But some Months after, there comes a Woman, who appear'd to be the Wife of *Pallas*, and the Mother of the young Creature that he had but just married, and who was ready to lie in. *Pallas* perceiving his Crime on the brink of being detected, goes and reveals the whole to the Holy Office, which first gave him Protection for his Person, and in a few Days after acquitted him; injoining him at the same time to take his first Wife again. This *Pallas* dying not many Days after, his two Wives went to Law for their Jointure. I question now whether this Officer would have been acquitted by a Parliament of *France*.

The Congregation of the Holy Office was established by Pope *Paul III.* at the Solicitation of
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the Cardinal *John Peter Caraffa*, who afterwards becoming Pope by the Name of *Paul IV.* made a remarkable Addition to the Authority of this Tribunal. That Holy Pontiff *Pius V.* reduced it to its present State. This Congregation consists of a dozen Cardinals, besides a Number of Prelates, and a great many Divines of different Orders, who are called *Consultori & Qualificatori del Santo Officio*. Among these are included a Conventual, the General of the *Dominicans*, the Master of the Sacred Palace, the Commissary of the Holy Office, the Fiscal, and the Assessor, which last must always be a secular Prelate. This Tribunal takes Cognizance of the Causes of Heresy, and of such novel Opinions as are repugnant to the Soundness of the Catholic Faith; as also of Matters of Apostasy, Witchcraft, the Abuse of the Sacraments, and other wicked Actions; and it likewise takes Cognizance of prohibited Books. It sits twice a Week, *viz.* on *Wednesdays* in the Convent of *Minerva*, and on *Thursdays* in Presence of the Pope, who is the Head of it. The oldest Cardinal has the Title of Secretary of the Holy Office, and is the Keeper of its Seals. None but Cardinals can vote in it, and they admit of no Proposals but what they think proper.

The Palace of the Holy Office is close by St. *Peter's* Church, and there live the Assessor, the Father Commissary, the Fiscal, the Notary, and other Officers. There also the Prisoners are kept, and there they are try'd, according as the Case requires. The Officers of the Holy Office acknowledge no other Judges in the first Instance, but the Assessor of the Tribunal whereof they are Members, and they appeal for the Definitive Sentence to the Cardinals who are Members of the Congregation.

I will

I will conclude my long Letter with a Remark which I have made upon the *Romans* in particular, and the *Italians* in general, I mean as to the reciprocal Hatred of the Inhabitants of the different States of *Italy*. That the *Romans* hate the *Florentines* I think I have told you more than once; but that's not all, for they as heartily hate the *Neapolitans* and the *Genoese*. They commonly say that there must be seven *Jews* to make one *Genoese*, and seven *Genoese* to make one *Florentine*. 'Tis unaccountable how the People of *Italy* can so hate one another. I can't imagine that they should be so blind as not to see the Prejudice it does them; for in short 'tis not barely the Hatred of one Province to another, but it diffuses its Poyson to the Towns that are subject to one and the same Sovereign. These People don't consider that they form one and the same Nation, and that if they did but unite together they would be both rich and powerful; but being jealous of one another they only seek to ruin each other, and by that means deprive themselves of the most solid Support of their Liberty.

To my mind we act much more rationally; for tho' our *Germany* is divided into many more Dominions than *Italy* is, we do however form a Body against Foreigners who have a Design upon our Estates and our Liberties. The lesser Princes comply with the Emperor's Will, and their own Interest and that of the Empire is all one. Our Princes visit and associate with one another, and maintain a Sort of common Friendship; the *Italian* Princes on the contrary never visit one another, and when by Chance a Sovereign of four or five Leagues of Country comes to have an Interview with such another Sovereign as himself, it takes up as much Negotiation to adjust it as was necessary to settle the Interview between *Philip IV.* and *Lewis XIV.*

But is it not ridiculous to see such petty States act towards one another with as much Finesse and Craft as the most powerful Kingdoms? 'Tis this Diffidence, this reciprocal Hatred between the Governments and Towns of *Italy*, that has made them for a long time the Sport of Foreigners; whereas if these People did but keep up a good Understanding with one another, they would soon drive them out; for Nature has furnish'd them with Ditches and Walls, which if they don't defend, 'tis their own Fault: But it seems as if Providence, by which the Fate of all Dominions is determin'd, would not have it so.

Adieu, Sir, for the present; I cannot be sure when I shall write to you again, much less when I shall have the Pleasure of embracing you, tho' there's scarce a Day passes over my Head but I do it in Imagination. Do you but render me like for like, and be assur'd that no body in the World is more strictly than I am, *Yours, &c.*



L E T T E R XXXV.

S I R,

Genoa, Nov. 2, 1731.

THE Road from *Rome* to LORETTO has been so fully describ'd that I think I should pass it over in Silence; nor shall I say any thing more to you of the *Santa Casa*, which you know in what manner the Angels bore to the Place where it now stands. If you would be inform'd of the Treasure of this House, look into the Voyages of *Misson*, who has given a large Account of every Particular: Since he wrote, the
Treasure

Treasure is not very much increas'd, the Princes having almost done making their Offerings to it. The Queen of *France* has lately settled a perpetual Endowment on it for the Celebration of four Masses a Day, by way of Thanksgiving for the Birth of the Dauphin.

From *Loretto* to *BOLOGNA* the Road is good, and 'tis a fine fruitful Country; I stay'd three Days the longer at that City, on purpose to see the Cardinal *Grimani* who is Legate there from the Holy See. He is a Prelate of great Virtue, sound Morals, and polite, but unaffected Behaviour. He has been *Internuncio* at *Brussels*, *Nuncio* at *Cologne*, and in *Poland*, and in this Quality he resided at *Vienna* when he was advanc'd to the Purple. I knew him at all those *Nunciatures*; I saw him at *ROME*, when he went thither to receive the Hat, and I have now seen him again at *Bologna*, and find he is the same Man now he is both Cardinal and Legate, that he was when but an *Internuncio* *. For 'tis only in vulgar Souls that Honours change Manners.

Notwithstanding the Reluctance I had to repass the *Apennine* Hills a second Time, I was forced to resolve upon it, or else to renounce all Thoughts of being at *Leghorn* at the Arrival of the Fleets from *Spain* and *England*. I have been at *FLORENCE*, and have had the Honour to wait on the Great Duke, and Madame the Electress Palatine Dowager. I had formerly paid my Compliments to this Princess, both here and at *Dusseldorp*, and she was now pleas'd to call me to mind again, and to shew me abundance of Respect and Kindness: Her most

* Cardinal *Grimani* succeeded Cardinal *Bentivoglio* in the Legateship of *Bologna* as soon as the present Pope had created him a Cardinal; but he died in the Legateship, and his Holiness conferr'd it upon *John Baptist Spinola*, whom he had just before advanc'd to the Purple.

Serene Electoral Highness lives very retir'd, and is almost continually at her Devotions: She has her own Ladies of the Bedchamber, but as for the rest she is attended by the Officers of the Great Duke, and makes use also of that Prince's Equipage.

I did not suppose that I should be able to pay my Respects to the Great Duke, because I had been told that it was very difficult to get an Audience of him, yet I attain'd to that Honour at the very Time when I least of all expected it. As I was going from the Electress's Apartment I met one of the Great Duke's *Valets de Chambre*, who came to tell me that his Royal Highness wanted to speak with me: This Message so surpriz'd me that I thought the Man mistook me for another Person, till he convinc'd me of the contrary: I was obliged to yield Obedience, and the *Valet de Chambre* introduc'd me to the Audience: I found the Great Duke sitting upright in Bed, accompany'd by several Lap-dogs, with nothing on but a Shirt without Ruffles, and a long Cravat about his Neck of coarse Muslin: His Cap was very much besmear'd with Snuff, and truly there was nothing neat nor grand about him: By his Bed-side there stood a Table in Form of a Beaufet, upon which there were Silver Buckets that contain'd Bottles of Liquors and Glasses: His Royal Highness receiv'd me however with great Marks of Goodness, reproach'd me because I had not yet desired to see him, and said to me in the kindest Manner possible, that I did very ill to treat my old Friends with so much Indifference. The Prince remember'd he had known my Father, and he call'd to mind that when he was at *Berlin* my Parents paid him all due Respects; he ask'd me what News from the Court of *Prussia*? and wanted to know all the Alterations that had been made there since his Time: He talk'd to me of

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the Court of *Rome*, and particularly of the Pope; and said with a Smile, that the Holy Father was at first his Subject, afterwards his Equal, and now the Master of him and of all the Catholic Princes. The Conversation at length took a gayer Turn, and ran upon Pleasures, good Cheer, and the Bottle. The Grand Duke said 'twas too early in the Day to drink Wine (for 'twas no more than Two o'Clock in the Afternoon) but that he had a choice Dram of which I should taste, and he was so good as to fill me a Glass of it out of a Bottle which was by his Bedside. 'Twas to no purpose for me to protest that I never drank Drams, I was fain to drink that Glass, then another, and after that a third. The Great Duke assum'd no State upon Account of his Rank, but treated me as his Equal, and drank Glass for Glass with me. I was just going to fall at his Knees, and to beg Quarter, when, as good Luck would have it, *Joannino* his favourite *Valet de Chambre* came in, and whisper'd something in his Ear. Upon this the Great Duke put on a serious Air, and soon after dismiss'd me, but charg'd me not to go from FLORENCE before I had receiv'd his Commands. *Make yourself as merry as you can*, said the Prince, *but be sure not to go away without taking your Leave of me.* Two Hours after I return'd to my Inn, his Royal Highness sent me a Present of Fowls, *Bologna* Sauages, Cheese, Sweetmeats, and other good Things, together with several Dozens of Bottles of most excellent Wine; so that I assure you I had Subsistence enough for three Months.

I stay'd four Days expecting the Great Duke's Orders, but as none came in all that Time, I desir'd his Favourite *Joannino* to ask him if he had any Commands for me; upon which he sent me word that he desir'd I would stay two Days longer, and that then he would see me. I heard that a

Courier was arriv'd from *Leghorn*, which brought him News that the *Spanish* Fleet had been seen at Sea; upon which I thought that the Grand Duke would be very much taken up with his Ministers; but I was soon inform'd that he left all Matters intirely to the Management of his Ministers the Commandeur *d'Elbene*, and the Marquis *Rinuccini*, who settled every thing as they thought fit with Father *Ascanio* the *Spanish* Minister.

The Great Duke lay snug in his Bed, not that he was sick, but out of pure Indulgence. 'Tis now twenty-two Months since he went out of his Palace, and above seven since he put on his Cloaths. His Levee is not 'till Noon, and then he sends for such as he has Business with to his Bed-chamber; but this is an Honour which the *Florentines* don't easily attain to, for he seems to be fondest of the *German* Nation, whose Language he speaks well, and pretends even to know its various Dialects. There are few Pilgrims that pass this Way, either to or from *Rome*, but he sends for them to his Court, where he converses whole Hours with them, refreshes them with his Cordials, and puts a Crown in their Pockets when they go away: He dines at Five o'Clock in the Evening, and sups at Two in the Morning: He always eats alone, commonly in his Bed, and spends two or three Hours in Table-Talk with *Joannino*, and some young Fellows call'd *Ruspanti*, because they are Pensioners to the Great Duke, and paid in *Ruspes*, which are a Coin of the same Value as *Sequins*; and some of them have two, three, and even five *Ruspes* a Week. They are paid by *Joannino* every *Wednesday* and *Saturday*, but all their Business is to attend the Great Duke whenever he sends for them at Dinner or Supper; 'tis said their Number consists of above three hundred, and that they cost his Royal Highness 80,000 Crowns *per Ann.* They consist of all Na-

tions,

tions, but of *Germans* more than any other. They wear no Livery, nor are they all clad alike, and they are only known by their Locks, which are always very much curl'd and powder'd.

When the two Days which the Great Duke had order'd me to stay were expir'd, I again sent for his Leave to be gone, upon which he commanded me to wait on him, and receiv'd me altogether as kindly as he did the first Time: He kept me near three Hours, during which he did me the Honour to talk with me on a thousand different Subjects, and then he dismiss'd me, saying, *Farewel, go to Leghorn, and see my new Guests safe ashore.*

I cannot leave FLORENCE without thinking it my Duty to mention some Persons of Note to you, whom I was acquainted with at this Court.

The Commandeur *d'Elbene* is Steward of the Great Duke's Household and President of his Council, and venerable both for his Age and his Merit.

The Marquis *Rinuccini* is the second Minister, but is properly the Soul of the Council, having been employ'd in Business a long time; for in 1711 he was the Great Duke's Envoy at the *Hague*, and about that Time he attended the late Elector Palatine to the Election of an Emperor at *Francfort*. He was afterwards sent Envoy from the Great Duke to the Congress at *Utrecht*, and from thence he went to *England*: When he return'd from his Embassies the late Great Duke admitted him a Member of his Council, and put him at the Head of Foreign Affairs, of which he has still the Direction. 'Twas he that dispos'd the Great Duke and the Electress to submit to the Times, and to recognize Don *Carlos* the Infante of *Spain* for their Successor: And in fine, he is the Man that settles all Matters against the Arrival of that Prince, who is expected here with very great Impatience.

Tho' the Nobility of FLORENCE are in general very civil to Foreigners, yet 'tis certain that the Marquis *Richardi* is one of those Gentlemen that gives them the best Welcome; and as he is one of the richest Gentlemen in *Tuscany*, he is also one of those that keeps the best House; he has three Sons, and one of them is a Prelate; the eldest of them Don *Vincenzo*, who is like some Day or other to be the Head of the Family, has travell'd very much, and is certainly a Gentleman of very great Acquirements and Merit.

There's a great many fine Ladies here, but they don't dress well, and have not near so much Liberty as those of *Rome*: There's one Madame *Suarez* indeed that cuts a very great Figure, and keeps open House to all Comers; she receives Foreigners in a grand Manner, especially the *English*; but her House would be better if there was not so much Gaming in it.

Before I set out from FLORENCE, I can't think it will be improper to give you a few Particulars concerning the Family of the *Medicis*, which is near being extinct in the Person of the Great Duke *John Gaston*.

This Family has given seven Sovereign Princes to *Tuscany*. *Cosmo* the First of that Name was also the first Great Duke. He obtain'd that Title about *Anno* 1568. from the Emperor *Maximilian* II. of whom he had demanded the Title of *King of Hetruria*, but the Emperor return'd him for Answer, that he knew of but one King in *Italy*, and that was himself. However, to gratify *Cosmo's* Vanity, *Maximilian* invented the Title of *Great Duke*, that of *Arch Duke* being already the Appenage of the House of *Austria*. The Names of the seven Great Dukes with their Alliances are as follow.

Cosmo

Cosmo I. *who married Eleanor of Toledo.*

Ferdinand I. *who married Joan of Austria.*

Francis I. *who married Mary Magdalen of Austria.*

Cosmo II. *whose Wife was Claude of Lorain.*

Ferdinand II. *married to Mary de la Rovere,
Dutchess of Urbino.*

Cosmo III. *who married Margareta Louisa of
Orleans.*

John Gaston *married to Anna Maria Frances of
Saxe-Lawenbourg.*

The Family of *Medicis* calls to my Mind that of the *Kettlers*, Dukes of *Courland*, and I fancy the following Parallel will hold between the two Families. The *Medicis* before they were Sovereigns of *Tuscany* were Standard-Bearers of FLORENCE; the *Kettlers* were Gentlemen and Grand Masters of the *Teutonic Order* in *Courland*. The Emperor *Maximilian II.* made *Medicis* Grand Duke: *Sigismund Augustus* King of *Poland* made *Kettler* a Duke. The two Families have each given seven Sovereigns to *Europe*, and they are alike related to the greatest Families. The last of the *Medicis*, and the last of the *Kettlers* were married to Princesses of the *Saxon Family*. They both see Foreign Powers disposing of their Succession before they are dead*.

* Nevertheless there is a Difference between these two Families: The Duke *Ferdinand* is the last Survivor of that of *Kettler*; but of the Family of *Medicis* there are Princes still living, who have an incontestable Right to the Succession; for 'tis certain that *Bernard de Medicis*, the eldest Brother of Pope *Leo XI.* descended from *Juvenco de Medicis*, Brother of *Sylvester Clarissimus*, the Head of the present reigning Branch which *Bernard de Medicis* was the Son of *Ottaviano* the last Standard-bearer of *Florence* in 1528. This *Bernard* purchas'd the Barony of *Ottajans* near Mount *Vesuvius* in the Kingdom of *Naples*, to which he transferr'd this Branch of the *Medicis*; and the present Prince of *Ottajano*, and Duke of *Sarno*, who married *Theresa* Daughter of *Charles* Prince of *Acquaviva*, is his Great Great Grandson.

Both Families began to flourish almost at the same Time at the two Extremities of *Europe*, and in all Appearance their Period is like to be the same.

I cou'd stay but six Days at *Florence* this Journey, because I had a mind to see the Landing of the *Spaniards* at LEGHORN. I had no Time neither to lose, for they came into the Road the Day before I arriv'd, and landed two or three Days after. The Fleet was compos'd of two Squadrons, one of which, *viz.* the *English*, consisting of thirteen Ships was commanded by Admiral *Wager*. The two Squadrons set sail at one and the same time, but had been dispers'd by a Storm in the Gulph of *Lyons*. The *English* came in all together; but the *Spaniards* arriv'd one after another, and some of their Transports were lost. In fine, the Troops were all landed on the second of *November*, *All Souls Day*, whereon there fell a terrible Rain, on which the Superstitious founded dismal Conjectures. The Marquis *de Charni**, the Commander of the *Spanish* Forces, came on Shore the Day preceding, to adjust all Matters with the Marquis *Rinuccini*, whom the Grand Duke had sent for that Purpose to LEGHORN. The *Spanish* General was oblig'd to take an Oath of Fidelity to the Grand Duke before the Marquis *Rinuccini*, which when he had done, the *Spanish* Forces enter'd the City, incorporated themselves with those of the Grand Duke, and mounted Guard on the very same Day that they landed. It is stipulated that there shall be always two Thirds *Spaniards* to one Third of the Great Duke's Soldiers. The *Spanish* Army consists of no more than 6000 Men, but then they are the Flower of their Troops, and

* The Count *de Charni* signs *N. d'Orleans C. de Charni*. He is a Bastard of the *Orleans* Family, but by whom is not known. He has advanced himself at the Court of *Spain*, and is now Commandant of *Naples*, and Lieutenant General of the Kingdom.

there's

there's Arms and Equipage for above 20,000. There's one *Swiss* Regiment, another of *Walloons*.

I have been to see the two Admiral Ships: The *English* has three Decks, and carries 86 Guns: The *Spanish*, which had Admiral *Mari* on board, carries 90 Guns, has three Decks also, and is by much bigger than the *English* Man of War: It had been fitted up for bringing over the Infante Don *Carlos*, and no Expence was spar'd to render it magnificent. The Admiral's Cabbin was hung with Sky Blue and Silver Brocade; the Tables, Chairs, and the Frames of the Pier Glasses, &c. were of *Indian* Lacca Red and Gold: But notwithstanding all this Magnificence the *English* Ship was the neatest, and far out-did the *Spaniard* in the civil Treatment of those that went aboard. The *English* Naval Officers are almost all Men of Quality: They strove who should be the most polite to such as came to visit them, and talk'd very modestly both of their Ships and their Tackling; whereas the *Spaniards* bragg'd of theirs beyond measure; they pretended that their Ships, which had only two Decks, were much easier to work than those of the *English*, which are all of three Decks; and affirm'd that as their Ships were broader and longer, and their Decks higher, they were much more formidable than the *English*, and not so much incommoded by the Smoak in a Battle. On the other hand I was told by an *English* Officer, that a Ship with three Decks was preferable to one that had but two, because when 'tis a high Sea, and they are forc'd to shut up the lowermost Deck, there are still two Batteries remaining, whereas a Ship with but two Decks in the same Case can have but one remaining: Besides, a Ship with three Decks, *said the Officer*, being higher than a Ship with but a couple, has a great Advantage over what the other has when they come to Boarding. As I understand nothing of

Navi-

Navigation, I know not whether my *Englishman* was in the right. But be that as it will, I am of the Opinion which prevails almost universally, that whenever it shall please God to let second Causes have their Effects, it will be always safer to lay a *Wager* on the Side of the *English* than on the *Spanish* Ships.

On St. Charles's Day, which was the Festival of the Infante Don Carlos, the Marquis *Mari* gave us a grand Feast: I say *us*, because I was there, as well as all *Leghorn*, *Florence*, *Sienna*, *Lucca*, and *Pisa*, which you'll say was a goodly Company, and I assure you moreover it was very gay. The *Florence* Gentry, who expected that the Infante would have come with the Fleet, had all bespoke new Apparel; and as they are naturally very prodigal, they spar'd no Cost upon this Occasion. The *Lucques* Gentry did not come short of them, of whom it may be said, that taking the *Milanese* and *Genoese* along with them, they are of all the *Italians* the most polite, and have most of the Air of Men of Quality. Besides the *Italians*, there was so great a Concourse of *Englishmen* and Foreigners at *Leghorn* that all the Lodgings were taken up; nevertheless Provisions were in great Plenty, and as cheap as ever.

The *English* are return'd home. 'Tis said that the Infante * will come hither speedily by Land. The *Tuscans* long mightily to see him, and expect he will work Miracles; for besides what they have heard in his Praise, they lay great Strefs upon a Prophecy of *Nostradamus*, who says in one of his Stanzas.

* This Prince went thro' *France*, and arriv'd at *Florence* the Beginning of the Year 1732.

*Du plus profond de l'Occident d'Europe,
De doubles Noces un Enfant naîtra,
Qui vers le Po menera grande Troupe:
Son bruit au Regne d'Orient plus croîtra.*

i. e.

‘ In the most Western Part of *Europe* an Infant
‘ shall be born of a double Marriage, who shall
‘ lead a great Force towards the *Po*, and whose
‘ Fame shall spread to the Eastermost Kingdom.

This Child *born of a double Marriage* must be
the Infante, who is the Son of *Philip V.* by his
second Wife.

I heartily wish'd that I could have staid at *Flo-*
rence till this Prince arriv'd; but I have ordered
my Affairs so as to be at *Paris* before *Christmas*,
and I must steer my Course accordingly. Yet be-
fore I leave *LEGHORN* I must give you some Ac-
count of this City, which is of more Note for its
great Trade than for its Antiquity. 'Tis one of the
neatest Cities in *Italy*, and that to which there's
the greatest Concourse of Foreign Merchants,
either for the sake of Trade, or for shelter from
their Creditors: The City is well built, the Streets
broad, strait and lightfome, and several have Ca-
nals in them after the Manner of *Holland*. The
great Square is beautiful, and the Port magnificent,
being divided into the great and little Harbours,
the former of which has been render'd convenient
by the Expence of a fine Mole, and some Towers
that serve for Light-houses; the other, which has
a very narrow Entrance, serves for the Gallies.
There's an admirable Marble Statue of *Cosmo I.*
de Medicis, which is rais'd on a Pedestal of the
like white Marble: The great Duke is represented
in Armour with a Ducal Mantle over his Shoul-
ders,

ders, a Turban on his Head, and a Scymitar at his Feet. The Concomitants of this fine Statue are worthy of a nice Observation: At the very Foot of the Base or Pedestal, at the four Corners, there are as many Slaves in Brass, representing *Turks* in admirable Attitudes, which seem as it were chain'd to the Pedestal: The *Connoisseurs* reckon them Master-pieces: Their proportion, which is twelve Foot, makes the Vulgar think they represent four Giants; but Tradition says that they are the figures of four *Turks*, viz. the Great Grandfather, the Grandfather, the Father and the Son, who being all on board a *Turkish* Vessel, the youngest of them, who was an Astrologer, prophesied to his Companions as they embark'd, that on such a Day they should all be taken into Slavery by the Christians; which Prediction to their Misfortune came to pass, for they were taken by the Great Duke's Gallies, and this Prince caus'd their Statues to be carv'd, to transmit the Event to Posterity.

PISA, tho' a much more considerable City than *Leghorn* for its Antiquity, and the Beauty of its Buildings, is not so pleasant a Place by far. 'Tis a large, fine, well built City, but extreamly thin of People, 'tis divided into two Parts by the River *Arno*, which comes from *Florence*, and forms two stately Kays there. The Cathedral is a great stately Fabric of Gothic Architecture: It has three great Gates, the Doors or Leaves of which are of Brass, and represent the Passages mention'd in the New-Testament, a Proof how grossly they are mistaken who say they were the Gates of *Solomon's* Temple; but they are not near so fine as those at the Baptistry of *Florence*. The Inside of the Church is answerable to the Magnificence of the Outside, and the Roof is supported by sixty Marble Columns.

I say

I say nothing to you of the Tower that leans to one Side, and which consists of six or seven Degrees or Rows of Pillars one above another, nor of the stately Baptistry, much less of the Church-yard call'd *il Campo Santo*. Look into *Mission*, he will tell you the Measures of every thing; for that Gentleman always carry'd Mathematical Instruments about him, so that there was nothing but what he measur'd and weigh'd.

PISA is a City which a Traveller can't avoid seeing, but 'tis impossible for him to stay in it; the People being so proud of the Honour their Ancestors gain'd by the Conquest of *Carthage*, that their Vanity is perfectly surfeiting.

Having stay'd but one Day at *Pisa* I proceeded in my Journey to *Genoa*, passing thro' the Forest of VIAREGGIO, where if I had had a great Charge of Money about me, and had credited what my Guide said, I should have sweat for Fear, because he affirm'd to me that there was not a Week throughout the Year but Passengers were robb'd and murder'd in this Forest. But when I came to the Village of *Viareggio*, which stands in the Middle of the Forest, I heard that every Word my Guide had told me was false, and that since the Courier from *Lucca* was robb'd, which was eighteen Years ago, they had not heard of any Robbers this Way: This put me very much in Heart again, for to be plain with you I don't care to tilt with Highwaymen; but for all this, an *Italian* Lacquey that I have in my Service could not be easy: As we had still three Leagues of this Forest to pass thro', he conjured me to take a Guard; but I banter'd him, and proceeded on my Way. My Lacquey rode by me on Horseback telling his Beads. I had scarce travell'd half a League but I saw five Men coming arm'd; my Lacquey, who was the first that spy'd them, cry'd

out like a Madman, *Jesu Maria! what must I die without Confession? Misericordia! Misericordia!* I put my Head out of the Chaise to take a View of the Men who had innocently put my Lacquey into such a Fright, and found by their Garb that they were Soldiers from *Lucca*, who patroll'd there for the Security of the Forest. The Pannic which my Lacquey was under made me at first laugh very heartily, but I soon chang'd my Note; for when we came to PIETRA-SANTA, a little Place in the State of *Lucca*, he had not Strength to alight from his Horse; for the Fright had so seiz'd him, that he was almost dead: He wanted a Confessor; but I thought a Surgeon would do every whit as well for him, and therefore I sent for one, and caus'd him to bleed the Fellow who in two Hours time grew better. I took him into my Chaise, and went and lay at MASSA DI CARRARA, the Capital of a very small Feodal Sovereignty of the Empire, belonging to Cardinal *Cibo*, the last of his Family. After his Death this Principality is to fall to his Niece, who 'tis said is design'd for the young Prince *Eugene* of *Savoy*, Nephew * to the Great *Eugene*, and Lieutenant-General of the Emperor's Forces.

The Founder of this Family was *Alberic Cibo*, the natural Son of *Innocent VIII*; and for his Sake the Emperor *Maximilian II.* erected *Massa* into a Feudal Principality of the Empire: This City has nothing remarkable in it but the Prince's Palace, which makes some Shew. The Emperor keeps a Garrison in it †. The People at *Massa* are of good florid Complexions, and the Country is famous for its Quarries of Marble, and for Oil in abundance.

* This young Prince died in 1734. as his illustrious Uncle did in the Year following.

† The *Spaniards* took it at the Beginning of this War, and 'twas the first of their Exploits,

From

MASSA. SERSANA. LERICI. 281

From *Massa* to SERSANA, or SARZANA, a City in the State of *Genoa*, the Country is extremely well cultivated, being planted with Olive-Trees and Vines. In this City the *Genoise* have a Governor or Podestat, but they keep a very sorry Garrison in it; and if the Republic has no better Soldiers to withstand the *Corficans*, who are call'd the *Devils* of *Italy*, I question whether the Rebellion will be soon suppress'd. The Sergeant of the Guard at the Gate made me a very civil Petition for Charity, which he assur'd me was a small Tribute due to him from Foreigners.

From *Sersana* I proceeded to LERICI, a little Town on the Sea-side. There I put my Chaise on board a Felucca, and arriv'd in less than twenty-four Hours at *Genoa*, tho' I stay'd some Hours at SESTRI, an Episcopal City of that Republic: It is a small, but pleasant Town, and very agreeably situate upon a Rock forming a Cape which runs very far into the Sea. This Town is defended by a Fort which seem'd to me to be well furnish'd with Cannon, but the Garrison is no better mann'd than that of *Sersana*.

GENOA from that Side which is next the Harbour affords one of the greatest and finest Points of View in the World; and though most of the Streets are narrow, close, and not very lightsome, yet among all the Towns of *Italy* it is with Justice call'd the *Superb*; for there is not a City in *Europe* where there are more spacious and magnificent Palaces, and where the Houses are in general better built. This rich and stately City has been subject to several Revolutions, but never suffer'd a greater Shock than in 1684. when 'twas bombard'd by Order of *Lewis XIV.* The Marquis *de Seignelai*, who was the Minister of his Revenge, discharg'd his Commission so well that from the 18th of *May* to the 28th he caus'd 13000 Bombs to be thrown
into

into the Town. The *Genoese* were oblig'd to humble themselves, and the King granted them a Peace on Condition that they wou'd send four Senators into *France* to make their Submission to him by the Mouth of the Doge, whose Title was to be kept up tho' according to the Laws of the Republic he loses it as soon as he stirs a Foot out of the City. *Francis-Maria-Imperiali Lercari* was then the Doge, who went to *Versailles*, and had his Audience there on the 15th of *May* 1685. He affected to appear very gay there, by which means he gave more Lustre to the Satisfaction which he came to make than to his own Dignity.

The *French* boast very much of this Event, and have not only struck Medals upon it, but have represented it in Basso Relievo's of Brass, in Tapestries, and in Pictures; and all their Historians talk of it as one of the most glorious Epochas of the Reign of *Lewis XIV.* Far be it from me to detract from the Glory of a Reign which all the Universe admires and to this Day respects; but I cannot help saying that I question whether the *French* would easily pardon any other Nations for making the like Boast of their Exploits. The *Spaniards*, who have the Character of being vain, are in my Opinion, If I may presume to say it, less so than the *French*. They have a more glorious Passage in their History, and that is the Excuses which *Philibert* Prince of *Piedmont*, Son to *Charles Emanuel* Duke of *Savoy* made in Person to *Philip IV.* King of *Spain* in 1610. That Monarch being disgusted at the Conduct of the Duke because he had made a Treaty with *France*, he sought to be reveng'd on him, and found an Opportunity, *Henry IV.* King of *France* being assassinated, *Mary de Medicis* the Regent was in no Condition to embroil herself with *Spain* by assisting *Charles Emanuel*. *Philip IV.* improv'd this Opportunity, and caus'd
Troops

Troops to march from the *Milanese* towards *Piedmont*: The Duke in order to divert the Storm sent his Son to *Madrid*. The young Prince was very well receiv'd there at first, but he had the Mortification to be oblig'd to make the most submissive Speech that could proceed from the Lips of a Sovereign Prince, ' Sir, said he, addressing himself to the King, the Duke my Lord and Father being hinder'd for coming himself, by his Age and Business, has sent me to supplicate your Majesty on my Knees, to accept of the Satisfaction which I am now making. I am at a Loss for Terms strong enough to express the Grief of the Duke my Father for the Loss of your Favour. I fall once more at your Majesty's Feet, resolv'd not to rise, were I to die on the Spot, till you have granted me the Favour I desire of you, which is to take the Duke my Father and our whole Family into your Royal Protection. By this, Sir, you will give a Proof of your Readiness to pardon the greatest Errors, and of the Kindness which you always had for a Family which is devoted to you, and honours you as its Lord and Father. This Declaration, which is now made at your Knees, by a Prince of your Blood, shall, if necessary, be seal'd by mine. The Duke my Father absolutely relies upon your Majesty's Goodness, and we resign ourselves to you without Reserve. If it pleases you to grant me the Favour which I humbly desire of you, it will be a new Obligation, that will attach us for ever to your Interests.'

Was not so submissive a Speech as this more likely to feed the Vanity of the King of *Spain*, than all the Excuses made by the Doge of *Genoa* to puff up *Lewis XIV.*? And is not a Prince of *Piedmont* at *Madrid*, a Person of more Consequence than a Doge of *Genoa* at *Versailles*? Nevertheless, the
Spaniards

Spaniards have neither struck any Medals, nor raised any Monuments to transmit that Event to Posterity. Pardon me, Sir, for this Digression: The Prince of *Piedmont's* Speech is not to be met with in all the Historians: I believ'd it would be acceptable to you, and thought it was not altogether foreign to my Subject to put the Reparation made by that Prince in a Parallel with that of the *Doge*. I now resume the Thread of my Narrative.

The Street *Balbi*, and the new Street are more like Galleries than Streets. The former lies near the beautiful Church of the *Annunciation*, and the first considerable Structure that appears in it is the *Jesuits* College, of which *James Balbi* a *Genoese* Nobleman made a Present on his Death-bed to the Society, on Condition that his Arms should always remain over the Great Gate. The Reverend Fathers the *Jesuits* have laboured much to efface this poor Remembrance of their Benefactor, and for this End have had great Law-Suits with the *Balbi* Family; but at length they were condemn'd by an Arret of the Senate to keep up the Arms of the Founder, and there they still remain.

The two Palaces *Durazzi*, which are in the same Street, are very magnificent, and richly furnished. In one of those Palaces, there is a Theatre called the Theatre of the *Falcon*, which is so extremely well laid out that every Spectator may see and hear what passes, with Ease, and without incommoding his Neighbour, the Boxes being large and convenient, and the Ornaments dispos'd every where with Judgment.

The new Street is every whit as magnificent as the Street *Balbi*. Here are the two Palaces *Brignole*, and indeed they are both stately Buildings. Their Ornaments are the finest that can be

be imagined, and of the newest Fashion: The Furniture is extremely rich, there being excellent Pictures by the greatest Masters, Chimney and Pier-Glasses of an extraordinary Size, and placed to Advantage; Tables of choice Marble upon Stands of an excellent Contrivance, and very richly gilt: In short, one wou'd not wish to see any thing more fine and more complete. Messieurs *Brignole* are four Brothers, of whom there is but one that has a Son: They are immensely rich, and have seven magnificent Palaces in *Genoa*.

The Palace of the Duke of *Doria*, which is in the same Street, is grand, and stately; but not so richly furnished as the Palace of the Prince *Doria*, without the Gate of St. *Thomas*, which owes its Foundation to the celebrated *Doria*, who was a General of the Emperor *Charles V.* This Palace is very extensive, and has a Prospect of the Sea, but the Apartments are low and old fashioned.

The Suburb of St. *Peter d' Arena* is very large, and contains several noble Palaces, of which the Palace *Imperiali*, where the Emperor and Empress lodged at their Return from *Spain*, is esteemed by the Connoisseurs in Architecture.

The People at *Genoa* are more sociable than they are at *Venice*, and the Nobility here much more easy of Access. I don't believe, that they who accuse the *Italians* of Jealousy, include the *Genoese* in that Charge; there being few Countries in the World where the Women are allow'd more Freedom, and where to all Appearance they take more. A Woman must have very few Charms indeed, if she has not two or three profess'd Lovers. These Sparks who go by the Name of *Cicisbei*, are never out of their Sight; but they take great Pains in their Amours, being obliged to run so fast by the Side of their Mistresses Sedan that they earn a Glance from the Fair with the
Sweat

Sweat of their Brows. There are Ladies here who have five or six of these Admirers always attending them wherever they go; and 'tis happy for these Rivals that they never fall together by the Ears. 'Tis true, that if they quarrel, they would be obliged to box it, for the Gentry here don't wear Swords, their Dress being like that of the Lawyers in *France*; but they always wear short silk Mantles, which I could wish the Counsellors of Parliament in *France* would likewise wear, in order to distinguish them from Taylors and Shopkeepers.

The People of Quality here dress very well, and the *Genoese* of both Sexes have a much better Air than those of *Florence* and *Rome*. The Princess of *Modena's* Residence with them has not been to their Detriment; for they have contracted a courtly Behaviour to which the *Italians* are pretty much Strangers. The *Genoese* in general understand good Living, and are never deficient in that Respect, for want of knowing better. Tho' they are said to be a sorry People, I could like to live here very well. I have been at two of their Assemblies, upon Occasion of the Marriage of a Nobleman, and have not seen any thing more magnificent; for a King could not have made a more splendid Entertainment. I was introduced to them by the Count *Guiccardi*, Envoy Extraordinary from the Emperor, and received abundance of Civilities. This Envoy is a Subject of the Duke of *Modena*, and was formerly in his Service. He was that Prince's Minister at *Vienna*, when he went into the Service of his Imperial Majesty. He married the Countess *Sinzendorff*, who was the Daughter of *Hawitz*, the Grand Marshal at *Dresden*. This Lady was a *Lutheran*; but being at *Vienna*, and having a Curiosity to go to Divine Service in the Metropolitan Church of St. *Stephen*, while

while she was looking upon a Picture of the Holy Virgin, a Flash of Lightning came into the Chapel where she was, and scorch'd her in a Part which I verily believe she wou'd not shew for all the Gold of *Peru*; but she received no other Harm, and thinking that she saw the Holy Virgin protecting her, it made such an impression upon her that she embraced our Religion, of which she is an exemplary Professor.

You know that the *Genoese* are actually at War with their Subjects the *Corficans*, who have newly publish'd a Manifesto of their Reasons for taking Arms. If all they say be true, 'tis certain they have been very ill used; and that if any Rebellion can be excus'd, theirs may. This War has already cost the Republic immense Sums, and by the Turn which Affairs are taking, 'tis to be presumed it will run them into a much greater Expence. The *Corficans* have chose one *Giafferi* for their Leader. He is a Man of Courage, and a good Headpiece: They say he has taken an Oath to procure his Country its Liberties; and if the *Genoese* are not assisted by some Power, he is like enough to succeed. * Time will bring all Things to Light. I am, &c.

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* *Giafferi* did all he could; but was obliged to submit to Force the Republic being assisted by the Troops which the Emperor had assembled in *Lombardy* to oppose the Enterprizes he was then apprehensive of from the *Spaniards*. *Giafferi* was arrested, but by a great deal of Art and Cunning he obtain'd his Freedom, after the *Genoese* thought the *Corficans* were disarmed, destitute of Leaders, and reduced to a Sense of their Duty; and he retired to *Tuscany*. But the *Corficans* being no better treated than they were before their Accommodation, took up Arms again, upon which *Giafferi* procured them all manner of Assistance, and actually returned to that Island, and put himself at the Head of the Malecontents, who seemed to have a fair Chance of regaining their Liberties. They were so uppish in Expectation of foreign Assistance, that they rejected some new Concessions

 LETTER XXXVI.

S I R,

Turin, Nov. 28, 1731.

THE Road hither from GENOA is very bad at this Time of the Year. During the first two Post-Stages I cross'd one River no less than thirty-two times, and saw a great many fine Houses on the Banks of it; for tho' the Neighbourhood of GENOA is very mountainous, 'tis very pleasant, all the Hills being covered with Chesnuts, and other Fruit-Trees. After I had travell'd about four Post-Stages, I enter'd on the Plain which brought me to *Turin*. This is cer-

sions made to them by the *Genoese*, in Dec. 1734. declar'd *Aitelli* General of the Forces, and one *Cossa*, a Man of great Intrigues, General-Auditor of the Island, and at the same Time, made Proposals to the King of *Spain*, to take them under his Protection, having renounced all Subjection to the Republic of *Genoa*, declar'd themselves a free and independent People, and resolv'd to defend their Liberties to the last Man. At length they receiv'd some Recruits of Money and Ammunition by one *Theodore*, who call'd himself the Baron *deNeuboff*, and arriv'd in March 1736. on board an *English* Ship from *Tunis*; but in the Name of what Power he acts, is as yet a Mystery. He has had the Success to be proclaim'd King of *Corfica*, and Copper Money has been coin'd there with his Effigies; but at the Time that this Sheet is going to the Press, his Dignity, and his Person too, seem to be in imminent Hazard, from the several Factions form'd among the Malecontents themselves, upon the Failure of the Succours which he has so long promis'd from the unknown Power that sent him. After all, the *Genoese* have too much Cause to remember the Saying of Prince *Lewis* of *Wirtemberg*, who when he return'd with the Imperial Troops from suppressing the former Rebellion, told them, that the Island was not worth the Expences which the Republic had been at in reducing the *Corficans*, and what they must be at continually to keep them in Subjection.

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ALEXANDRIA. ASTI. &c. 289

tainly one of the finest Countries in the World, and wants nothing but Causeys.

The most considerable City that I met with in my Road, was ALEXANDRIA DE LA PAILLE, which stands on the River *Tanaro*. 'Tis a great Town, but not very populous. It formerly depended on the *Milanese*, and was yielded by the Emperor to the King of *Sardinia*, who keeps a good Garrison in it, and has set Men at Work to repair the Fortifications which had really been very much neglected. This City is also of Note for its Fairs, which are the most considerable in *Italy*.

I afterwards came to ASTI, where I found nothing good but an Inn, which indeed is one of the best of *Italy*. From thence I went and lay at QUIERI, a great Town in *Piedmont*, ill built, but full of People of Quality, and situate in a Plain which is perfectly beautiful; but I was in so much Haste to get to TURIN that I did not stay there. I pass'd by the Foot of a Hill, on which stands the Castle of MONTCALLIER, a Royal Palace built by her late Royal Highness the Mother of King *Victor Amedeus*. The Apartments are large and magnificent, and command one of the finest Prospects in the World; but the Gardens belonging to it are no more worth a Traveller's View than the Village of *Montcallier* itself.

At some Distance from this Place I cross'd the *Po* over a wooden Bridge, and came thro' a pleasant Avenue to TURIN, the Capital of *Piedmont*, and the ordinary Residence of the Dukes of *Savoy*. Those Princes chose also to make it the Seat of the Chamber of Accompts, and of the Senate, which is what they call in *France* the Parliament, and they have rendered it one of the strongest and finest Cities of *Italy*, exclusive of its

charming Situation. 'Tis divided into two Parts, the *old* and the *new* City, with Bastions and Out-works, well fac'd, and a Citadel very regularly fortify'd. It stands eighteen Miles from the *Alps*, in a Plain which has the *Po* on one Side, and the *Duero* on the other.

This City will always be remembered for the Siege which it sustained in 1704, when the Marshal and Count *Daun*, Governor of *Milan*, commanded here, by the Emperor's Permission, at the Request of the Duke of *Savoy*. He defended the Place against the Duke of *Orleans*, the Grandson of *France*, and gave Time to Prince *Eugene* of *Savoy* to come to its Relief, and oblige the Enemy to raise the Siege. The *French* pretend that all this was done by Order from Court; and that the Dutches of *Burgundy*, the Daughter of King *Victor Amedeus*, was the Person that prevail'd on *Lewis XIV.* to consent to the raising of the said Siege. As I am not privy to what pass'd at that Time in the Cabinet of the King of *France*, this is an Anecdote which I can neither affirm nor deny; but as the Belief of what the *French* give out upon this Head is not an Article of Faith, I hope they will not be angry if I do not give Credit to Rumours, so much to the Dishonour of the greatest King that ever they had: For how can it be imagin'd that if *Lewis XIV.* had really a Desire that his Army should decamp from before *TURIN*, he would have chose to have subjected that Army to the Hazard of being obliged to fight against his Will and his Orders, and by that Means to have expos'd the Honour of his Nephew, the Glory of his Arms, and the Lives of a great many brave Men which were lost in that Defeat? Surely, a Retreat concerted in the Cabinet would have been made in better Order, and would not have had the Appearance

pearance of a Flight. But the *French* have this Notion: They were never routed, but 'twas either because it pleased the Court that they should be routed, or because of some Jealousy betwixt their Generals. They lost the Battle of *Hochstet*, for want of a right Understanding betwixt the Elector of *Bavaria* and the Marshal *de Tallard*; that of *Ramellies* because the Marshal *de Villeroy* would not let the Elector of *Bavaria* have the Honour of beating us; that of *Audenarde*, because the Duke of *Vendosme's* receiving that Shock, was a real Satisfaction to the Duke of *Burgundy*, the Presumptive Heir of the Throne: And M. *de la Motte* too, suffered himself to be beaten near *Wynendale*, only in Complaisance to the Duke of *Burgundy*, who was apprehensive that he should not be able to persuade the King his Grandfather to the Peace which he had very much at Heart, if *Lisle* was not taken by the Allies, which City could not have been mastered but by letting the Convoy pass which M. *de la Motte* had attack'd. The Passage of the *Scheld*, the raising of the Siege of *Brussels*, the Surrender of *Ghent*, without striking a Blow; all this was done also by Order of the Duke of *Burgundy*, who was for a Peace upon any Terms, and could not obtain it without sacrificing both the Army and Glory of the King his Grandfather. But to speak the Truth, were all the Marshals of *France* to tell me the same Story, they would find me as great an Unbeliever as St. *Thomas*, and wou'd never prevail with me to be guilty of such an Insult upon the Memory of the Duke of *Burgundy*, the wisest Prince of his Time, as to believe that he had the Honour of his Country, and the Interests of his Family so little at Heart.

Nothing can be more regular than that Part of **TURIN** which is call'd the *new City*. The Houses

are of Brick, and three Stories high. The Streets are wide, strait, and well-pav'd. It has fine Churches, particularly the Metropolis, or Chapel of the *Holy Handkerchief*, which is also the Royal Chapel, and may be reckon'd the Master-piece of Architecture. 'Tis in the Form of an Octogon Dome, all fac'd, not excepting the Roof, with black Marble. The Altar is in the Middle of the Dome. There is preserved the precious Relick of our Lord's Handkerchief, of which there's the like in St. *Peter's Church* at *Rome*, and at *Besançon*. I had been told that I shou'd be able to distinguish the very Print of the Face in this Handkerchief, and a Part of our Saviour's Body; but I was not so happy as to discern any thing like it.

The King's Palace makes no great Appearance, nor indeed is it quite finish'd; nevertheless, the Apartments are well contriv'd. The Furniture is rich, and there are excellent Pictures and magnificent Cielings. There are Gardens in this Palace which are artfully dispos'd in the Manner of Fortifications, according to beautiful Plans; but setting this aside, they are not much adorn'd.

The finest, and the compleatest Thing at TURIN, and perhaps in *Europe*, in the modern Architecture, is the Front of the Palace of the late Madame Royal, the King's Grandmother. This Palace is contiguous to the King's Palace, and communicates with it by a Gallery. 'Twas a very old Building, and made a poor Appearance; but Madame Royal spar'd no Cost, either in Gilding or Painting, to set off the Inside. When this was done, it happened that the Stair-case was inconvenient, upon which her Royal Highness, who was in every Thing magnificent, undertook to build one; and to this is owing the stately Front of which I here make mention. This Princess consulted with all the skilful Architects in *Italy*,

and

and fix'd upon the Plans which to her appear'd the most grand and beautiful. Before this Stair-case was built, they us'd to say that Madame Royal's Palace was a House without a Stair-case; and now they say 'tis a Stair-case without a House; and really, the Stair-case would become the *Louvre*, it being by much too big for the Building it belongs to.

I cou'd not get a Sight of the Castle of the *Venerie*, three Leagues from *TURIN*; for while King *Victor* is a Prisoner there no body is suffer'd to go near it. You must, no doubt, have heard of that Prince's being under an Arrest; but I question whether you have been inform'd of what gave Occasion to that Affair, and of the Manner of his being taken into Custody. What I have heard of it from People of Credit, is as follows.

King *Victor Amadeus*, after the Death of the Queen his Wife, who was Daughter of *Philip* of *France*, the late Duke of *Orleans*, by *Henrietta* of *England*, fell in Love with the Marchioness of * *St. Sebastian*, Lady of Honour to the Princess of *Piedmont*, now Queen of *Sardinia*. The Virtue of Madame *de St. Sebastian*, and the Kings Devotion for her, induc'd him to marry this Favourite. But not thinking it honourable for a King to place a Subject on his Throne, he took a Resolution to resign his Crown before he con-

* The Prince had a Kindness for Mademoiselle *de Cumiane*, before she was married to the Count *de St. Sebastian*, when she was Maid of Honour to Madame Royale. She was afterwards a Lady of Honour to the Dutchess of *Savoy*, and at last Tire-Woman to the Princess of *Piedmont*, late Queen of *Sardinia*. She has been a Widow since 1723. After she was married to the Count *de St. Sebastian*, she still preserv'd the King's Friendship and Esteem, and was always in great Credit with him. When she became a Widow, the old Flames of Love broke out again; the King gave her an Apartment at Court, where he cou'd see her without being seen, and he took Care of her Family.

tracted so unequal a † Match. He imparted his Design to Madame *de St. Sebastian*, who did all she cou'd to prevail with *Victor* to continue upon the Throne; but finding he was resolv'd not to make her a Queen, she consented to his Abdication, still thinking herself highly honour'd to become the Wife of a Prince who had worn a Crown. King *Victor* consulted with his chief Favourites about his Abdication, who all advis'd him not to leave the Throne. His Son King *Charles* conjur'd him to keep Possession of it. *I protest to your Majesty*, said this Prince, *I never once indulg'd a Wish to govern, and think myself exceeding happy to be your First Subject.* But all his Remonstrances were of no Effect; and the 5th of September 1730, was fix'd for the Day of Abdication. Upon that Day, all the chief Persons in the Government, and the Senate, met in the great Hall of the * Palace. There the King appear'd without any Mark of Royalty, accompany'd by the Prince of *Piedmont*, and declar'd to the Assembly that he was resolv'd to yield the Throne to his Son, and that from that Moment he exempted them, as he did all his Subjects, from the Oath of Allegiance they had taken to him. He exhorted them at the same Time to acknowledge

† 'Tis said that the real Motive of this Abdication was his Perplexity on Account of the Succession of *Parma* and *Tuscany*, and the Introduction of the Infante *Don Carlos* into *Italy*. They say he had enter'd into Engagements relating to this Affair, first with the Court of *Vienna*, and afterwards with *Spain*; and it not being possible for him to satisfy either of those Courts without exposing himself to the Resentment of the other, he resolv'd to abdicate, at least for a Time, because he knew of no other Way to extricate himself from the Dilemma.

* The Abdication was performed the 3d of September, in the Castle of *Rivoli*. The declar'd Motives, were the Fatigues of a Reign of fifty Years, the Infirmities of old Age, and the Necessity of some Interval of Retirement, between a Throne and a Tomb.

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his Son *Charles*, Prince of *Piedmont*, for their King; and desired them to be as Loyal to their new Sovereign as they had been to him. Then the Act of Abdication was read with a loud Voice, by the Marquis *del Borgo*, Secretary of State, and *Charles* was recogniz'd for King.

After the Ceremony was over, King *Victor*, with the Marchioness of *St. Sebastian*, whom he had married on Condition † that she shou'd wear no other Title, set out for *Chamberry*, which he had chose for the Place of his Retirement. But scarce a Month was past ere he began to repent of having given the Reins out of his Hands, though the King his Son behaved as dutifully to him as if he had been still his Subject. When King *Victor* resign'd, he advis'd his Son to cause the Lands of the Nobility and Gentry to be survey'd, and to impose a Tax on them in Proportion to the Number of Acres. This Scheme, tho' it had a View to the Increase of the King's Revenues, tended to the Ruin of the Nobility; for which Reason, *Charles*, when he came to the Crown, did not think proper to put it in Execution. *Victor* being incensed at it, wrote about it to his Son, rather in the Stile of his Lord and Master, than his Father; and perceiving that *Charles* was still averse to his Counsel, he entertained a Thought of reascending the Throne. ‡

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† The King was not marry'd to the Countess of *St. Sebastian* till he came to *Chamberry*, where she met him; for he set out from *Turin* without her. When he marry'd her, he gave her one hundred thousand Crowns, with which she purchased the Marquisate of *Spigo* for her Children, and then exchang'd her Title of Countess of *St. Sebastian* for that of Marchioness of *Spigo*.

‡ *Victor Amedeus* took it into his Head to reascend the Throne as soon as he heard of the Conclusion of the Treaty of *Vienna*, by which the Emperor consented to the Introduction of the *Spaniards*. He then let the Marchioness *del Spigo* into the true Motives
of

To this End he secretly felt the Pulse of the People, and found them all faithful Subjects to *Charles*: Yet all this did not discourage him; he relied upon the Troops, which he knew had an Esteem for him, and he thought they wou'd also be his Friends; for most of the Officers having been preferr'd by him, he did not doubt but they were still attach'd to him, and he flatter'd himself with their Concurrence to his Designs. He wrote to the Marshal *Rhebinder*, in general Terms indeed; but in a Stile that was very soothing and tempting. This General, who was Commander in Chief of the Forces, being sensible of what Consequence it was to deprive King *Victor* of the least Hopes of reascending the Throne, returned him Answer, that he owned he was obliged to him for his Estate, Honours, and every Thing:

‘ Your Majesty, *said the Marshal in his Letter*,
 ‘ has made me all that I am. I am under no
 ‘ Obligation to King *Charles*; but my Engage-
 ‘ ments to your Majesty are inexpressible; tho’ of
 ‘ all the Favours which you have heap’d upon
 ‘ me, the Honour of your Esteem was always
 ‘ to me the dearest. Give me leave therefore, Sir,
 ‘ to preserve that Esteem, which I presume to
 ‘ say, I have acquir’d by the Blood I have spilt
 ‘ for your Service; whereas, Sir, I shou’d forfeit
 ‘ it, were I so unhappy as to be guilty of Per-
 ‘ jury to the King whom you have given me,
 ‘ and to whom you have enjoined me Obedience.
 ‘ I shall be as true to him as I was to your
 ‘ Majesty, and will shed the last Drop of my

of his Abdication, and into the Measures he intended to take for reascending the Throne. This ambitious Woman encourag’d him, and being withal a very cunning intriguing Person, she left no Stone unturn’d to bring a Project to bear which would set her on the Throne; and she engag’d all her Friends and Relations into the Affair, of whom some betray’d her.

‘ Blood

‘ Blood to maintain him on the Throne. I am
 ‘ however always ready to give your Majesty the
 ‘ most sincere Marks of my Respect for your
 ‘ Person, being fully persuaded, Sir, that your
 ‘ Majesty will lay no Commands on me but such
 ‘ as are agreeable to that Justice which ever ac-
 ‘ companied all your Actions, &c.

This Answer was not sufficient to cool King *Victor*’s Ambition to resume the Government. He wrote a second Time to the Marshal *de Rhebinder*, and to other General Officers. He assumed an imperious Stile, and signify’d that he knew how to punish those that refus’d to obey him. All these Letters were carried to King *Charles*, who being concern’d to see his Father so uneasy, said to those who brought them, What wou’d you have me do? *He is my Father, I depend upon your Fidelity, and resign myself to Providence.*

The King was still in Hopes that he should be able to make *Victor* easy, and was willing to have an Interview with him; and for that Purpose he went with his Queen to *Evian*, and from thence to *Chamberry*, where *Charles* paid his Father a Visit, but found him very much out of Temper. The Prince however bore all with the Dutifulness of a Son. But when he took leave of *Victor*, he paid a Visit to Madame *de St. Sebastian*, with whom he had a long Conference. He desir’d this Lady to pacify King *Victor*, and to dissuade him from concerning himself any farther with State Affairs. *He hath made me King, said Charles, and King I will be. You can do any thing with him; therefore make him easy. If he does not like this, let him choose any other Castle or Place in my Dominions that he likes better, of which he shall have the intire Disposal.* They say *Charles* dropt a Hint in this Conversation that he was inclin’d to yield his Father a Province in Sovereignty; however, he promis’d great

Advantages to Madame *de St. Sebastian*, not only for herself, but for the Son that she had by her former Marriage, and for her Brothers. This Lady promis'd the King all that he desir'd, but kept her Word very ill; for her Ambition to be Queen prompted her to make King *Victor* every Day more and more uneasy.

Victor after this observed no Measures, and said publicly that he would reascend the Throne. To this End he thought it necessary for him to be nearer TURIN. He therefore wrote to the King his Son that the Air of *Chamberry* was bad for his Health, and desir'd him to let him go and reside at the Castle of *Montcallier*. *Charles* was return'd to TURIN when he receiv'd this Letter; but before he had Time to answer it, he understood that the King his Father, and Madame *de St. Sebastian*, were already come to *Montcallier*. He was not at all sorry for it, because, as he knew King *Victor*'s Designs, he cou'd better observe his Motions, when so near him: And King *Victor* on his Part was glad that he was at *Montcallier*, in Hopes that the Neighbourhood of TURIN might give him a better Opportunity of tampering with the Garrison, and the commanding Officer of the Place. He did all that was in his Power to gain them, and gave such publick * Proofs of his Intention to reascend the Throne that *Charles*'s Ministers † fearing lest he shou'd

* These Proofs were his sending for the Marquis *del Borgo* to *Montcallier*, demanding the Instrument of Abdication from him, giving him but twelve Hours Time to fetch it, and his appearing before the Citadel of *Turin*, with a View of getting into it, and of animating the Garrison to assist him in his Enterprize.

† These were all Privy Counsellors and Great Men, who being assembled by Order of the King, and consulted on the imminent Danger of his being dethron'd, were all of Opinion for putting *Victor Amadeus* and his Consort under an Arrest.

call in Foreigners to his assistance, unanimously advis'd the King to confine him. The young Prince exclaimed several Times against this Proposition. *What*, said he, *make my Father a Prisoner ! No, I can never consent to that*: And indeed, it was a long Time ere he could agree to it ; but at length he was prevailed on by the strenuous Solicitations of his Council ; tho' when he sign'd the Order for confining him, his Hand shook to such a Degree that the Secretary of State was obliged to guide it.

The Count *de la Perouse*, Lieutenant General of his Forces, was charged with the Execution of the Warrant for arresting King *Victor*, and had a Detachment given him of three thousand Men, drawn out of the Garrisons of TURIN and other neighbouring Places, to support him in the Undertaking. They all march'd out at the same Hour from their Quarters, without knowing whether they were to go ; and at Two o'Clock next Morning they all arriv'd to the Place appointed at *Montcallier*. The Count *de la Perouse*, attended by the Chevalier *de Solare* Lieutenant Colonel of the Guards, at the Head of a Detachment of Grenadiers, with their Bayonets screw'd to their Muskets went up to the great Stair-case of the Palace which led to King *Victor's* Apartment, while the Marquis *d'Ormea*, Secretary of State, who carry'd the Order sign'd by King *Charles*, secur'd the Back-stairs with another detachment of the Grenadiers. M. *de la Perouse*, finding the Apartment shut, broke open the Door, and after seizing a Page in waiting, that was asleep in the first Anti-chamber, he made his Way farther, and forc'd open all the Doors, till he came to the Chamber where the King was a Bed with Madame *de St. Sebastian*. This Lady hearing a Noise, arose immediately, and having only Time to slip on a Night-gown,

ran

ran to the Door, when seeing so many arm'd Men, she cry'd out, *Oh! Sir, we are betray'd!* They gave her no Time to say more, but two Officers carry'd her into the next Chamber, where they caus'd her to be dress'd, and afterwards conducted her to *Ceve*, a Fortrefs of *Piedmont*.

Neither the Outcry of *Madame de St. Sebastian*, nor all the Noise that was made, had awak'd King *Victor*, who always slept sound. The *Chevalier de Solare* seiz'd the King's Sword which he saw lying on a Table, and the Count *de la Perouse* went to the Bed-side, and open'd the Curtains. Upon that, the King started out of his Sleep, and ask'd what was the Matter. The Count *de la Perouse* said to him, that he had Orders from the King to arrest him. *What King do you mean?* said *Victor*. *'Tis I that am your King and Master, you ought to acknowledge no other. Your Majesty has been so,* reply'd the Count, *but you are so no longer; and since it has pleas'd you to give us King Charles for our Lord and Master, and to command us to obey him, I hope you yourself will set us an Example of such Obedience.* The King was in a violent Passion, threaten'd the Officers, and refus'd to rise. The *Chevalier de Solare* coming too near the Bed, the King punched him with his Elbow in the Belly, and commanded him in Wrath to withdraw. As he still continued obstinate in his Refusal to rise, the Officers lifted him up and dress'd him. The King was heard to say, in the mean Time, that he only wish'd to sit two Hours on the Throne, that he might hang up the Rascals that had mist'd his Son; and he nam'd the principal Lords of the Court.

As soon as he was dress'd, the Officers surrounded him, and conducted him down the great Stair-case to his Coach that waited for him in the Yard. The King seeing the Anti-chamber full of Grenadiers, seem'd surpriz'd at it, and the Sol-
diers

diers who as yet knew not on what Errand they were sent, seem'd no less surpriz'd when they saw their old King was to be carry'd off a Prisoner. *What! Our King!* said they softly to each other, *What has he done? What is the Matter?* The Count *de la Perouse*, fearing a Mutiny, call'd out *Silence*, in the King's Name, *on Pain of Death*. The old King found drawn-up in the Court-yard a Regiment of Dragoons, which he had always valu'd above the rest of his Troops. The Sight of it affected him, and he wou'd have spoke to it, but no Time was allow'd him, and he was oblig'd to go into the Coach. The Count *de la Perouse*, and the Chevalier *de Solare*, ask'd his Leave to sit with him; but the King answer'd that he would not suffer it. So they mounted their Horses, rode by the Sides of the Coach, which was surrounded by the Soldiers, and conducted him to *Rivoli*. I had almost forgot to tell you that when he went from *Montcallier*, he ask'd for three Things; his Wife, his Papers, and his Snuff Box, the last of which was all he obtain'd.

The Day after he came to *Rivoli*, as they were clapping Iron Bars, and double Shutters to the Windows of his Apartment, the King ask'd the Glazier what he was going to do! *I am going*, said the Man, *to put on double Shutters to your Windows, that you mayn't catch Cold this Winter. How now, Varlet!* Said the King, *Do you think I shall spend all the Winter here?* *Ah!* By my Faith, reply'd the Glazier, *You will pass this Winter here, and I believe many more.*

This Prince is attended with Care, and treated with all the Respect due to his Person; and they say, he begins to be sedate. The Chevalier *de Solare*, and two Captains of the Guards are set over him, with whom he sometimes plays at Billiards. They have Orders to treat him with all
Manner

Manner of Respect; but to give no Answer to any of his Complaints.*

In the whole Course of this Affair, 'tis fortunate for King *Charles* that not one of his Subjects has fail'd in his Allegiance to him; he has not been oblig'd to stain his Government by any bloody Execution; nor has he caus'd above three Persons to be apprehended, among whom were King *Victor's* two Physicians that carried his Letters; but they are lately set at Liberty, and a good Understanding is like to be quickly restored between the Father and the Son.

They say, that Madame *de St. Sebastian* is fallen into a deep Melancholy; and that she lives intirely upon Broth, which is of her own making. After her Disgrace, her Son, who was an Ensign in the Guards, was no longer seen at Court. The young King missing him, ordered the Marquis *d'Ormea*, Minister and Secretary of State, to acquaint him that he might come to Court, and continue in his Employment; and that his Majesty assur'd him he did not intend that he should be a Sufferer for any Crime whatsoever, which Madame *de St. Sebastian* had committed, and that he would take Care of his Fortune.

The *Piedmontese* are charm'd with their new King, and indeed, he is a Prince that has the Qualities of a good Monarch: He is humane, compassionate, generous and beneficent. He is a little under Size in Stature, but very well shap'd, dances well, loves Pleasures, and particularly Hunting. Without Flattery, one may say, he is endowed with a great many Virtues; and that if he has Faults, 'tis only owing to the Human Nature with which intire Perfection is incompatible.

The Queen is of the Family of *Hesse Rhinfels*. She is tall and slender; her Air is both Majestic and Modest; she is fair, and has a very fine Complexion, is a Princess of solid Piety, charitable to the Poor, and ready to do Good to all Mankind, but particularly to her Family. She is the Mother of two lovely * Princes, and a Princess, and seems very attentive to give them an Education suitable to their Birth.

The Ceremonial of this Court is pretty much the same with that which is observed at the Court of *France*. The King and Queen always eat together, and permit none to be Spectators but the Officers of their Household. The Ladies must not come to the Palace, without being in the Court Dress, the Queen alone wearing a Mantua. Her Majesty has six Ladies of Honour to attend her, who must be all Wives, and as many Maids of Honour. She has a Drawing Room every Night, when the Queen is seated in an Arm-chair, the young Princess of *Carignan*, and the Queen's youngest Sister sitting on Folding-chairs, two Rows off by the Side of the Queen's Chair, and all the Ladies stand, with the Gentlemen behind them. This Drawing Room holds for about an Hour, when the Queen rises, and saluting the Princesses and Ladies, retires. After this, all the Nobility repair to some House where there is an Assembly. The gayest of all is held at the House of the Marchioness *de Prie*, whose Husband was Lieutenant Governor of the *Netherlands*, who often gives a Ball, at which the King is sometimes present.

There's an Air of Ease and Freedom in this City, which is not to be enjoy'd in all *Italy* be-

* She has now but one Prince, the youngest being dead; but she has three Princesses.

sides; and the *Piedmontese* don't think themselves *Italians*; so that I am often ask'd, Whether I came last from *Italy*? Or, Whether I am going to it? I could like to live in this City better than in any other. I think this Mixture of the *French* Manners with the *Italians*, is perfectly agreeable and just. The People here live well. There are several Noblemen that keep a good Table, and are very civil to Strangers. For this, the Marshal *de la Rhebinder* is particularly noted. This General is a Native of *Livonia*: He commanded the Elector Palatine's Troops in *Italy*, and then went into the Service of the Duke of *Savoy*, in Quality of Lieutenant General, and Colonel of a foreign Regiment of Foot. King *Victor* created him a Velt-Marshal, and he is actually Commander in Chief of the King of *Sardinia's* Troops.

The Marquis *d'Ormea* is the Chief, or President of the Council, first Secretary of State, and Prime Minister. He was heretofore in the Confidence of King *Victor*. That Prince had sent him to *Rome*, where the Marquis *d'Ormea* obtained great Advantages of Pope *Benedict XIII.* for the King his Master; particularly the Nomination to all Benefices. This Minister was recall'd in the first Year of the Pontificate of *Clement XII.* when his Holiness was so Inclement as to revoke all that his Predecessor had granted. Not long before King *Victor's* Abdication he returned to *TURIN*. King *Charles* does nothing without him. He is a Gentleman of good Nature, an Enemy to Subterfuges, and is sacred to his Promises. I knew him at *Rome*, and have the Honour of seeing him here as often as the Multiplicity of his Affairs will permit him to receive my Visits. Every body here applauds and speaks well of him, which is not always the good Fortune of People elsewhere, that are in Places.

This

This Minister has a Brother a * Cardinal, and an only Son, who is a very lovely Youth, and has a natural Inclination to tread hereafter in the Steps of his Father.

The Youth here don't seem to be so hair-brain'd as they are elsewhere: I don't know whether they are really wiser, but however they seem to be so in Public. Were I to advise a Father of a Family, it should be to send his Children to the University here, than which I question whether there's a better in *Europe*, as well with regard to the Masters of the Exercises, as to the Care taken of the Youth, who are boarded, dieted and instructed in all the Sciences and Exercises, and divided into two Classes; of which the one only studies the Law, and therefore does not pay so much as the other; but they must be all Gentlemen. They are only allow'd to go Abroad on certain Days of the Week; but then they may appear at Court, and go where they please, except to Houses of Gaming.

The Out-parts of TURIN are infinitely pleasant. The Country is adorned with a great many pretty *Cassines* or Pleasure-Houses, which are only separated by Meadows that are constantly water'd by a Number of little Brooks. I take the Air every Day upon the *Esplanade*, between the City and the Citadel, where there are fine Walks, and one often meets with very pretty Women. The Blood here is perfectly good, and all the *Piedmontese* Ladies have a great deal of Life and Spirit. I am very sorry to leave them, but the Misfortune is unavoidable, and Haste presses me to be gone. I propose to be in ten or twelve Days at *Lyons*, if I don't stay at *Chambery*; but this you will know by my next

* This is the Cardinal *Ferrero*, Bishop of *Verceil*.

Letter. Don't fail to write to me at *Paris*, and believe me to be, &c.



LETTER XXXVII.

SIR,

Lyon, March 2, 1732.

TH^{O'} I had pass'd Mount *Cenis* twice before, and travers'd *Savoy*, yet I thought the Passage of the *Alps* as disagreeable as ever; and am heartily glad to find my self in this City, which is better than all *Savoy* put together.

From *Turin* I went and lay at LA NOVALAISE. I first pass'd by the Castle of *Rivoli*, which stands on an Eminence, and to which there's an Avenue from *Turin* in a strait Line of three Leagues in Length. Then I travell'd thro' *Susa*, which by the Way is a very dirty Town, upon the Banks of a River form'd by Torrents from the neighbouring Mountains, which seem as it were to bury *Susa* alive. This City and the Valley in which 'tis built are commanded by the Fort DE LA BRUNETTE, an important Place which King *Victor Amadeus* caus'd to be erected for the Defence of *Piedmont*. Nature and Art have alike contributed to fortify it. 'Tis provided with a good Garrison, and all Necessaries to sustain a Siege; and if it had been built in the Time of *Lewis XIII.* I doubt whether that King, and his Minister the Cardinal *de Richelieu*, would so easily have pass'd the Mountains.

LA NOVALAISE is a sorry Town, with a wretched Inn, which is the more disagreeable because Strangers are oblig'd to stop there to unload
their

their Effects, and put them on the Backs of Mules to carry them to the other Side of the Mountain. I was carry'd over it in a matted Elbow-chair by four Men who relieved one another at proper Distances, and often took me upon their Shoulders; so that if I had been ever so little given to Chimeras, I should have fancied myself a Pope.

At the Top of the Mountain there's a * Lake, and an Hospital, which I thought made but a poor Appearance. Pilgrims are there entertain'd, and other Foot Passengers, for three Days; and there are two Priests to receive the Passengers, and to serve the Church. This is a very laudable Foundation in a sorry wretched Country, where, notwithstanding this Provision, People are often found dead in the Snow. Those poor Reverends may boast that they live in one of the saddest Places in the World, their greatest Amusement for nine Months in the Year, being to see the Snow fall, and to blow their Fingers. The Descent from Mount *Cenis* on the Side of *Savoy* is by much the easiest, where in the Winter-time People have the Pleasure of rolling down in a Sled, which the Country People call *se faire ramasser*. This Way of travelling is very commodious and diverting, and so swift that an Arrow from a Cross-bow does not fly faster. I knew an *English* Gentleman that stay'd a Week together at *Lanebourg*, and who after he had come down this Mountain, went up again and again, purely for the Pleasure of *se faire ramasser*.

LANEBOURG, and its Inn are no better than *La Novalaise*, but one is oblig'd to stop again here

* This wou'd be very Extraordinary, as Mr. *Addison* observes, were it not for other neighbouring Mountains that rise above it.

§ This shews another Mistake of *Mission*, who says this Side is the most rugged.

for fresh Horses. Those who don't travel Post, and make use of the Carriers of *Turin* or *Chamberry*, are seldom put to this Trouble, because most of these People have Pack-horses on both Sides the Mountain, and have nothing to do but to send their Baggage away, which is very quickly loaded. From *Lanebourg* to *Chamberry* all the Road is bury'd as it were by Rocks and Mountains, and frightful Precipices: There are Rails indeed, but not strong enough to stop a Carriage: I saw a Cart drawn by four Horses tumble down one of those Precipices, by which the Horses were kill'd, and the Cart with its whole Lading, which consisted of Porcelain and Glass Wares belonging to the Prince of *Carignan*, broke in a thousand Pieces: The Carrier, tho' he was not at all to blame, drew out his Knife in order to stab himself, and wou'd actually have done it, if my Postilion and other People had not hinder'd him.

I pass'd thro' several little Towns in my Way hither that are not worth mentioning; *St. John de Maurienne* is the chief, because 'tis the See of a Bishop, and the Capital of a Province of that Name; 'tis a very ancient Country, and the first Inheritance of the Princes of *Savoy*; this Valley extends from the *Alps* to the River of *Isere* on one Side, and from the *Tarentaise* to the *Dauphinois*.

CHAMBERRY, the Capital City of *Savoy*, is not a Town where you must expect sumptuous Fabrics, the Houses there making but a mean Figure, yet the Place is not for that reason one jot the less agreeable; 'tis situate on the Banks of the River *Orbanno* in a very little Plain encompass'd with Hills, where there are charming Walks, and special Company. There's a great Number of Nobility who indeed are not the most money'd

money'd Men, yet they make good Entertainments, and keep a great deal of Company. The Ladies are beautiful, and the Gentlemen handsome, the common People good natur'd and civil, and the *Savoyards* in general are a very good Sort of People. They are accus'd of being too thrifty, but perhaps 'tis more out of Necessity than Inclination; for when a Man is oblig'd to support the Dignity of a Noble or Gentleman, and has but a small Fortune, he is forc'd to be a good Husband whether he will or no.

At the Distance of five Leagues from *Chamberry* I descended a high Mountain, in which I perceiv'd a Road had been cut for half a League. I saw by a *Latin* Inscription at the Foot of the Mountain, which I had not time to copy, that the *Romans* formerly undertook to make this Road, but judging it impossible gave it over; yet *Charles Emanuel II.* for the Good of his Subjects, and the Public in general, undertook it, and had the Glory to carry it to a Conclusion, which was the most useful and magnificent Thing that a great Sovereign could do: But I question whether he wou'd have accomplish'd it, if like the *Romans* he had not made use of Gunpowder. There was a Necessity for the blowing up of prodigious high Rocks for the establishing the Bed of the Causeway, which is fenc'd on both Sides by Rocks cut out in Form of Walls that are as high as the Top of the Mountain. This hollow Way is subject to great Mists, when I pass'd, it was the finest Weather in the World on the Plain, but when I enter'd the Valley I found a Mist so thick that I could not see my Position.

This Mist brought me to the Town of *Echelles*, which is at the Foot of the Mountain at the Entrance of a Plain that leads to *Lyons*. I also pass'd

310 *Ecbelles. Pont de Bonvoisin.*

pass'd to *Pont de Bonvoisin*, a little Town which is shar'd betwixt the Kings of *France* and *Sardinia*. Both these Princes have their Custom-houses here, the Officers of which are not very tractable. The King of *France* keeps a Commandant, and two free Companies, in that Part of *Bonvoisin* which belongs to him. This is the the first Town of *Dauphiny*, which is not one of the least Provinces in the Kingdom. It was granted to *Philip de Valois* by *Humbert de la Tour* the last Sovereign Prince of *Dauphiny*, who bore the Title of Dauphin of the *Viennois*. History says that *Humbert* finding himself Childless made a Grant of his Principality to the King of *France*, and chose a Monastic Life at *Lyons* in the Order of St. *Dominic*, in the Rules of which he liv'd with the very great Esteem of good Men. He was afterwards elected Prior of this Convent, and nominated Patriarch of *Alexandria*. Some say that having been the innocent Author of the Death of his only Son, his deep Concern for this Accident made him resolve to embrace the Monastic Life; but others pretend that having a secret Grudge against the Duke of *Savoy*, whom he was too weak to cope with, he made an Agreement with the King of *France*, on purpose that the Duke might have a Neighbour powerful enough not only to oppose, but to reduce him to Reason. But if this be true, it must be own'd to be a sad Sort of Revenge for a Prince to strip himself of a Sovereignty, purely to injure his Neighbour. I fancy there are few Princes wou'd be of the Humour to take such a Revenge. The same *Humbert* requir'd that the eldest Son of *France* shou'd be stil'd the Dauphin, which was granted him, and has been observ'd ever since. The Duke of *Orleans*, the first Prince of the Blood of *France*, is Governor of *Dauphiny*. This

Province has a Parliament which is held at *Grenoble*. The antient Dauphins resided at *Vienne*, which is an Archbishoprick. 'Twas to the Neighbourhood of this City that *Herod* and *Pilate*, our Saviour's Judges, were banish'd.

LYONS is so considerable a City, that the *French* commonly say *Next to Paris, Lyons* †. The *Saon* runs thro' this City, and the *Rhone* washes its Walls; 'tis a large opulent City, for the Inhabitants are industrious, laborious, and given to Trading. There's not a Town in *France*, if in the whole World, where they make such fine Stuffs. They endeavour to imitate them at *Turin*, in *Holland*, and elsewhere, but they can't come up to them. The City of *Lyons* is the See of an Archbishop, who is at present *M. de Rochebonne*, and therein succeeded the late *M. de Villeroy*, Son to the late Marshal of that Name, who was *Lewis* the XVth's Governor. The *Villeroy* Family has been for a long time in Possession of the Government of *Lyons*, and the

† The *French* are not the only People who boast of the Grandeur and other Advantages of *Lyons*, as appears from this Epigram by *Scaliger*.

*Flumineis Rhodanus, qua se fugat incitus, undis,
Quaque pigro dubitat flumine mitis Arar,
Lugdunum jacet, antiquo novus orbis in orbe,
Lugdunumque vetus orbis in orbe novo.
Quod nolis alibi quæras, hic quære quod optas:
Aut hic, aut nusquam, vincere vota potes.
Lugduni quodcunque potest dare mundus habebit,
Plura petas, hæc urbs & tibi plura dabit.*

i. e.

*Where Rhone impetuous rolls, and where the slow
And gentle Saon with milder Streams does flow,
There Lyons stands; where we united find
What scatter'd thro' the World delights the Mind;
And if you still seek more with greedy Eye,
Lyons can ev'n more Wonders still supply.*

chief

chief Dignities of its Province. The late Marshal obtain'd the Government of *Lyons* and the *Lyonnois* from King *Lewis XIV.* who also granted him the Reversion of the said Government for his eldest Son, the Archbishoprick for his second Son, and the Abbey of *St. Peter* in *Lyons* for his Daughter. The Duke of *Orleans*, when Regent of the Kingdom, conferred on him moreover the Reversion of the Government of *Lyons* for his Grandsons the Duke *de Retz*, and the Marquis *d'Alincourt*, and nominated the latter Lieutenant-General of the Province. Tho' Authority generally renders those hated who are vested with it, yet the Gentlemen of the Name of *Villeroy* have ever escap'd that Fate; 'tis true they have always acted with very great Moderation, and are beneficent, well bred, civil and generous, so that they are mightily belov'd in *Lyons*, where the late Marshal was as much respected as the King himself; for he procur'd great Advantages for the Province, and for the City in particular.

They tell a very good Story concerning the Admission of the first *Villeroy* to the Archiepiscopal Dignity of this City. The Chapter of *Lyons* is one of the most haughty in all *Christendom*, and 'tis not without Reason; for it is founded upon the Blood of above 20,000 Martyrs, and has always been reputed the Seminary of Popes, Cardinals and Bishops, who have been taken from thence to govern the Church. Nobility is inseparable therein from the Priesthood, and 'tis an Observation made by several Authors, that in the third Century the Chapter consisted of seventy-four Canons, of whom one was the Son of an Emperor, nine the Sons of Kings, fourteen the Sons of Dukes, thirty the Sons of Counts, and twenty were Barons. 'Tis no wonder therefore that

that the Counts of *Lyons*, for they are not call'd Cannons made a Scruple to admit for their Archbishop *Camillus de la Neuville*, who was not of their Body, and whom King *Lewis XIV.* had nominated to this Archbishoprick. *Neuville* is known to be the Name of the Family of *Villeroy*. The Grandfather of this Prelate was the first of the Family that was of any Eminence; he had been Treasurer of the War-Office, and *Prevôt des Marchands* of the City of *Paris*; his Grandfather *Nicholas de la Neuville* had been Secretary of State, and his Father *Charles de la Neuville* was the first of the Family who had a Title of Honour, which was that of Marquis *d'Alincourt*, *Sieur de Villeroy*, an Estate which *Peter le Gendre*, Treasurer of *France*, had given to his Grandfather. The Marquis *d'Alincourt* was Governor of *Lyons* and the *Lyonnois*, and dying in the Service of the King as an Ambassador at *Rome*, his Majesty gave his Son the Archbishopric of *Lyons* when it became vacant. The Chapter refus'd to admit him, because he was not of a suitable Rank, nor a Member of their Body; but the King found a way to make himself obey'd, and when the Archbishop harangu'd the Chapter, he took these Words of the Psalmist for his Text, *The Stone which the Builders had rejected, is become the head Stone of the Corner*. The Discourse he made was they say as insulting to the Chapter as one wou'd expect from the Choice of the Text. The Dean, whose ready Wit was applauded, made no other Answer to the Archbishop than by taking the next Verse to that which the Prelate had chose, viz. *This is the Lord's (the King's) doing, it is marvellous in our Eyes*. Notwithstanding this, the new Archbishop found means to become both the Spiritual and Temporal Governor of this City, for he was made Lieutenant-General in the Go-

vernment of the *Lyonnois* till the Year 1693, when he was succeeded by the Son of the Marshal *Villeroy* his Nephew, and the latter was succeeded by *M. de Rochebonne*.

The Person who commands in the Absence of the Duke de *Villeroy* Governor of the City, is the *Prevôt des Merchands*, which is so much the worse for any Foreigner that comes Post; for he is carried to his House, and as strictly examin'd as if he was a Prisoner at the Bar. I was also oblig'd to conform to this Custom; having made me wait a long time in an Anti-chamber, where was a Mixture of People of all Sorts, he appear'd at last with an Air of Importance which was not natural to him. The Questions he put to me, and the Answers I gave, were very Laconic, and I imagine that there is no Love lost betwixt us.

The *Prevôt des Marchands* ought to be chang'd every three Years, but when he is acceptable to the Court he is commonly continued. One would think that the transitory Grandeur of these Gentlemen should not make them so vain, for when they are turn'd out of their Employment they make just the same Figure as a Stage-Player, after he has put off the *Roman Habit* in which he has represented *Mithridates* or *Pyrrus*.

I have reason to be as much pleas'd with *M. Poultter* the Intendant, as I have to dislike *Mr. Perichon* the *Prevôt des Marchands*; I have been to make him a Visit, which he has return'd, and for these four Days that I have been here I go every Night to his House, where I see the best People of this City, in which there's good Company tho' few Nobility. The Merchants of the first Rank live like petty Sovereigns, and have fine Houses both in the Town and the Country. If a Foreigner has ever so little Acquaintance here, he cannot fail of being diverted, for the *Lyonnois* are civil

civil and obliging, and not so much absorb'd in Commerce as to neglect good manners. They are extraordinary civil to me, and make me very welcome. They delight in Gaming, and are not insensible to Love and the Bottle.

The Comedy here is tolerable, and as much frequented as if it was the best: The Actresses generally make their Fortunes in this City, and if they don't get an Estate, they can at least shew a fine Wardrobe. At one of these Madams Levees a Captain is oblig'd to yield the Precedence to a Journeyman Shopkeeper. There's an old Actress here who forty Years ago was the Darling of the Generality of *Lyons*: The People of good Taste wish her banish'd from the Theatre, but there's no persuading this superannuated Beauty not to expose her wither'd Charms: She has the Direction of the Comedy which brings her in 20,000 Livres a Year. An Attempt has been made to cut off her Pension, which really might be better employ'd, but Mademoiselle *Marez*, which is the Name of this Matron, remonstrated that she could not live with less than 35,000 Livres a Year, that her Gallant was not able to furnish her the odd 15,000 any longer, that she had no Estate, and that if they touch'd her Pension she should be undone for ever. Reasons so just as these prevail'd, so that it was not thought fit to push poor Mademoiselle *Marez* to an Extremity. A Lady of this Province happening to be in Town, and hearing it reported that Mademoiselle *Marez* had no less than 15,000 Livres a Year from her Gallant, said smartly, *Ah! base Jade! she ought to be burn'd; she takes the Bread out of the Mouths of above fifteen honest Wives.*

I often take the Air here in the Square of *Belle-Cour* or *Lewis le Grand*, where I am sure to meet with good Company, there being always a great many

many very pretty Women, and well dress'd, who act the Ladies of Quality very well. But I mention my Walks at *Belle Cour* to you without acquainting you what Sort of Place it is: 'Tis not pav'd, nor near so wide as it is long: The Houses at both Ends are uniform, and finely decorated; and it were to be wish'd that those on the two Sides were of the same Proportion. On one Side of this Square there's a Row of Trees, and in the Middle an Equestrian Statue of *Lewis XIV.* who is there represented on Horseback on a Pedestal of white Marble, but with no other Inscription than the Name *LEWIS XIV.* which after all that can be said is a great deal of Praise in a little Compass; and the late Marshal *de Villeroy*, who engag'd the Citizens of *Lyons* to be at the Expence of it, thought it the greatest and most respectful Compliment that cou'd be paid to the Original.

There's another Square here call'd *les Terreaux*, which is worthy of Notice; in the Front of it stands the Town-house, which is a grand and magnificent Edifice of Stone. *Lewis XIV.* on Horseback is represented in Basso Relievo over the Gate. On the Left-hand of the Town-house upon the Square of *Terreaux* stands the Abbey of *St. Peter*, which is a great Building, and when finish'd will not want for Magnificence. I am, &c.

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